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HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FOR

The Church and the Home.

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"IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING WITH GRACE IN YOUR HEARTS TO THE LORD."

REVISED EDITION.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1889.

Copyright,
By the American Unitarian Association.
1877.

University Press: John Wilson & Son,
Cambridge.

PREFACE.

THIS book is a revised edition of the Hymn and Tune Book published by the American Unitarian Association in 1868.

The hymns and tunes that could best be spared are replaced by hymns and music, new and old, gathered from the ample resources supplied within the last ten years by composers and compilers of all denominations in England and America. To all whose contributions and labors have helped to enrich this book, our obligations are gratefully acknowledged.

While many hymns have been restored to their original text, some slight changes, established by familiar usage, have been accepted without note. Hymns with substantial variations from the original are indicated by the sign † attached to the author's name.

The collection has been made catholic and inclusive for varying moods and experiences, and for manifold phases of thought. Its aim is to present within moderate size, and with appropriate music, the best hymns in the English tongue.

To all who desire, with Jesus of Nazareth, to worship one God as Father, believing that the substance of all true religion is love to God and man, this book is respectfully offered.

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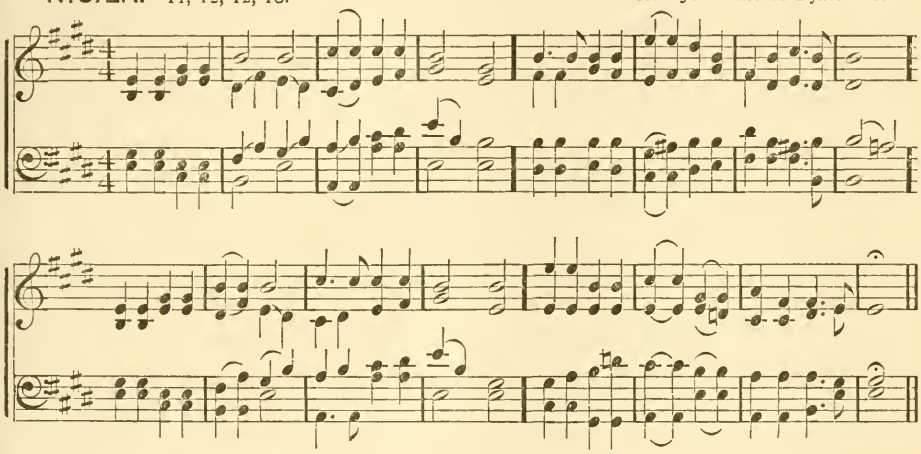
HYMNS AND TUNES.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.



1. *Thrice Holy.* Rev. iv. 8.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

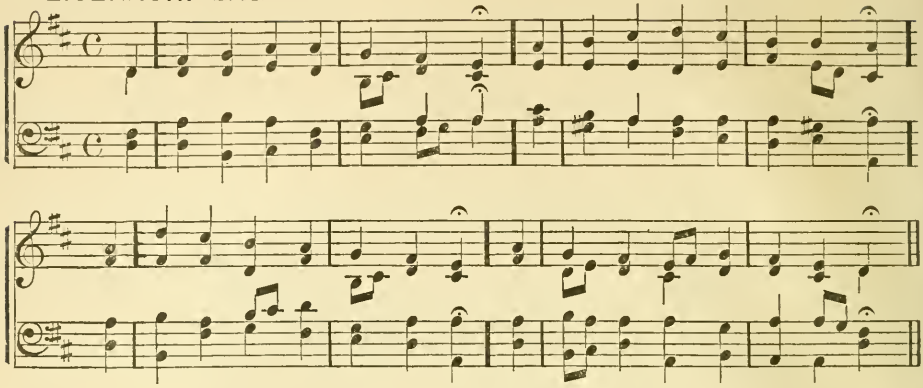
Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

Bp. Reginald Heber. 1827.†

EISENACH. L. M.

Johann Hermann Schein. 1628.



2. *Te Deum.*

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
Have mercy, Lord: we trust in thee;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be!

St. Ambrose.
Tr. John Gambold.

3. *The House of God.*

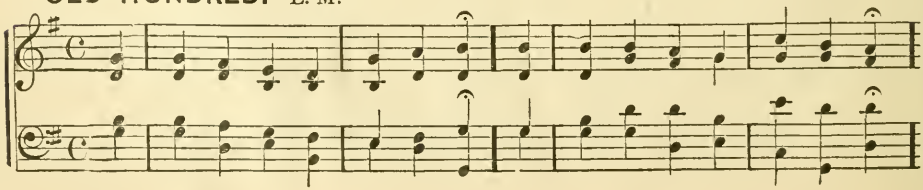
Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

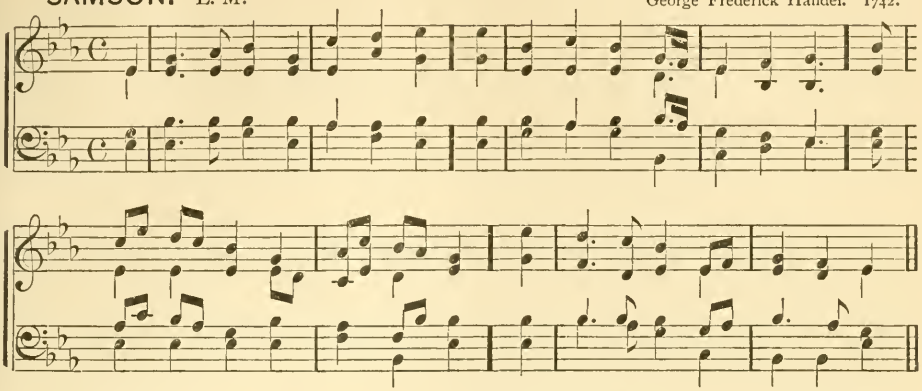
Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

G. Tersteegen. 1721.
Tr. John Wesley.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



SAMSON. L.·M. George Frederick Handel. 1742.



4. *Praise to our Creator.* Ps. c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts. 1719.
Alt. John Wesley. 1741.

5. *Universal Praise.* Ps. cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

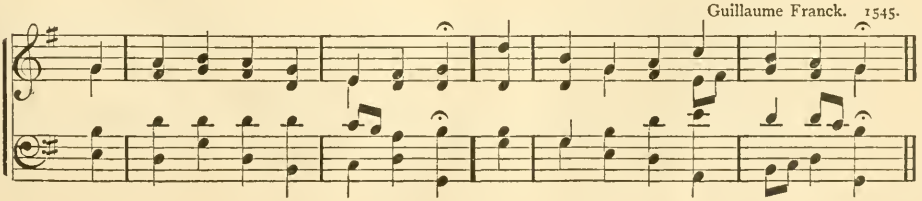
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts. 1718.

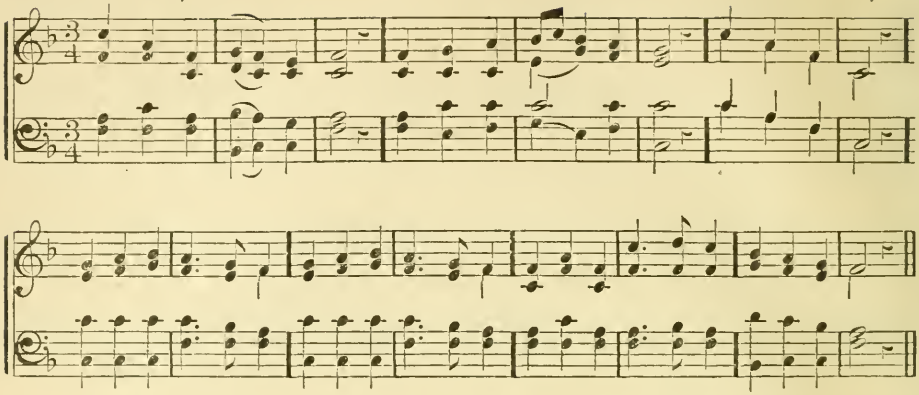
6. *Doxology.*

BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Guillaume Franck. 1545.



ITALY. 6. 4. Felice Giardini. 1760.



7.

Invocation.

COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley. 1757.

8.

Let there be Light.

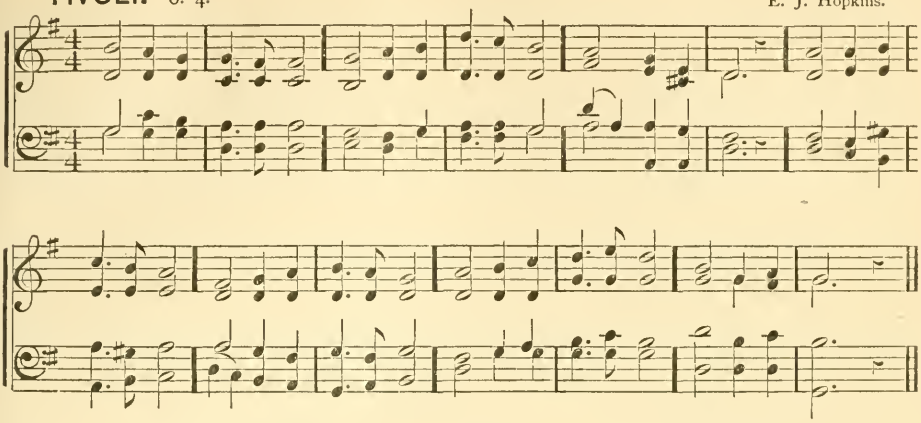
THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love, —
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

John Marriott. 1813

TIVOLI. 6. 4. E. J. Hopkins.



9. *"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."*

COME, Holy One, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Robert, King of France. 1031.
Tr. Ray Palmer. 1858.

10. *Speed on thy Word.*

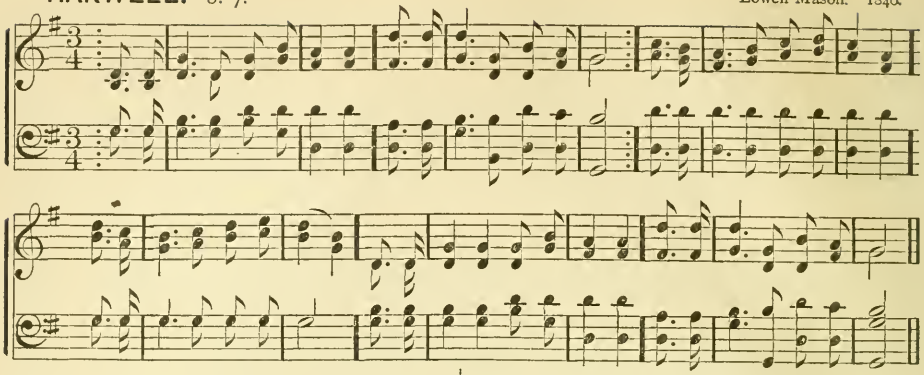
LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
Oh, let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed his word.

Hail, blessed Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Praise ye the Lord!
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield his word.

Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word.

Hugh Stowell. 1854.

HARWELL. 8. 7. Lowell Mason. 1840.



11. *Thrice Holy.*

"LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,'—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!"

Bp. Richard Mant. 1837.

12. *Universal Praise to God.*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion!
Free unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

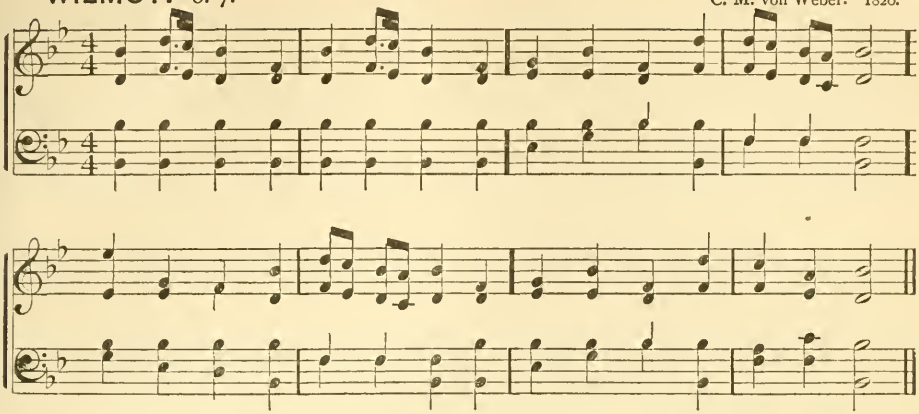
John Fawcett. 1767.

13. *The Peace of God.*

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come and all our hearts control!
Come, almighty to deliver!
Naught shall make us then afraid;
We will trust in thee for ever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed!

Anon.

WILMOT. 8. 7. C. M. von Weber. 1820.



14. *Redeeming Love.*

FATHER, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy love.

By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come:
Safe, O Lord! when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Robert Robinson.

15. *Praise the Lord.*

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne. 1810.

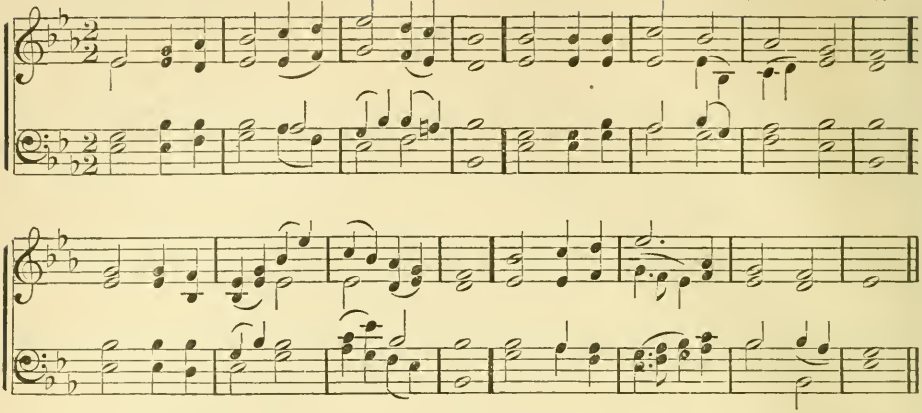
16. *The Benediction of Peace.*

FATHER, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end:
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

Anon.

DUKE STREET. L. M. John Hatton. 1790.



17. *Supplication.*

GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

Oh, grant thy blessing here to-day!
Oh, give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith and hope and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven!

H. Ware, Jr.

18. *Invocation.*

UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity: —

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless!
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

Robert Collyer. 1873.

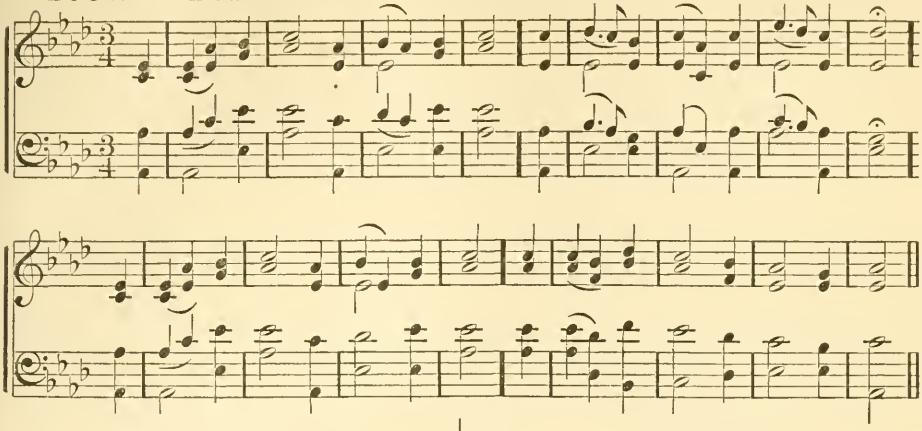
19. *Close of the Service.*

COME, Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren, we may meet again.

Henry Kirke White. 1806.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. Taylor. 1847.



20. *The Spirit that helpeth our Infirmities.*

SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love,
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above,
Descend, and bear us on thy wings
Far from these low and fleeting things.

'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal;
'Tis thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the earth-bound spirit rise.

Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, great Strengthener, to thee?

Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire;
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm;

Come like the sun's enlightening beam;
Come like the cooling, cleansing stream;
With all thy graces present be:
Spirit of God, we wait for thee.

William Lindsay Alexander. 1849.

21. *The Lord of Life.*

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

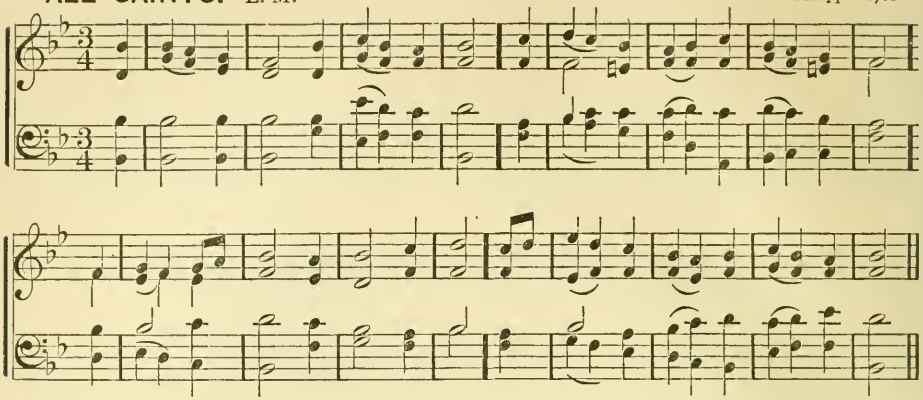
Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love!
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes. 1860.

ALL SAINTS. L. M. W. Knapp. 1768.



22. *God with us.*

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

23. *Universal Worship.*

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue! —

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer —
The incense of the heart — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung! —
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont. 1824.

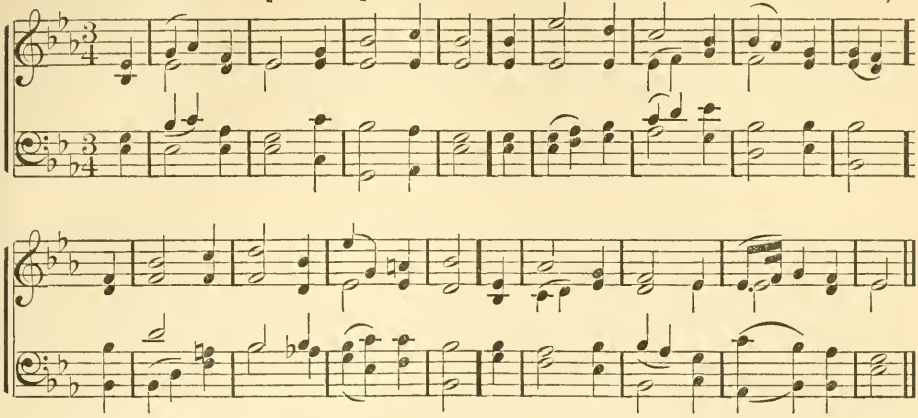
24. *Close of Worship.*

Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

Oh may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above!

Anon.

ROCKINGHAM. [ENGLISH.] L. M. Edward Miller. 1807.



25. *Come, Holy Spirit.*

THOU Source divine of life and light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!
Oh, show us, Lord of light and grace,
The brightness of thy loving face.

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

Wilt thou our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Oh, hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

Ambrose of Milan. 397.
Tr. by John Chandler. 1837.

26. *Prayer for the Spirit of God.*

SPIRIT of Truth, who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

Spirit of Power, whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.

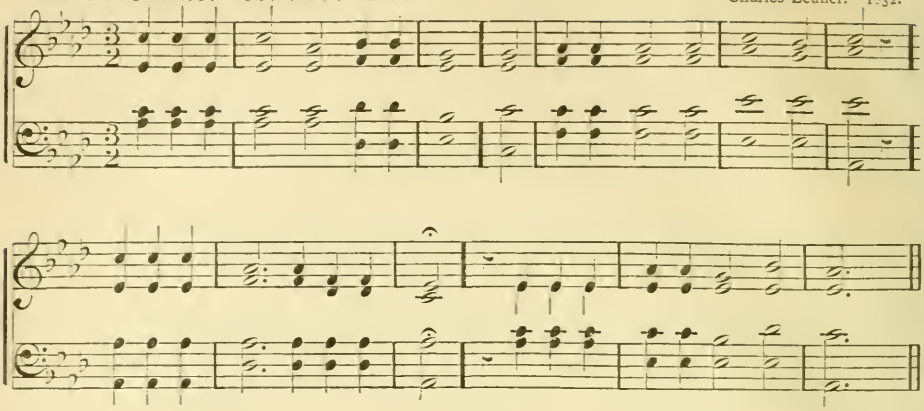
Spirit of Joy, who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul thy cheer;
Give me to bless my Comforter.

O tender Spirit, who dost mourn
Whene'er from thee thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve thee less;
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness:

Till thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

T. H. Gill. 1860.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. Charles Zeuner. 1832.



27. *Temple Worship.*

WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head, —
There are thy temples, God of all!

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, thro' weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold!

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers!

Andrews Norton.

28. *Imploring the Divine Presence.*

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And oh! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott. 1820.

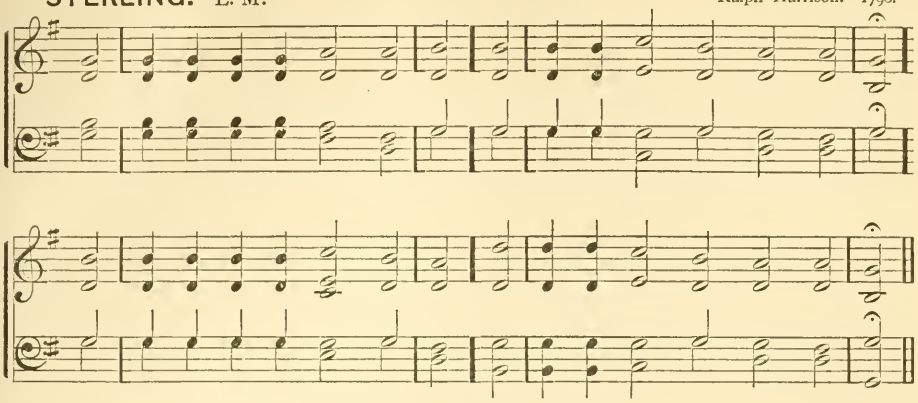
29. *Christian Farewell.*

THY presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

Philip Doddridge.

STERLING. L. M. Ralph Harrison. 1790.



30.

Public Worship. Ps. xcv.

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

31.

Thanksgiving and Holiness. Ps. cvi.

OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

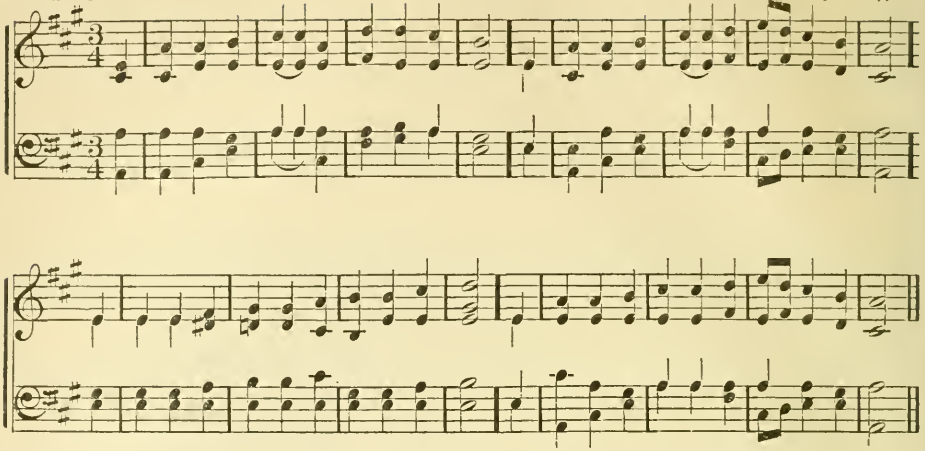
Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

Then render thanks to God above,
And praise him by a life of love;
They praise him best, who best obey,
And never from his precepts stray.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

LYONS. 10. 11. Francis Joseph Haydn. 1770.



32.

"Who is like unto the Lord our God?"

Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

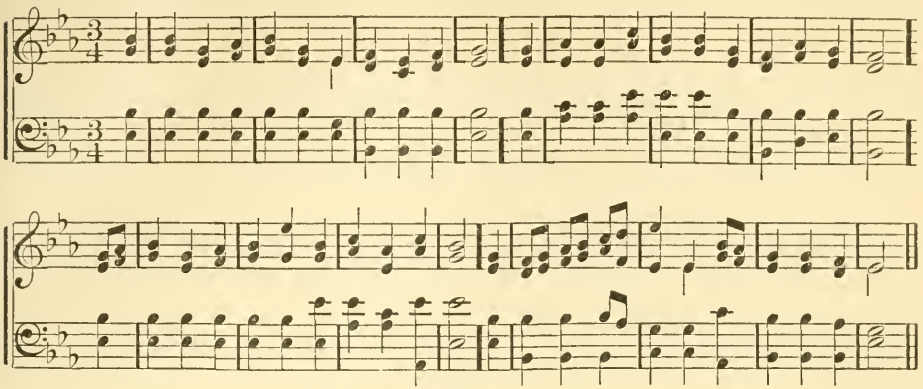
Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Sir Robert Grant. 1839

EDINBURGH. II. Modern Harp.



33. *Glad Worship.*

APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control:
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
Oh, serve him with gladness, — the Loving and Just!

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above:
Confiding, believing, oh, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise!

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled!

Frances Osgood.

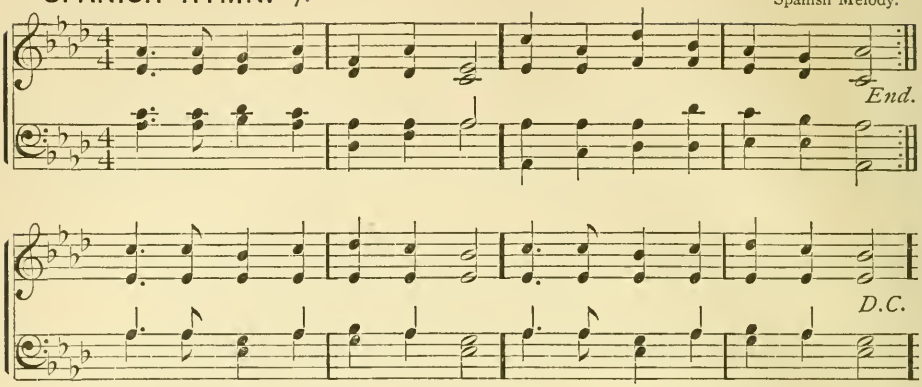
34. *Acquaint thee with God.*

ACQUAINT thee, O Spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O Spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Knox.†

SPANISH HYMN. 7. Spanish Melody.



35. *The Accepted Offering.*

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars, when we bow? —
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor. 1795.

36. *Lowly Praise.*

LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given.
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

Sir John Bowring.

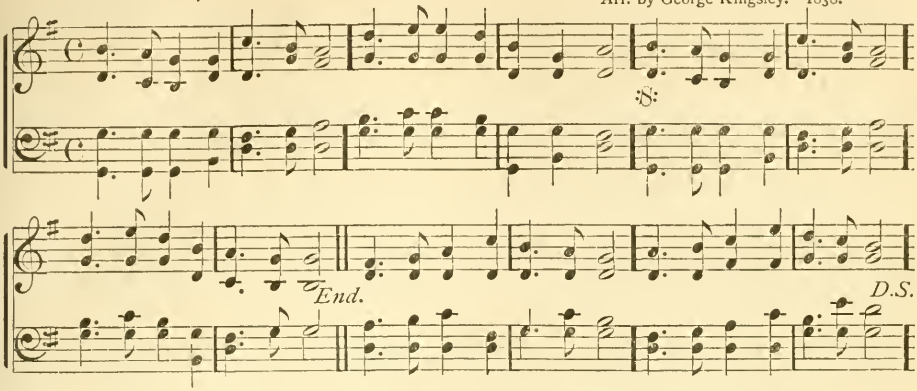
37. *A Blessing desired.*

FATHER, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove:
Oh, may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.
Thine own gracious message bless, —
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success:
Thine the work, the glory thine.

Thomas Kelly.

MESSIAH. 7. D.

Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. 1830.
Arr. by George Kingsley. 1838.



38.

Worship.

LORD of hosts, divinely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we bow before thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
So from earth to heaven we soar.

Daniel Turner.

39.

The House of Prayer.

IN this peaceful house of prayer,
Stronger faith, O God, we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak.
In our greatest trials we,
Calm, through thee, the way have trod:
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God!

Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.
In our work and in our homes
Christian men we fain would be;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest opportunity.

Hymns of the Spirit.

40.

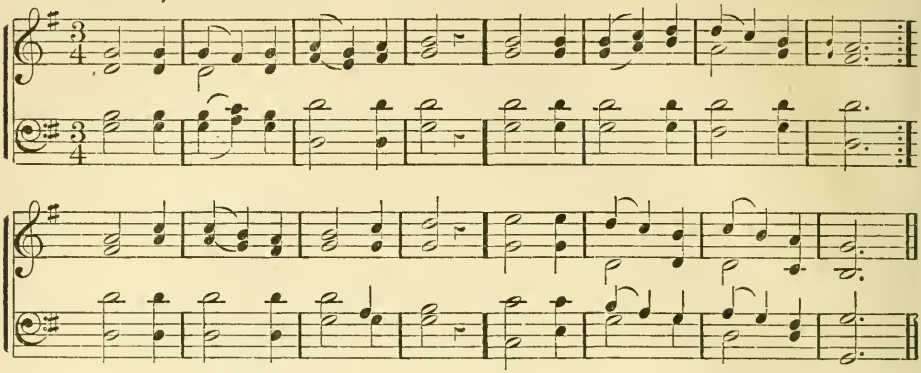
The Light of Life.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:
Every mournful spirit cheer;
Scatter all our doubt and gloom;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come!

Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We can rest in nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

HALLE. 7. Francis Joseph Haydn. 1798.



41. *"Our Father who art in Heaven."*

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
In the highest heaven adored,
Dwelling in the loving heart,
Surely thou our Father art:
From thy love our spirits came;—
Father, hallowed be thy name!

In our spirits may we feel
Filial love, thy Spirit's seal;
Then, in all our want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same;—
Father, hallowed be thy name!

Living near to thee alway,
Thy command may we obey,
Gladly by thy hand be led,
Seek from thee our daily bread,
While our daily prayer we frame,—
Father, hallowed be thy name!

Anon.

42. *"Oh, give Thanks unto the Lord!"*

OH, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade!
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food!
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours!

Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing!
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the mind's immortal flame;
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

Josiah Conder.

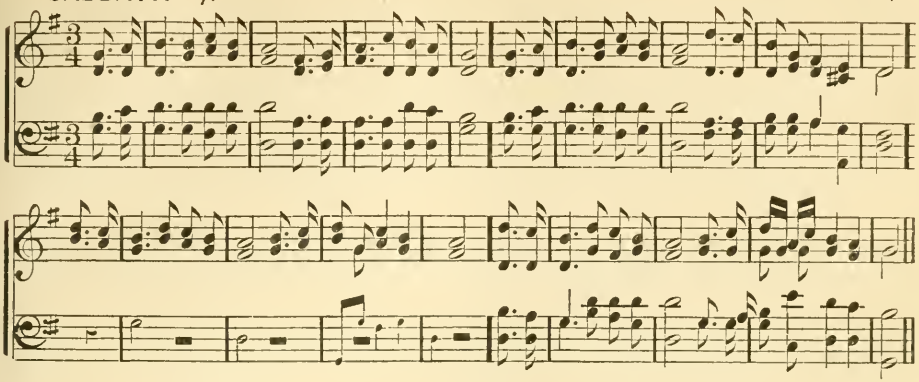
43. *Doxology.*

MIGHTY God, we worship thee;
Lord, we praise thy power tremendous;
All the earth doth worship thee,
And admire thy works stupendous.
As thou wast in days of yore
Shalt thou be for evermore.

Cherubim and Seraphim,—
All to whom a voice is given,—
Sing to thee a joyful hymn:
Angels, serving thee in heaven,
With one voice continually
"Holy, holy, holy," cry.

Anon.

SABBATH. 7. Lowell Mason. 1824.



44.

The Sabbath.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee!

Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear!
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton. 1779.

45.

Rest here, and above.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams:
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

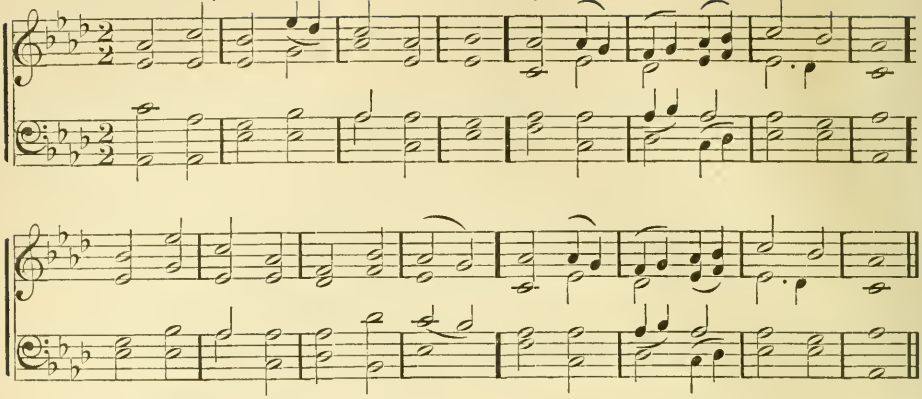
Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road:
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

But the rest which yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Father's love:
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

Julia Anne Elliott. 1835.

WANSTED. 7.



46. *Humble Worship.*

When before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

Check each proud and wandering thought,
When on thy great name we call:
Man is naught, is less than naught;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell,
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.

Oh, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne!
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

Sir John Bowring.

47. *Glory to God.*

Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of Heaven.

Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts, o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

Mark the wonders of his hand,—
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

Gracious Being, from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace
Bid our raging passions cease.

John Taylor.

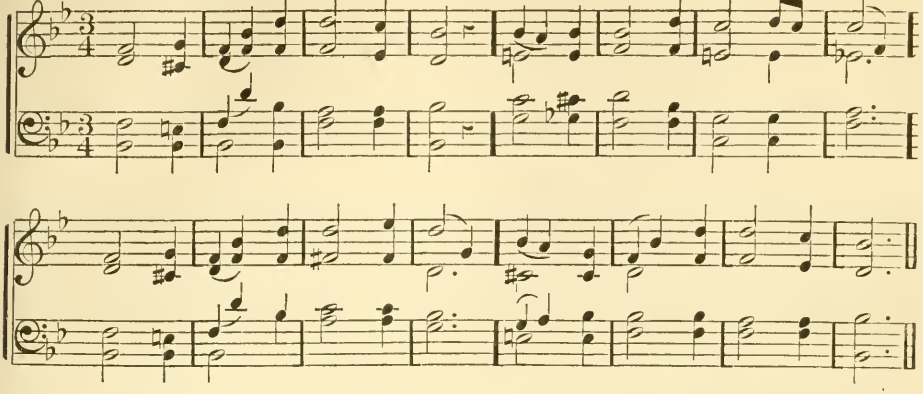
48. *Even-Song.*

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is thine to keep;
At thy feet my work I do,
In thine arms I fall asleep.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

GOTTSCHALK. 7. Arr. from Gottschalk.



49. *Engagedness in Devotion.*

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear:
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

John Taylor.

50. *Invocation.*

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline!

Frederic Henry Hedge.

51. *He shall give his Angels Charge over thee.*

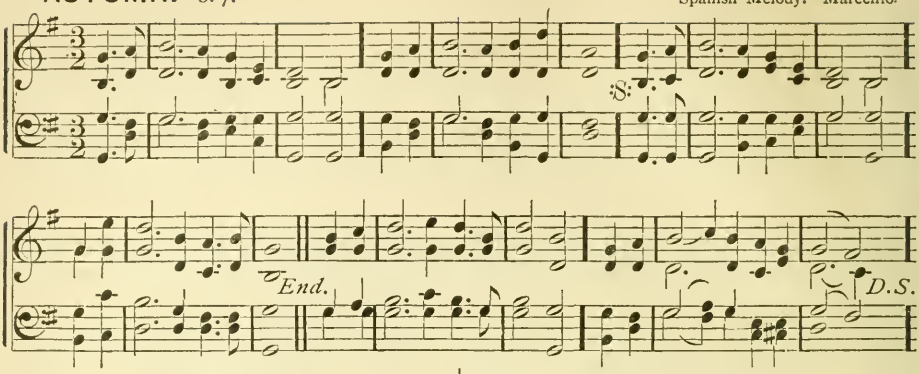
THEY, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be the Father's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

Harriet Auber. 1829

AUTUMN. 8. 7. Spanish Melody. Marechio.



52. *Divine Love.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion, —
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find, thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

53. *"The Lord is in his Holy Temple."*

GOD is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Anon.

54. *The Salutation of Peace.*

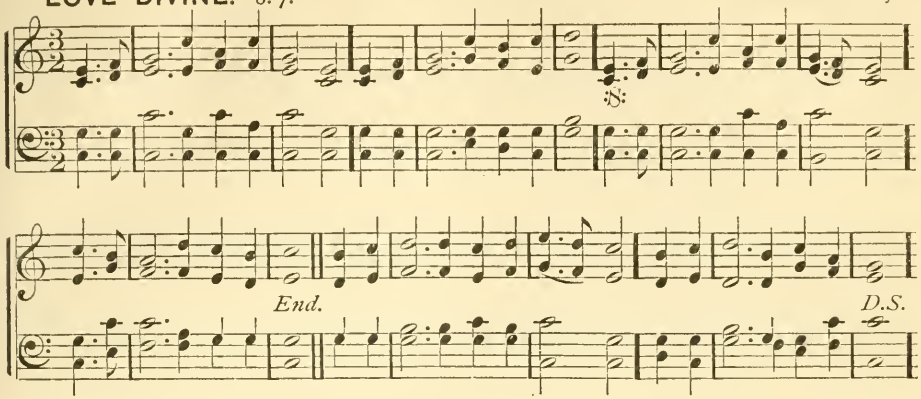
PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessèd freedom come.
Come with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

Wesleyan.

LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7.

W. B. Bradbury.



55.

Evening Hymn.

FATHER! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston. 1820.

56.

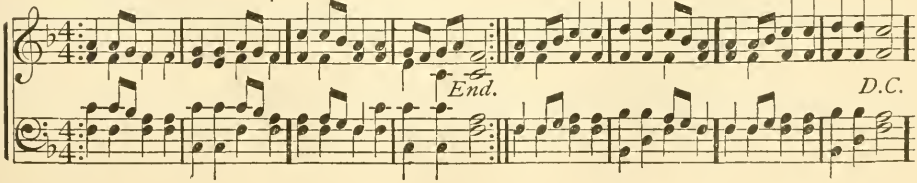
Praise for Divine Grace.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the loving grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

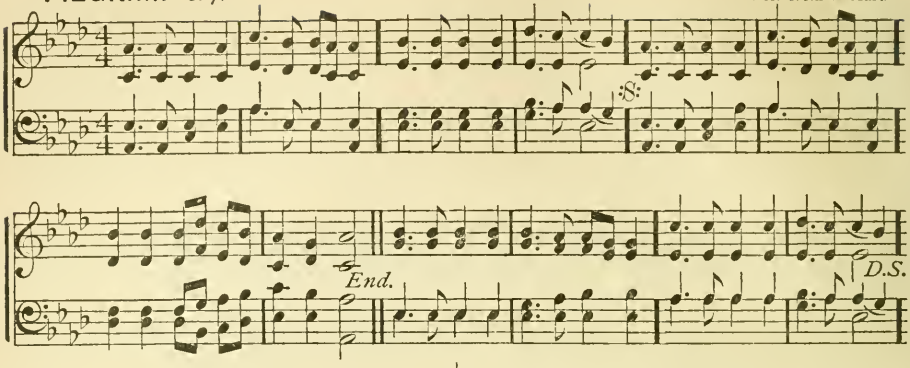
Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. 1857.

GREENVILLE. 8. 7.



PILGRIM. 8. 7. Arr. from Mozart.



57. *Divine Worship.*

Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side!

Anon.

58. *Joy and Peace.*

Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life, and shed thy light!
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength!

Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send;
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace.

Paul Gerhardt and
Samuel Longfellow.

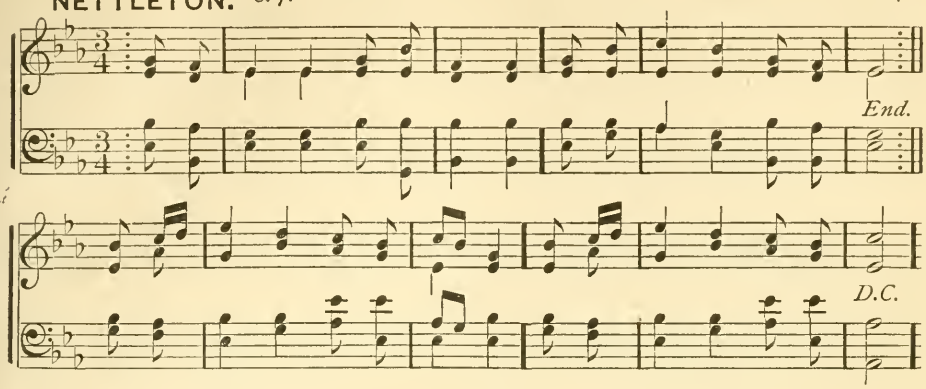
59. *Trust in God.*

Oh, how kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day;
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

Oh, how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready,
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God.

Thomas Grinfield.

NETTLETON. 8. 7. A. Nettleton. 1824.



60.

Surrounding the Mercy-Seat.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation? —
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause;
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws, —
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

John Taylor. 1795.

61.

Sabbath Morning.

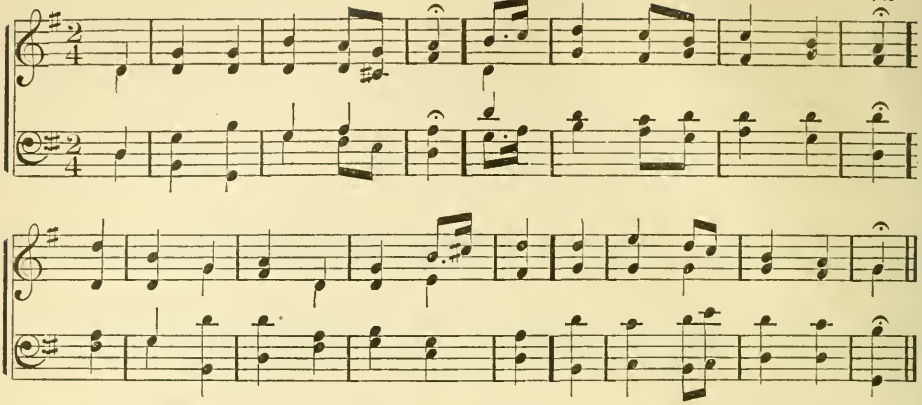
WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the sabbath morn, returning,
Shows a week has passed away.
Let us think how time is gliding:
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift our life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds, each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

Father, now one prayer we raise thee:
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let us cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.
Then, when years have gathered o'er us,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before us;
There our treasure will be laid.

Anon.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. William Tansur. 1743.



62. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

63. *This is the Love of God.*

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

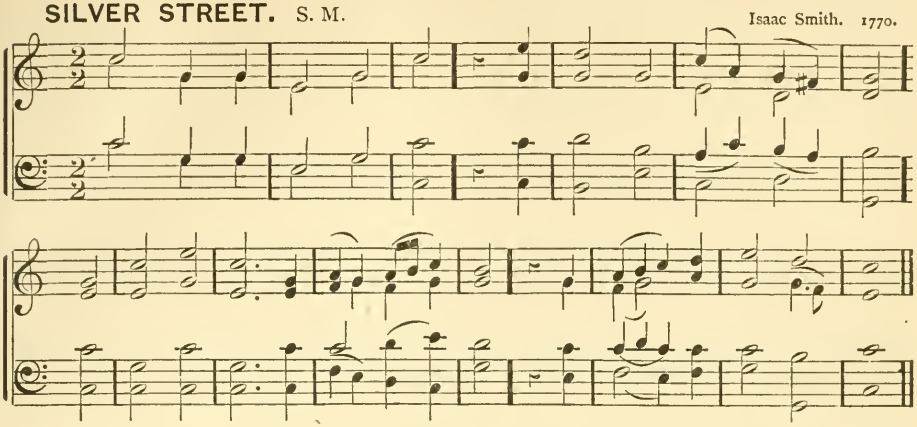
John Austin. 1668.

64. *Seeking God.* Ps. lxiii.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

SILVER STREET. S. M. Isaac Smith. 1770.



Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

65. *Call to Worship.* Ps. xcv.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

66. *Praise.*

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

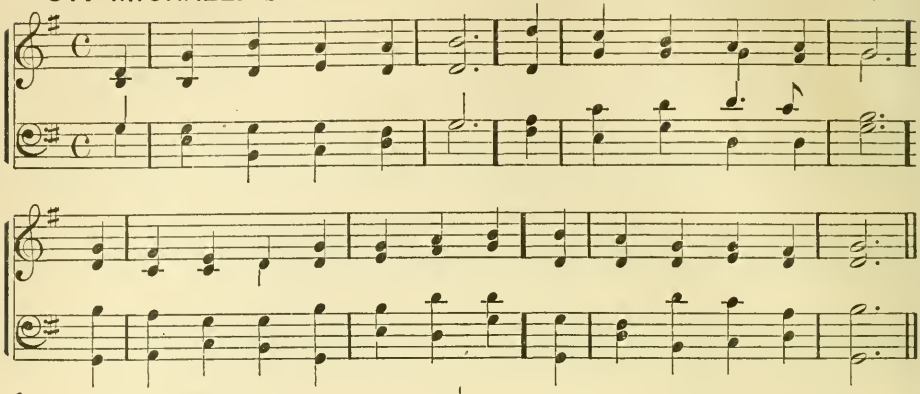
Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery. 1825

ST. MICHAEL. S. M. Arr. from John Day's Psalter. 1562.



67. *Call to Prayer.*

COME at the morning hour, —
Come, let us kneel and pray:
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray:
Sweet is that shelter from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.

When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray!

James Montgomery. 1853.

68. *God working in the Soul.*

'TIS God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do:
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory too.

Christian Psalmist.

69. *The Fountain of Living Waters.* — Jer. ii. 13.

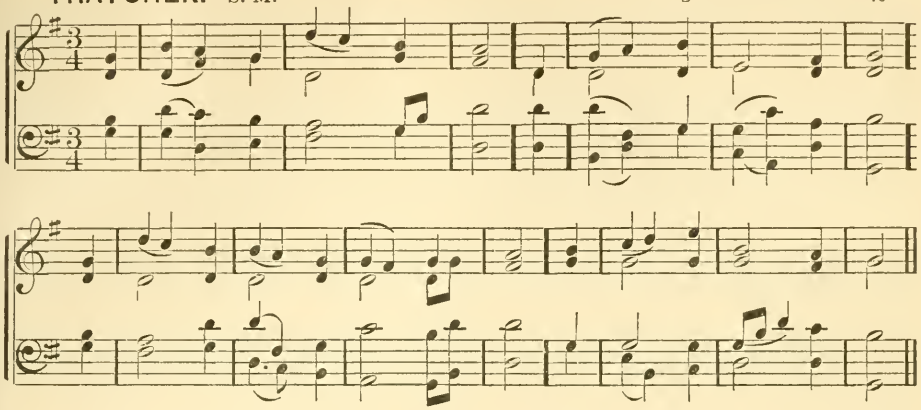
THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled;
At evening they are dry.

The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of Life, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

Madame Guion. 1689.
Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

THATCHER. S. M. George Frederick Handel. 1732.



70. *Invitation to the House of God.*

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall ye lift a holier song
In fairer courts above.

Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —
Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor.

71. *The Sabbath.*

LORD, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts, we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

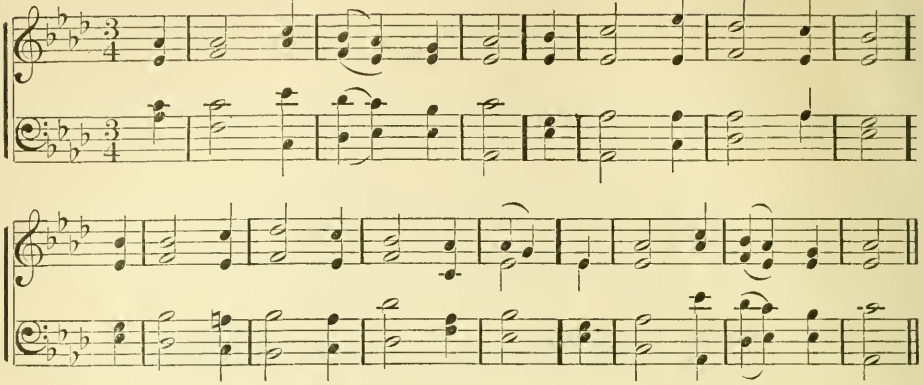
But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light!

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

DEDICATION. S. M. English Tune.



72. *The Hour of Prayer.*

It is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!

O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power:

But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

Oh, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh;

Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

Anon.

73. *For Heavenly Thoughts.*

Come to me, thoughts of heaven,
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.

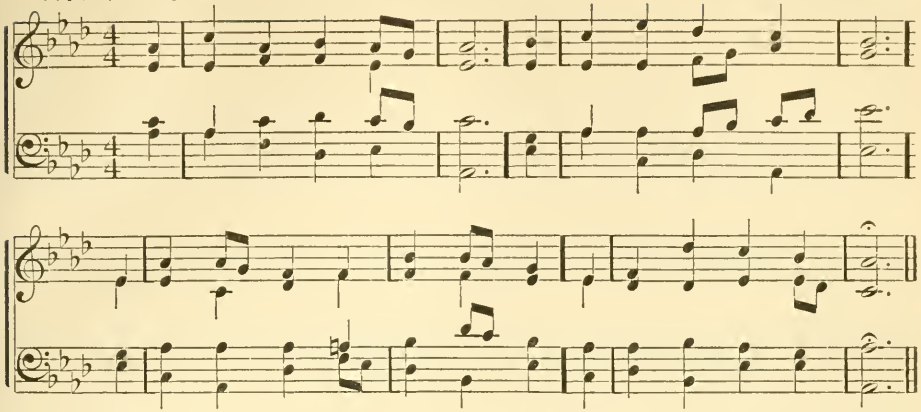
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts, and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory shower
Your soft, effacing rain;

Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

Felicia Hemans.

ATHOL. S. M. Ralph Harrison. 1786.



74. *The Day of Rest.*

THIS is the day of light!
Let there be light to-day;
O dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On aching brow and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace!
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days!
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Lord of life and death!

John Ellerton. 1867.

75. *The Lord's Prayer.*

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now!
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

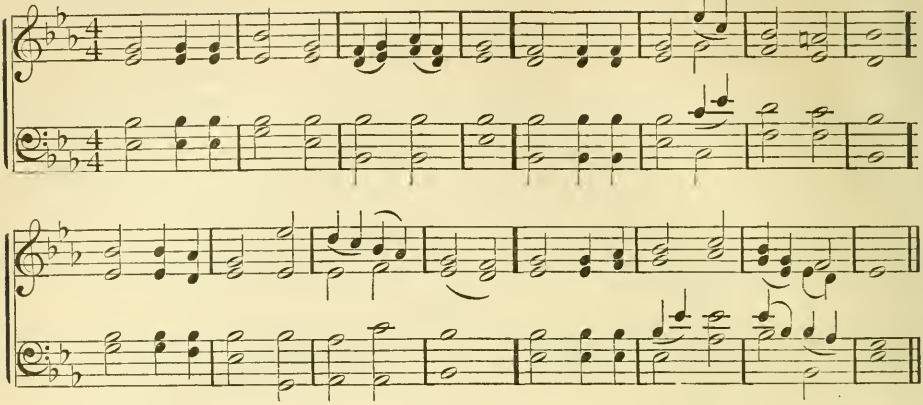
From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

James Montgomery. 1825

DOANE. L. M.

Modern Harp (by permission).



76.

Sabbath Hymn.

THIS day let grateful praise ascend
To thee, our Father and our Friend;
Thee, Author of this holy light; [might!
Thee, throned in boundless power and

Oh, let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven!
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

The silent prayer, the contrite sigh,
The chastened heart, the filial eye,
Shall rise, a holy gift to thee,
And at thy throne accepted be.

Grant that our earthly sabbaths be
But dawnings of eternity,
To shadow forth that glorious rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

M. W. Hale.

77.

Lord's Day Morning.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett. 1713.

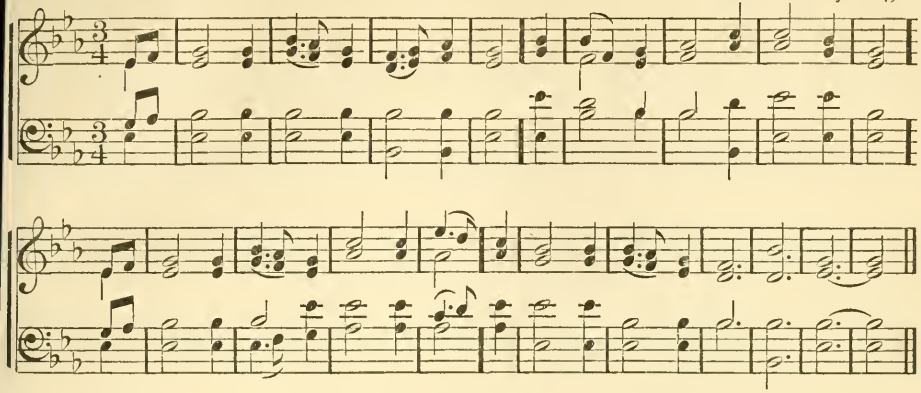
78.

Spiritual Worship.

O LORD, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. Bradbury. 1849.



With heavenly grace our souls endue;
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper. 1769.

79.

Invocation.

Thou Power and Peace, in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove!

For ever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine;
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy saving light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter!

Cecil Frances Alexander. 1858.

80.

Following after God.

O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

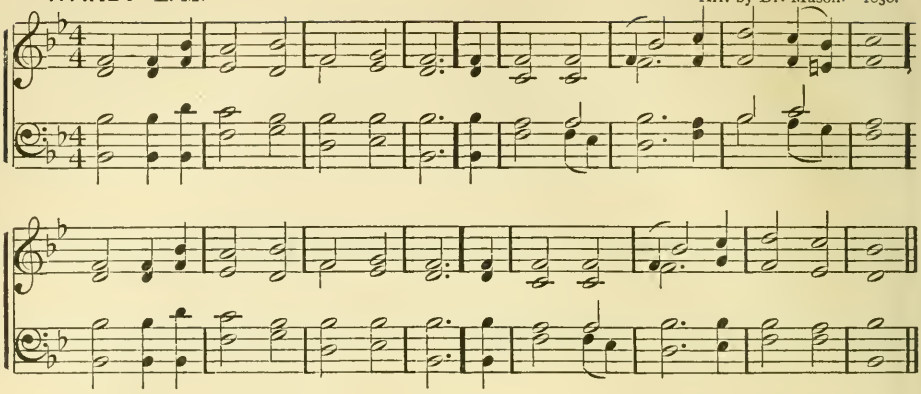
Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

James Montgomery.

WARD. L. M.

Scotch Melody.
Arr. by Dr. Mason. 1830.



81.

The Gate of Heaven.

Our Father, — God, not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty.

Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

Lord, be the spot, where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.

Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down;
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

E. H. Chapin.

82.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man, creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

83.

Our Guide and Stay.

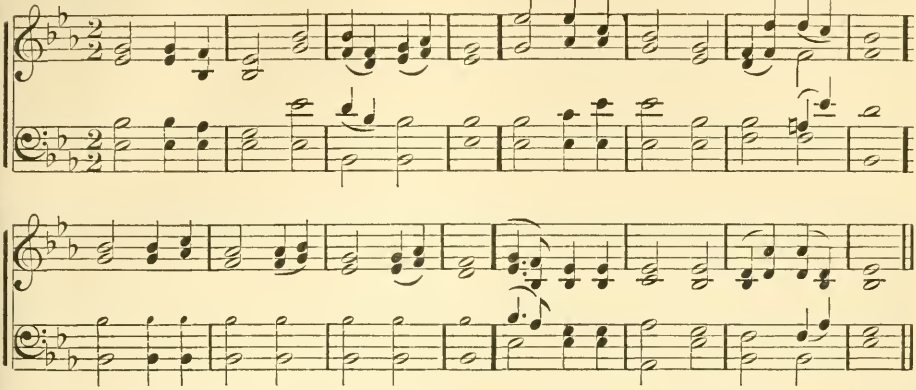
For mercies past we praise thee, Lord, —
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Be ours thy blessed presence still;
United hearts, unchanging love:
No thought that contradicts thy will;
No wish that centres not above.

Anon.

BERA. L. M. John Edgar Gould. 1846.



84. *The Sabbath.*

We bless thee for this sacred day, —
Thou who hast every blessing given, —
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes!

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew!

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne!

Caroline Gilman.

85. *"I will arise, and go unto my Father."*

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!

We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

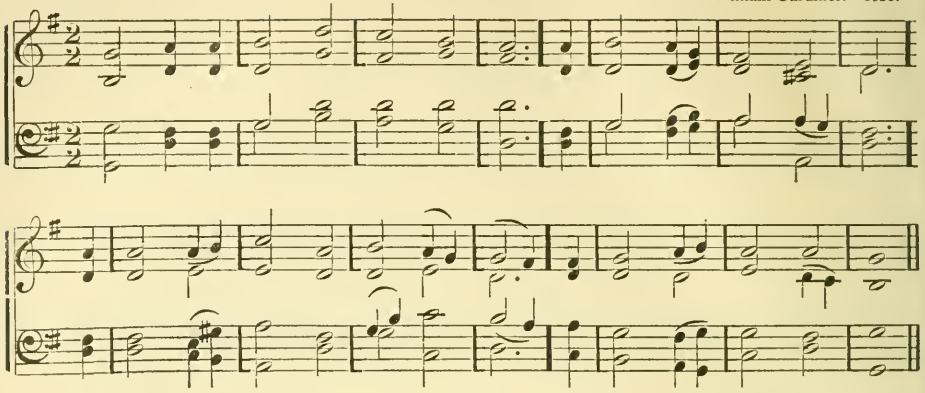
86. *Morning.*

The dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light:
Farewell to darkness and to sin.

So, Lord, when that last morning breaks,
Which shrouds in darkness earth and skies,
May it on us, low bending here,
Arrayed in joyful light arise.

Ambrosian.
Tr. by Edward Caswall. 1849.

DEDHAM. C. M. William Gardiner. 1820.



87. *Homage and Devotion.*

With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring. Thomas Jervis.

88. *Pure Worship.*

The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere,—
The tribute of the good.

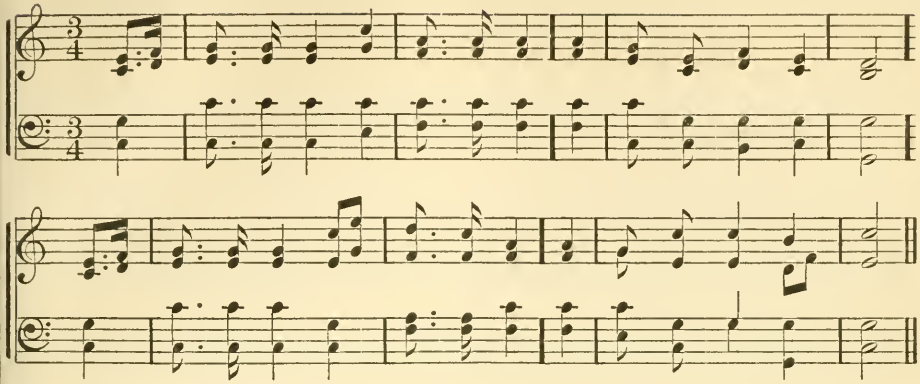
My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

Oh, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above!
Sir John Bowring.

89. *God may be worshipped in every Place.*

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

ACUSHNET. C. M. Modern Harp (by permission).



Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds, unknown:
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

William Drennan. 1810.

90. *The Sabbath of the Soul.*

O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here:
All shall be thine to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

Taylor and Barbauld.

91. *God is Love.*

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

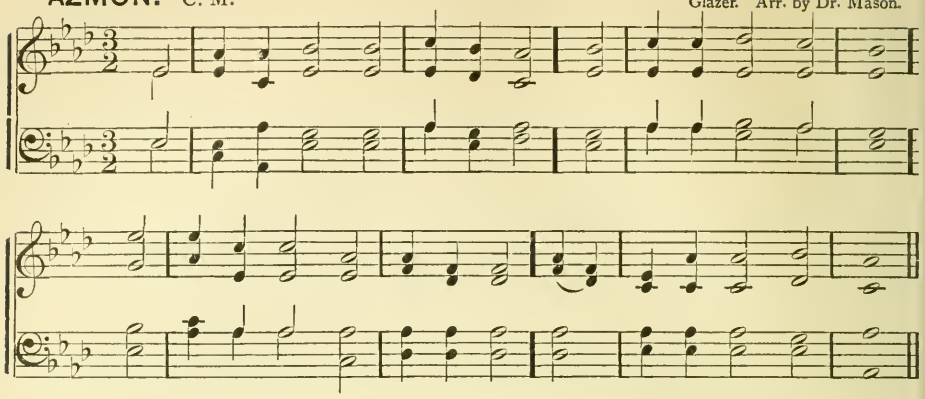
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier.

AZMON. C. M.

Glazer. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



92. *Invoking God's Aid.*

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer:
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

Oh, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown!

O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

William Henry Furness. 1822.

93. *Sincere Worship.*

O THOU who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignèd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

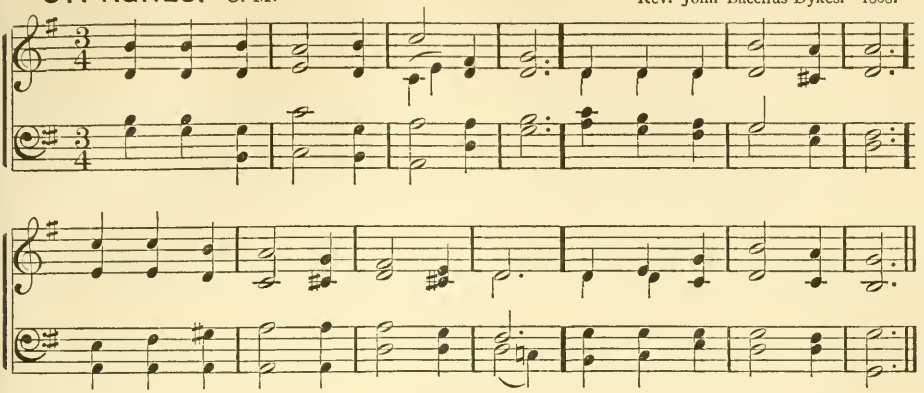
Henry Alford.

94. *The Lord's Day.*

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

ST. AGNES. C. M. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1868.



The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

John Mason. 1683.

95. *"Early will I seek Thee."* Ps. lxiii.

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

96. *The Day of Rest.*

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

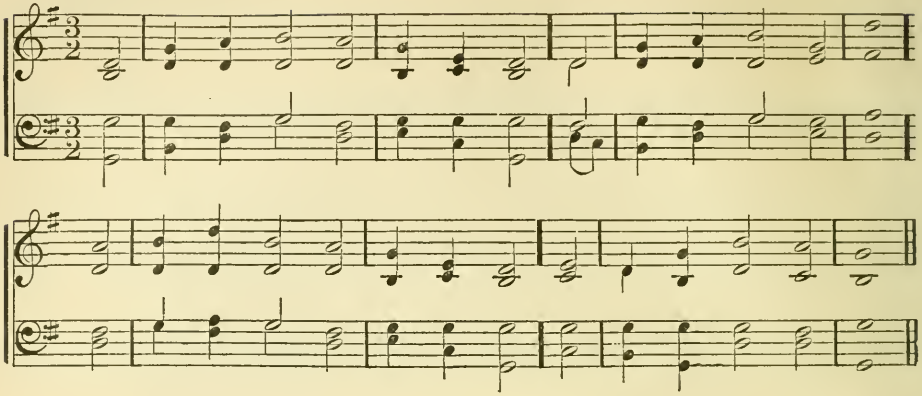
How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

When will my pilgrimage be done;
The world's long week be o'er;
That sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston. 1820.

MELODY. C. M. Aaron Chapin. 1813.



97. *The Hour of Prayer.*

EARTH'S busy sounds and ceaseless din,
Wake not this morning air!
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast;
A holy joy should welcome there
This happy day of rest.

Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour the spirit fill;
And Thou, from whom its being flows,
Oh, teach it all thy will!

Then shall this day, which God hath blest,
Hallow life's every hour;
And bear us to our better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

Original Hymns.

98. *Sunday Morning.*

How sweet, how calm, this sacred morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed;
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In faith and love be hushed.

Anon.

99. *Prayer for Divine Direction.*

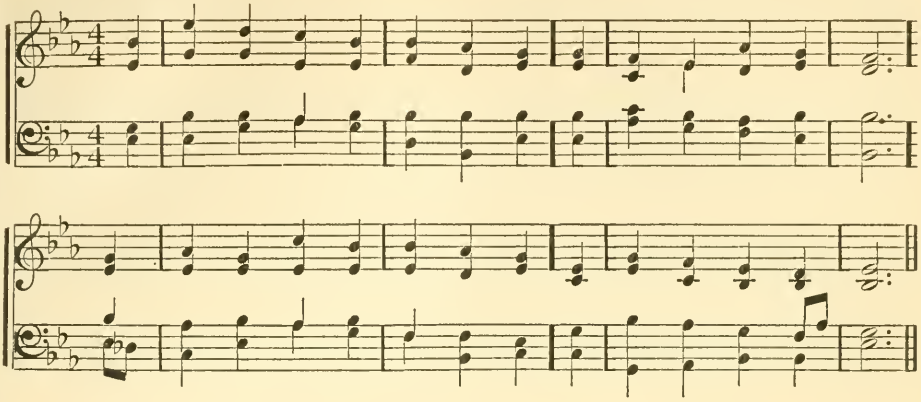
ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

Cappe's Selection.

ST. PETER. C. M. Alexander Robert Reinagle. 1860.



100. *Close of Worship.*

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton. 1870.

101. *Prayer for the Fruits of Worship.*

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast!

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

102. *Need of Help.*

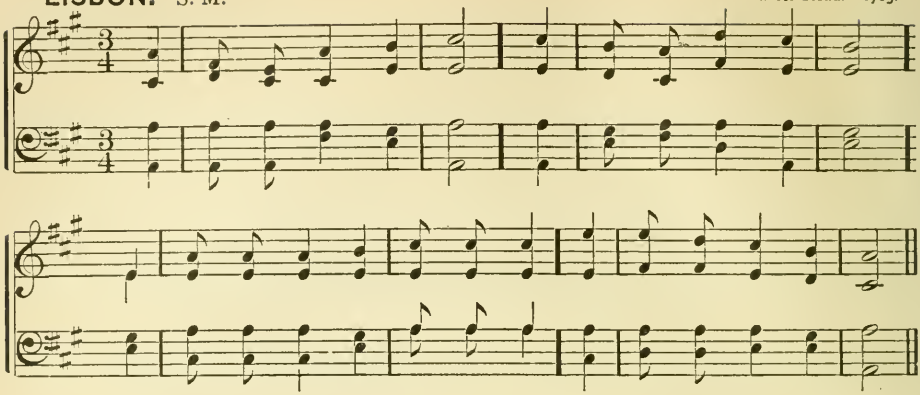
NOT only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy holy spirit pour!

But for each daily task of mine
I need thy quickening power;
I need thy presence everywhere,
I need thee every hour.

Each action finds in thee its spring,
Each joy thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is thine ordering,
Each grief shines in thy light.

T. H. Gill.

LISBON. S. M. Daniel Read. 1785.



103. *"Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth."*

O EVERLASTING Light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay:

O everlasting Health!
Flow through life's inmost springs;
The heart's best bliss, the soul's best wealth,
What life thy presence brings!

O everlasting Truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will, and clear my sight,
Give strength to do and bear.

O everlasting Love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

Horatius Bonar. 1861.

104. *Go in Peace.*

COME, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And if our way be bright or dark,
He's ever at our side.

Our spirits he will cheer
With sunshine of his love;
He guards us, and we need not fear,
With such a friend above.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall:
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

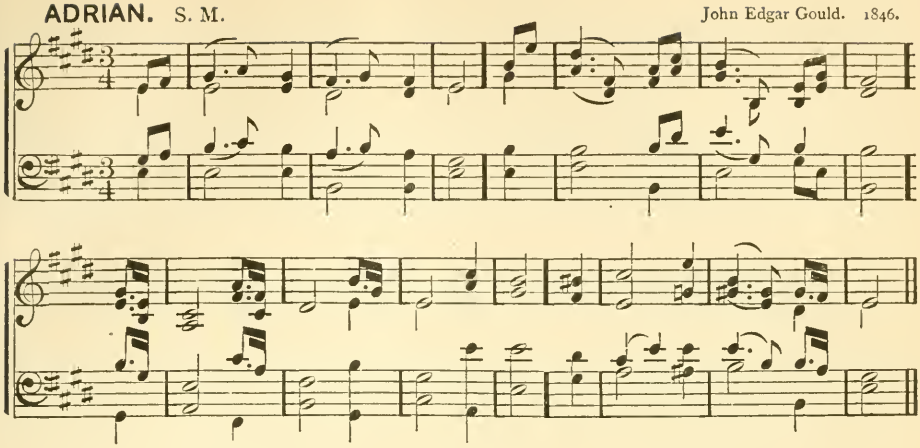
Come, brothers, let us go!
We travel hand in hand:
Each with his brother walks in joy
Through this dear Fatherland.

G. Tersteegen

105. *Begin the Day with God.*

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

ADRIAN. S. M. John Edgar Gould. 1846.



Cast every weight aside;
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

Horatius Bonar.

106. *Enjoyment in Worship.*

Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when the night wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

107. "*Still with Thee.*"

Still, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

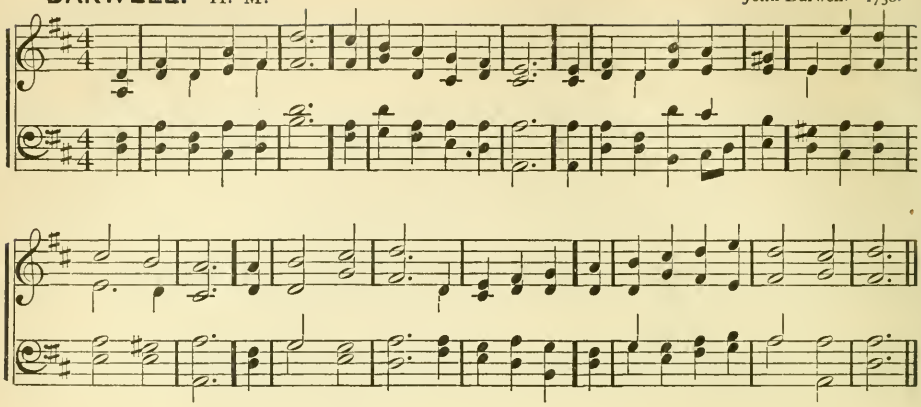
With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James Drummond Burns. 1856.

DARWELL. H. M. John Darwell. 1750.



108. *Longing for the House of God.*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Isaac Watts. 1719.

109. *Parting to meet again.*

Now, Lord, we part awhile;
But still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

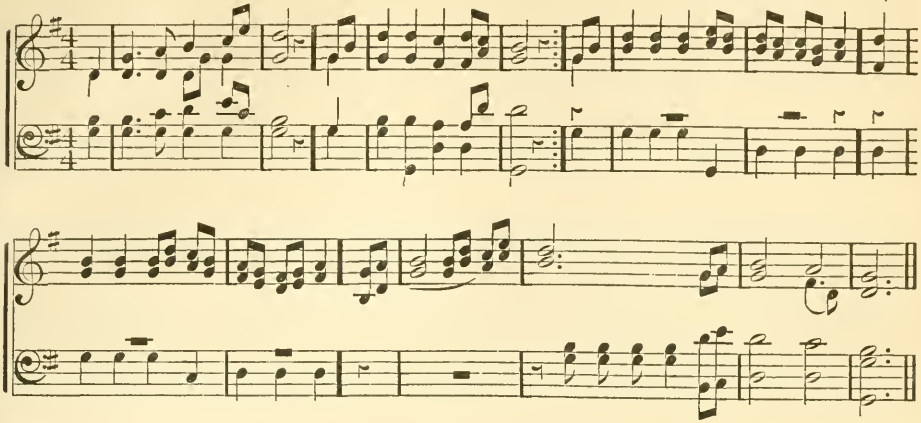
Oh, let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways!
And armed with patience run
With joy the appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more,
In the new earth and heaven above, —
The world of righteousness and love.

O happy, happy day,
That calls thy children home;
When sorrows pass away,
And wanderers cease to roam;
We meekly wait the dread release,
And labor to be found in peace.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

LISCHER. H. M. Friedrich Schneider. 1840.



110. *Sabbath Morning.*

WELCOME, delightful morn, —
Thou day of sacred rest:
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward. 1806.

111. *Divine Mercies.*

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings!
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

Give thanks aloud to God, —
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

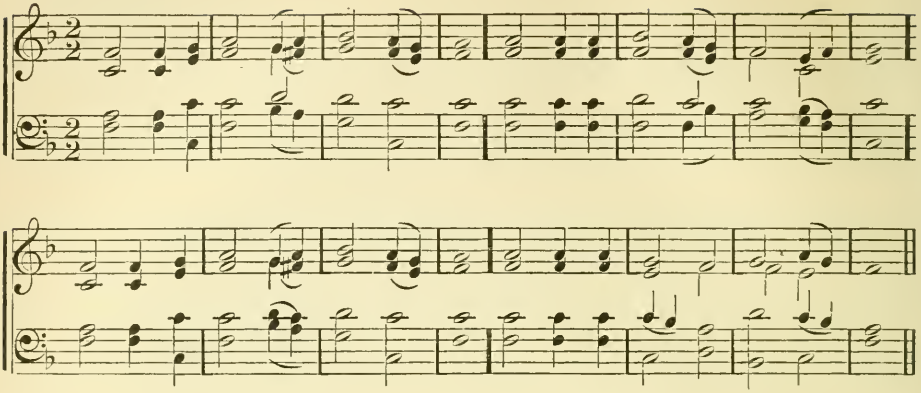
112. *A Blessing sought on Worship.*

HERE, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower on all who pray
This holy day, thy blessings pour.

Here may we find from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Parisian Breviary.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

HAMBURG. L. M.



113. *Daily Consecration.*

O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies and air and light:
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee:
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank thee for another morn.

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To use anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so win life and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

114. *Seeking Strength.*

O God, who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs!
We pray that thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But, ever guarded by thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.

To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

William Gaskell.

115. *Invocation.*

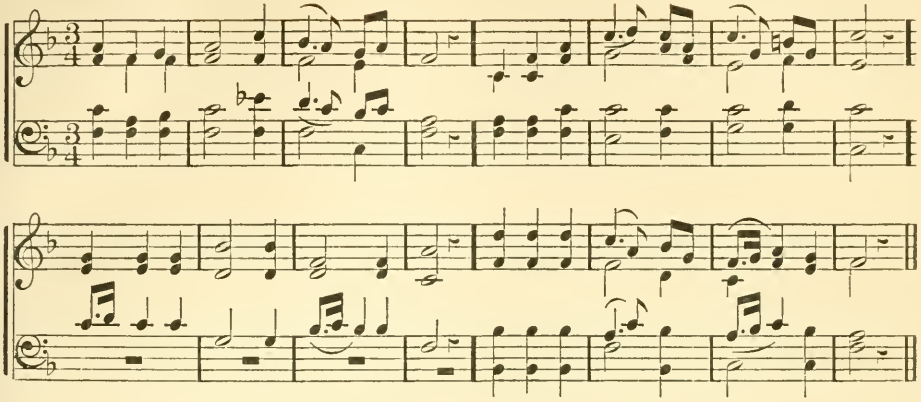
Thou, in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with thee,
Fulfil to us thine own sure word,
And be thou here thyself, O Lord!

Thou, by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

Give thankful hearts thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills our cross to bear;
And, when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all thy saints at last.

Church Hymns.

LINWOOD. L. M. Gioacchino Rossini. 1829.



116. *The Close of the Sabbath.*

SWEET is the light of sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there:
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

James Edmeston.

117. *The Still Hour.*

GENTLY the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill.

Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart;
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A sabbath stillness fills the heart,
Devotion's calm and holy love.

And man, even from the dust, may rise,
Borne on the pinions of thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries,
And find in thee his resting-place.

Sir John Bowring.

118. *Evening Prayer.*

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day,—
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
Oh, hear us as we sing and pray!

Keep thou our souls from thought of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

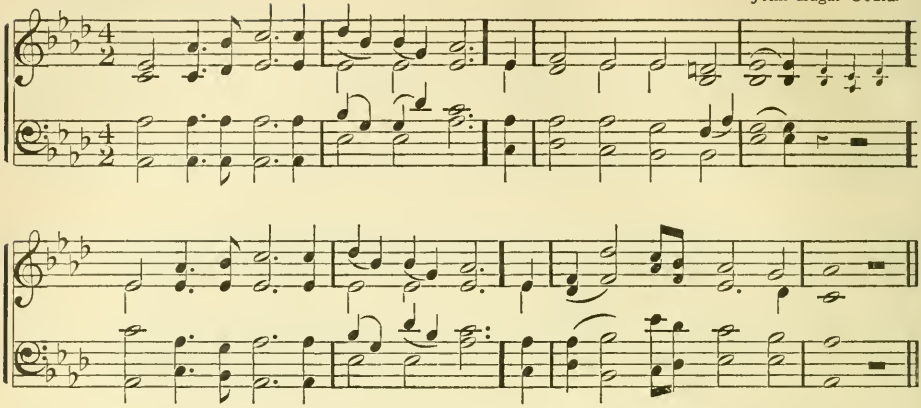
Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Breviary.

GRATEFUL HOMAGE.

GOULD. C. M.

John Edgar Gould.



119. *Morning.*

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Anna L. Barbauld.

120. *Prayer for Full Assurance.*

ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires:
Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires!

My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love:
Oh, speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove!

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

Anne Steele.

121. *Drawing near to God.*

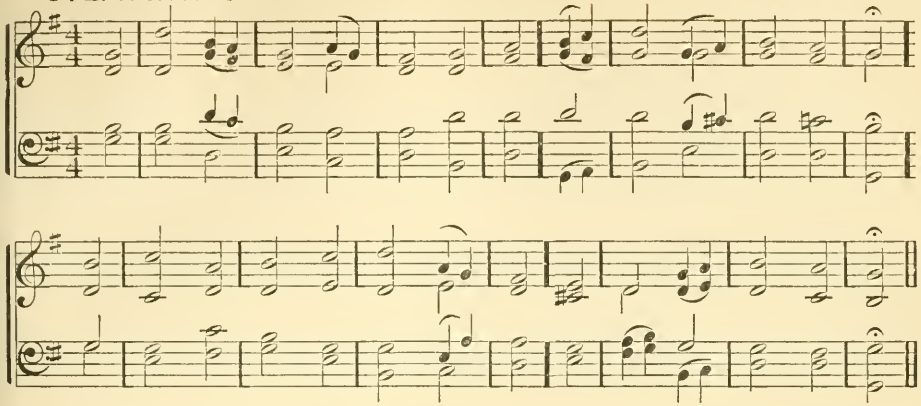
FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord,
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to thee.

In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto thee.

Our lives, devoted to thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be;
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer thee.

Anon.

STEPHENS. C. M. William Jones. 1784.



122. *Praise to God.*

SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name;
True life, to obey thy will.

For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

Philip Doddridge.

123. *Spiritual Aspiration.*

OH, wherefore hath my spirit leave
To come so near my God,
And yet so soon must gaze and grieve
O'er the abandoned road?

I feel my God almost possessed,
The heavenly land half won;
The blissful greeting of the blest,
The eternal song, begun:

O wings that drop! O strains that die!
O light that fades away!
O fleeting people of the sky!
O heaven, that will not stay!

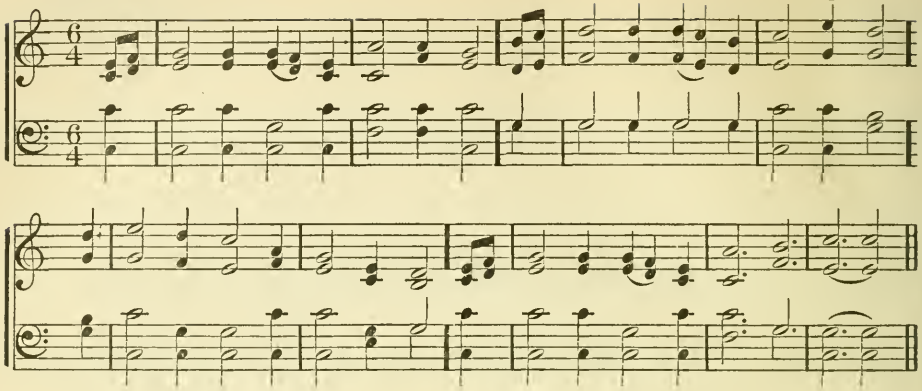
What sweetness in thy presence, Lord!
What glory in thy smile!
Thine awful voice, how quickly heard!
Ah! wherefore but a while?

How faintly sounds each sweet command
Thy Son's dear face, how dim!
Yet would I smile at thy right hand,
Yet would I reign with him.

Lord, help this earnest, helpless will;
Lord, lay thy hand on me:
Shall I not climb thy holy hill?
Shall I not dwell with thee?

T. H. Gill.

RETREAT. L. M. Thomas Hastings. 1840.



124. *Grateful Reliance on God.*

How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow!
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow!

How calmly rolls the sea of life!
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record thou wilt own.

J. Roscoe.

125. *The Mercy-Seat.*

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell. 1832.

126. *To be made perfect in Divine Love.*

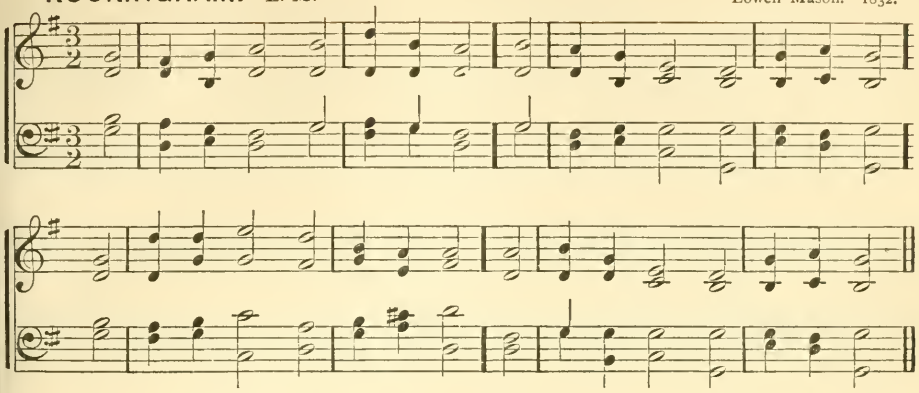
Oh that my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
Oh that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear:
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there.

Oh, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eyesight impart, for I am blind,
And seal me thine adopted son!

A. M. Toplady. 1759.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



127. *The House of God.*

Be still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here, in his house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while his people pray.

Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

Anon.

128. *Sabbath Evening.*

Within thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to thee, O God, they vowed.

Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

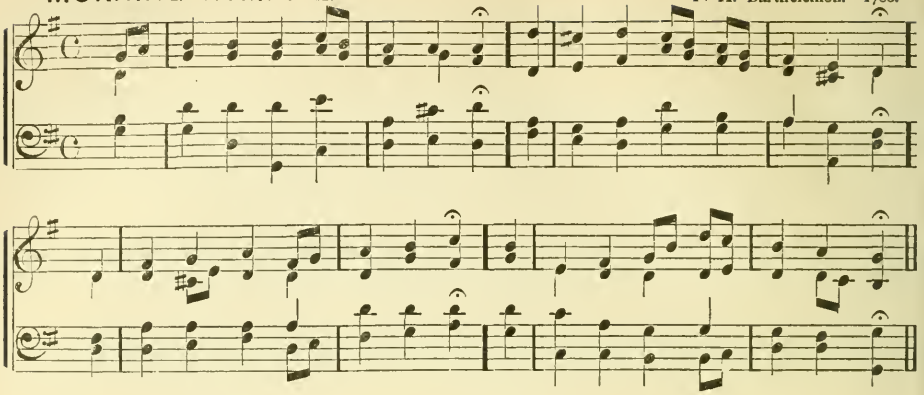
And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought thee, thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought thy face in vain.

The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen.

James Montgomery.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. Barthelemon. 1780.



129. *Morning Hymn.*

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights, 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God, we cry for thee.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

F. T. Palgrave. 1862.

130. *Morning.*

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins like morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

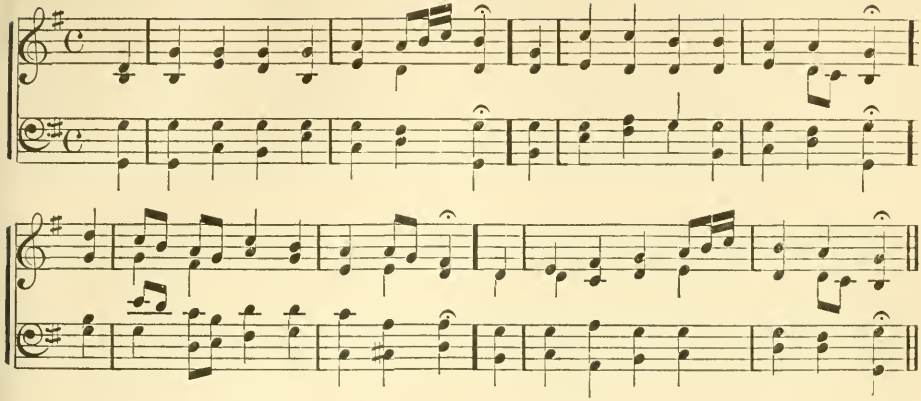
Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise him, my soul, for all his love!

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697 and 1709.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Thomas Tallis. 1567.



131. *Evening Hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings!

Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Be thou my guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my heart for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye angels round his throne!
Praise God, the high and holy One!

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697 and 1709.

132. *The Departure of Day.*

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

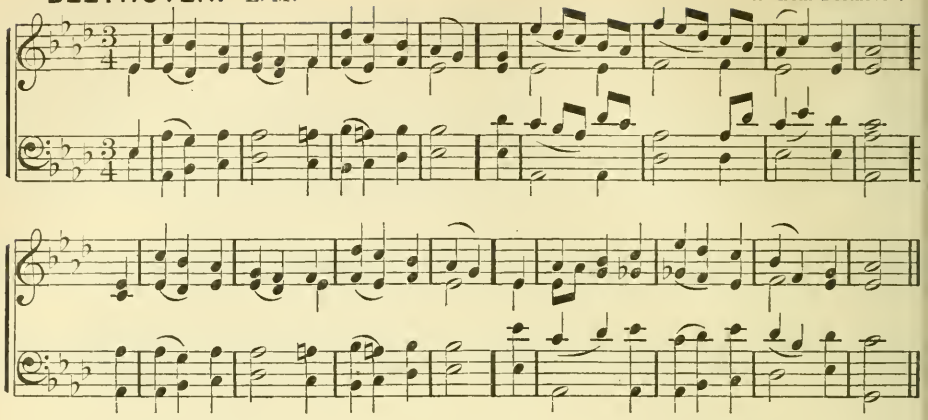
Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake on earth no more.

Another fleeting day is gone;
But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone:
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

William Bengo Collyer. 1812.

BEETHOVEN. L. M. Arr. from Beethoven.



133. *Morning. — Prayer for Protection.*

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head!

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth. 1773.

134. *"New every Morning."*

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

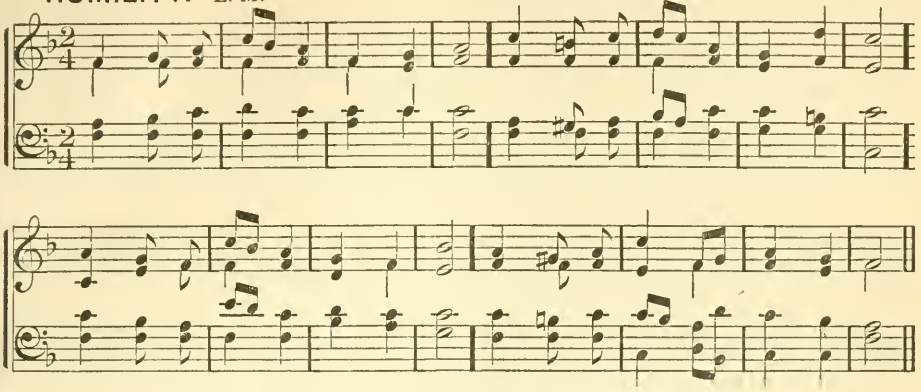
Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble. 1827.

HUMILITY. L. M. Samuel Parkman Tuckerman.



135. *For Morning or Evening.*

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

136. *Evening Worship.*

How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How all thy boundless love declare?
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer.

We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.

For thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain,
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.

Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

Sir John Bowring.

137. *Creator Spirit.*

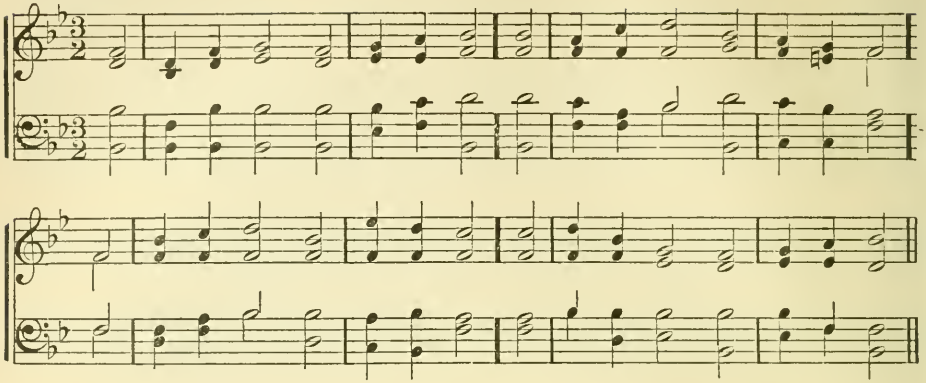
Oh, come, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

Come, Holy Spirit! now descend;
Most blessed gift which God can send:
Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

With patience firm and purpose high
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

Breviary.

HEBRON. L. M. Lowell Mason. 1830.



138. *Children of the Day.*

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see;
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848.

139. "*The Lord is thy Keeper.*" — Ps. cxxi. 5.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,
Lift we our hearts to God on high,
That he in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May he restrain our tongues, lest strife
Break forth to mar the peace of life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
The pride of fleshly sense subdued
By temperate use of drink and food.

So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

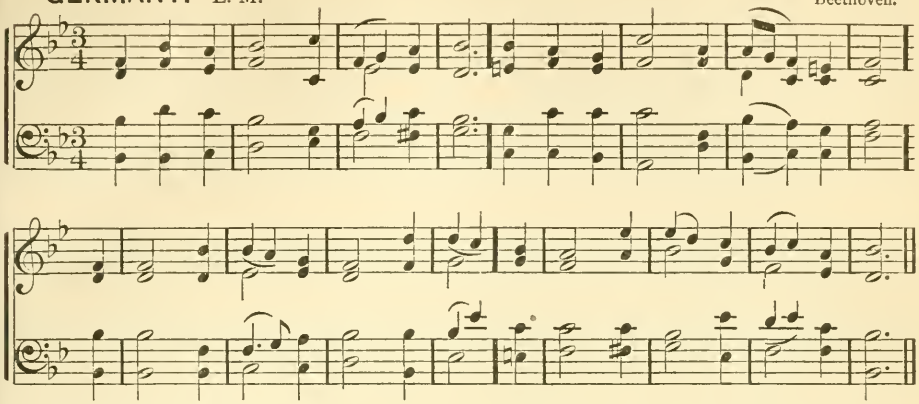
Church Hymns.

140. *An Evening Hymn.*

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

GERMANY. L. M. Beethoven.



I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

141. *Evening Worship.*

O Holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

In grief console, in gladness bless,
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear.

W. H. Burleigh.

142. *Vesper Hymn.*

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

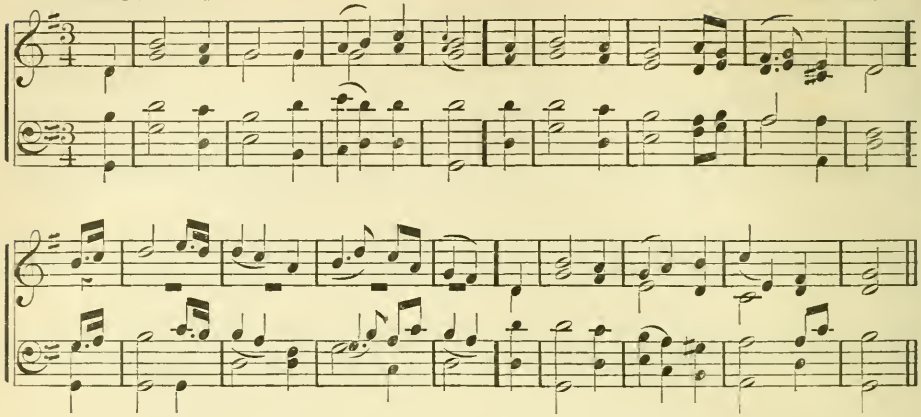
May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

S. Longfellow. 1864.

SEASONS. L. M. Ignace Pleyel.



143.

Morning Hymn.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Isaac Watts.

144.

Perpetual Praise.

My God, in morning's radiant hour
To thee will I lift up my heart;
The shades of night obey thy power,
And at thy sun's bright beams depart.

Father and Guardian! to thy shrine
The life thou shieldest will I bring;
All, great Creator! all is thine;
The heart my noblest offering!

The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to thee shall raise.

So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee!

Anon.

145.

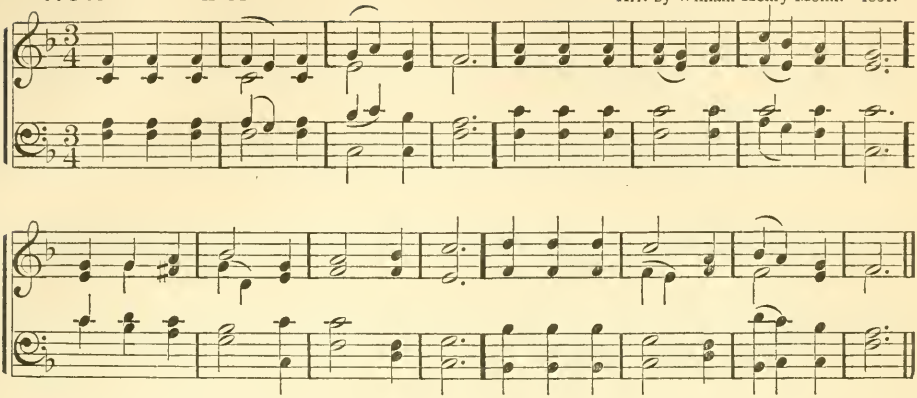
Evening Hymn.

O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.



Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

Roman Breviary.
Tr. Edw. Caswall.

146. *"Abide with us, for it is Evening."*

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

John Keble. 1827.

147. *The Lord's Day Evening.*

O Father, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

The day is done, its hours have run;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

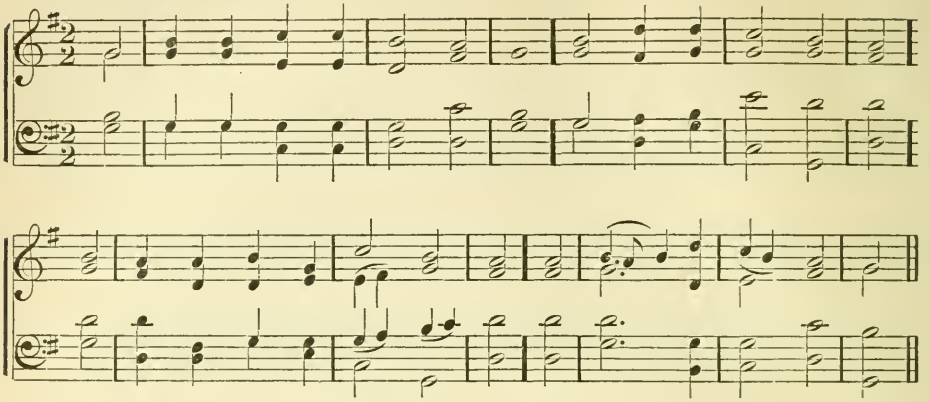
Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call:
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Father and our All.

F. W. Faber. 1849.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. Ralph Harrison. 1786.



148.

Morning. — Ps. v.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

The men who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

149.

Evening Hymn.

BEFORE thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise!
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.

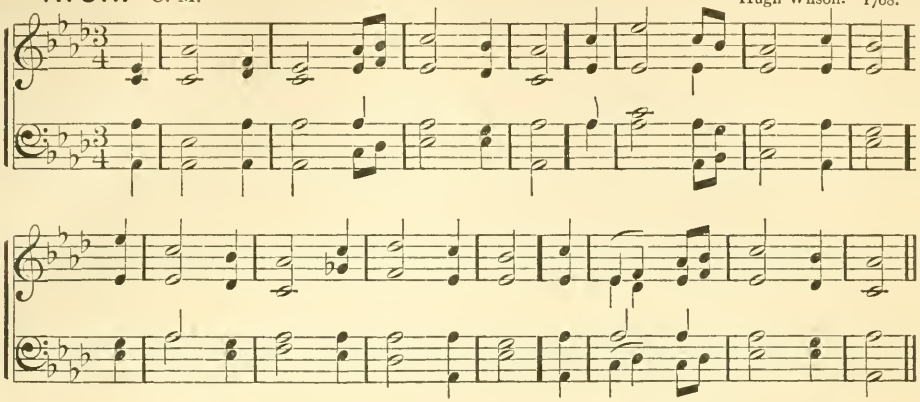
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Adelaide Anne Procter. 1860.

AVON. C. M. Hugh Wilson. 1768.



150. *Evening Prayer.*

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit.

151. *Prayer.*

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

John A. Wallace

152. *Walk with God.*

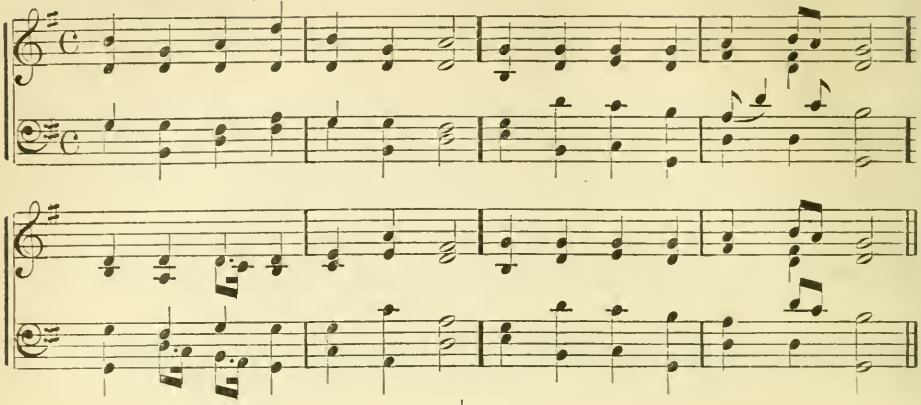
WALK with your God, along the road
Your strength he will renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will work with you.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Made in the spirit strong;
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend it with a song.

T. H. Gill

NUREMBERG. 7.

Johann Rudolf Ahle. 1664.



153. *All Things Present to God.*

MIGHTY God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

William Gaskell.

154. *Morning Hymn.*

IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine!

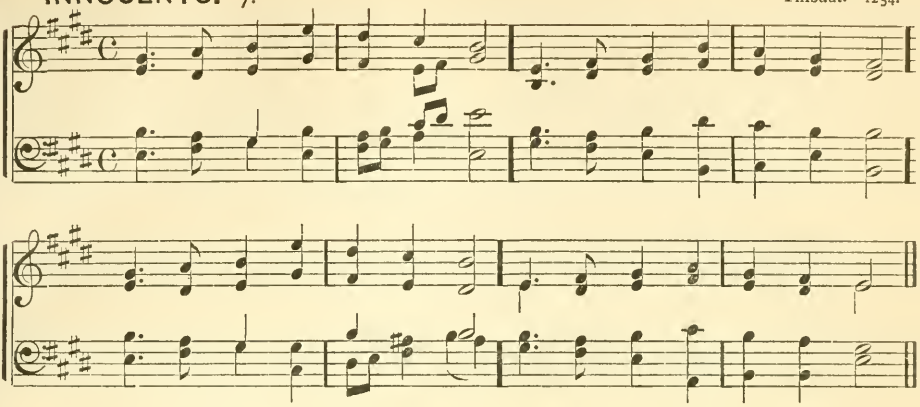
Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from hidden snares,
And my eyes, O God, from tears;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

William Henry Furness 1840.

INNOCENTS. 7. Thibaut. 1254.



155. *Morning Hymn.*

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come, —
Lord, may we be thine to-day!
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last!
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Episcopal Collection.

156. *The Parting of Friends.*

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.

From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine:
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

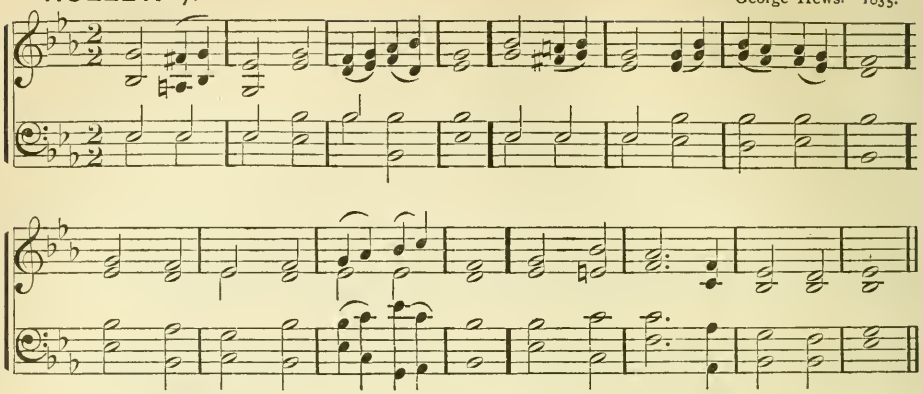
For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton. 1779.

HOLLEY. 7. George Hews. 1835.



157. *Evening Meditation.*

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. Doane. 1824.

158. *Sabbath Evening.*

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy sabbath's close.

Peace is on the world abroad:
'Tis the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

Father, may our sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the sabbath ne'er shall close!

S. F. Smith. 1843.

159. *Supplication.*

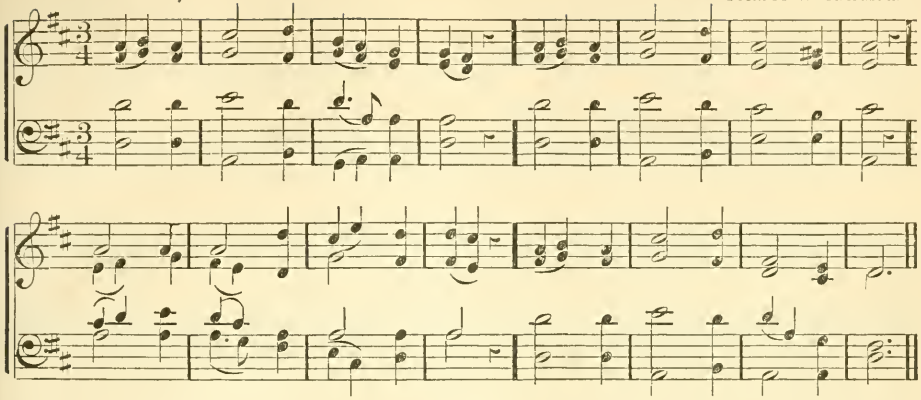
SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend:
We are weak, almighty thou.

With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be thy law impressed.

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above, —
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

Thomas Gray. 1833

DALLAS. 7. From M. L. Cherubini.



160. *Eternal Light.*

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness: oh, how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. Furness. 1840.

161. *Sabbath Evening.*

Ere another sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last!

Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

B. W. Noel's Selection. 1832.

162. *Benediction.*

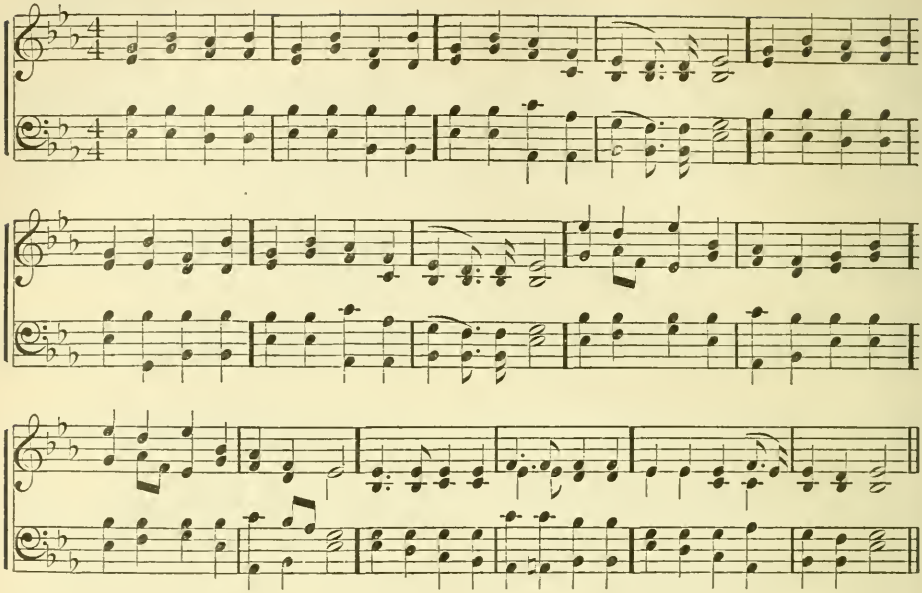
Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, —
Jesus Christ, our King and Head, —
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

J. Newton.

VESPER HYMN. 8. 7.

Russian Air.



163.

Vesper Hymn.

Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound :
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

164.

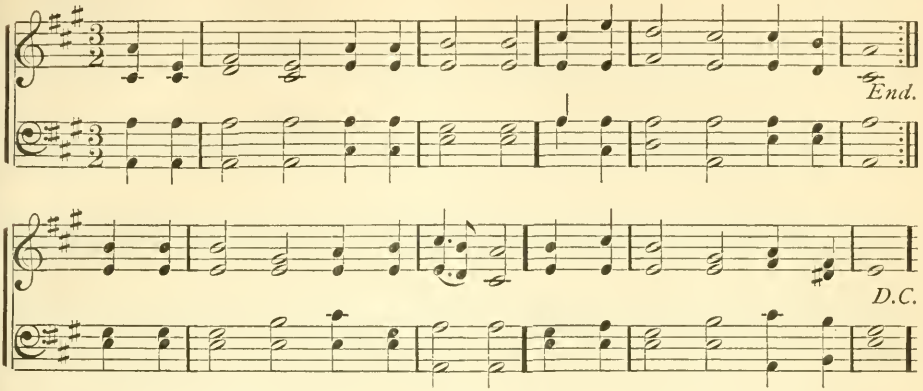
"Abide with us, for it is toward Evening."

Tarry with me, O my Father !
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances :
Shall it be the night of rest ?

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
Tarry with me, O my Father !
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning ; then awake me, —
Morning of eternal rest !

Caroline S. Smith. 1856.

CRAWFORD. 8. 7. L. O. Emerson.



165. *Evening Hymn.*

On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her fragrant offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be —
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending —
Incense of our hearts to thee.

Thou, whose favors, without number,
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

Julia Ann Elliott.

166. *Close of Evening Worship.*

Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night:
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

C. Robbins.

167. *The Heart given to God*

Take my heart, O Father! take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt it, break it, —
This proud heart of sin and stone.

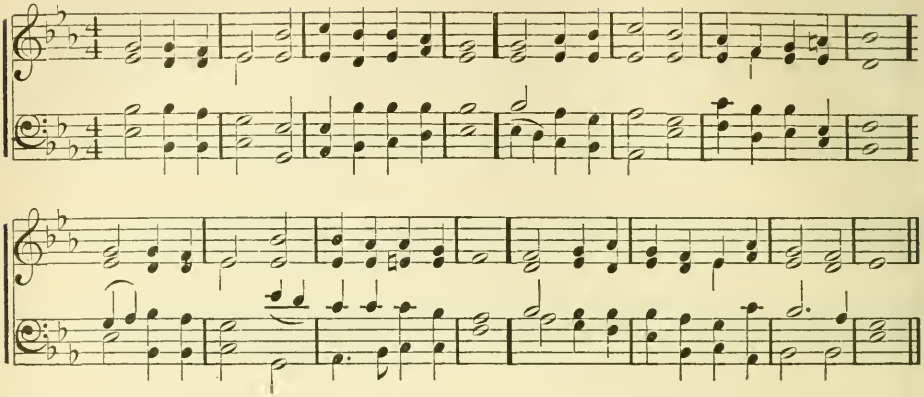
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it, —
Made it to be wholly thine.

Wesleyan.

EVENTIDE. 10. William Henry Monk. 1861.



168.

The Night cometh.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

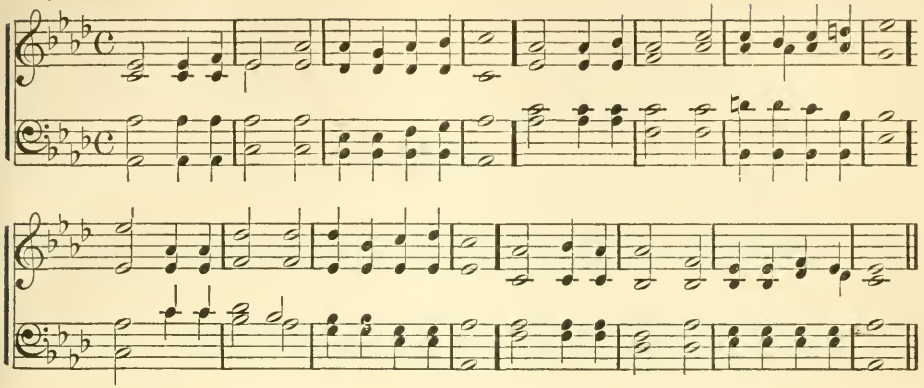
I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

PARTING. 10. E. J. Hopkins.



169.

Parting.

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

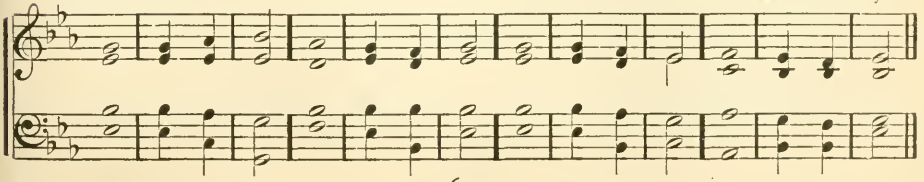
Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

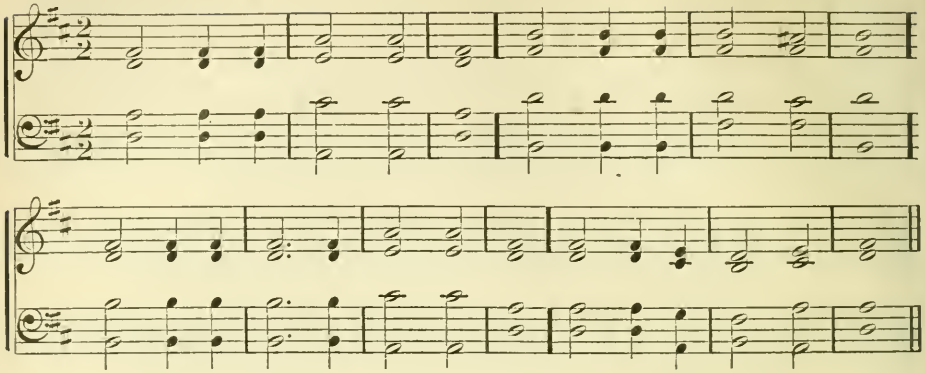
Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

John Ellerton. 1866.

CHANT. No. 1. A. H. D. Troyte.



SHAWMUT. S. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



170. *Universal Praise.*

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts.

171. *Evening.*

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us and rest:
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore.

J. Mason Neale. 1854.

172. *Evening.*

ALMIGHTY God, to-night
To thee for help we pray;
To whom the darkness is as light,
And midnight like the day.

Oh, keep us now from harm,
As thou hast done before!
And let thine everlasting arm
Be round us evermore.

Let holy angels stand
About us every night,
Until they bear us to the land
Of everlasting light.

J. Mason Neale. 1854.

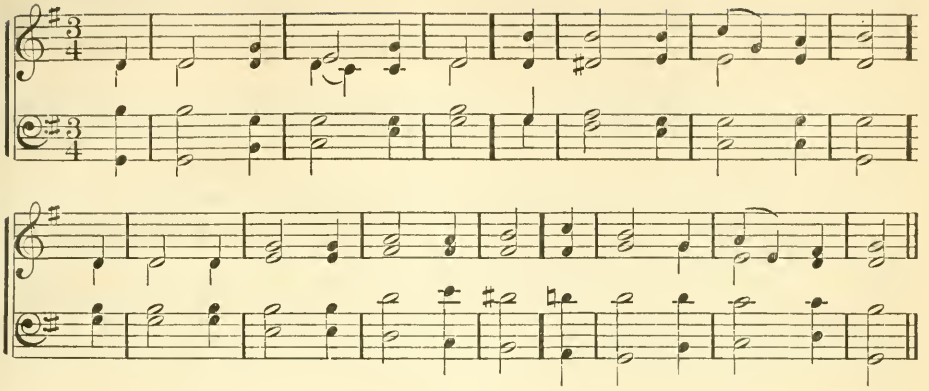
173. *"Now is the Accepted Time."*

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

MARSHALL. S. M. G. T. Geer.



174. *Evening.*

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

Lord, keep us safe this night.
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

John Leland. 1799.

175. *Rest.*

THE day is past and gone:
Great God, we bow to thee;
Again, as shades of night steal on,
Unto thy side we flee.

Oh, when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west,
That country and that happy home,
Where none shall break our rest;
Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing!

William John Blew. 1849.

176. *Never-ceasing Worship.*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But, oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of thine eternal choir!

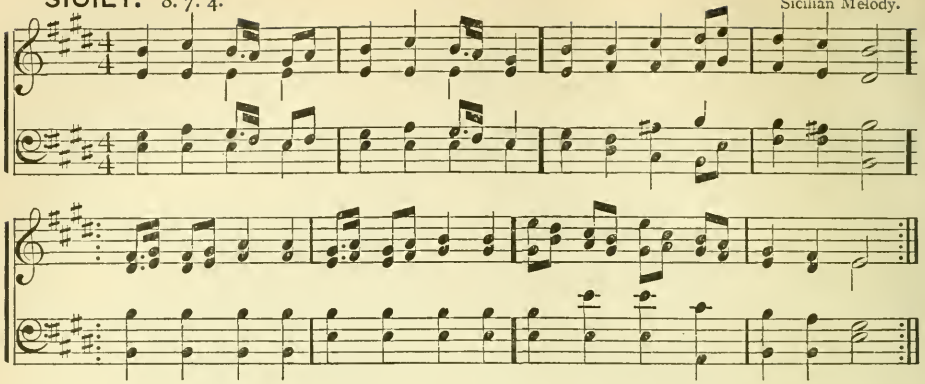
Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

John Ellerton. 1867.

SICILY. 8. 7. 4.

Sicilian Melody.



177. *Dismission.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love;
Still support us,
While in duty's path we move.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

Walter Shirley. 1774.

178. *Prayer for Guidance.*

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us;
For we have no help but thee.
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with kind affections blending, —
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

James Edmeston. 1820.

179. *Call of the Spirit.*

FATHER, may we heed the message
Sent in mercy from above, —
Every sentence, oh, how tender,
Every line how full of love!
Heavenly accents
Full of strength and peace and love!

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with deepest consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds,
Blest is he their word who hears!

Jonathan Allen.

180. *Close of Communion.*

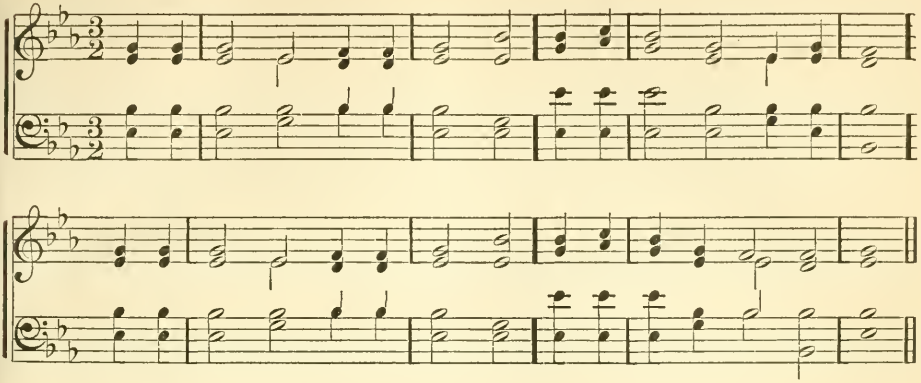
FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear!
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere!

Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

Exeter Coll

CHESTER. 8. 7. I. B. Woodbury. 1850.



181. *Prayer for Guidance.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh! gently lead us
Through this world of smiles and tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And, when mortal life is ended,
May we live among the blest;
And, our souls by thee defended,
In thy love for ever rest!

Thomas Hastings.

182. *Go in Peace.*

Go in peace! serene dismission
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours in deep contrition
Prayer before the eternal throne.

Go in peace! thy sins forgiven,
God hath healed thee, set thee free;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace and liberty!

Father, breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

183. *Parting Hymn.*

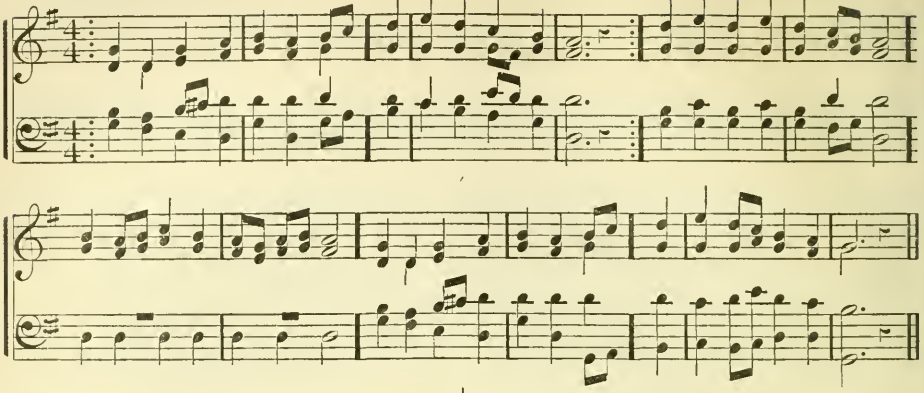
PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah Fuller Adams. 1841.

AMSTERDAM. 7. 6. James Nares. 1760.



184. *"Rise, my Soul."*

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, —
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave. 1742.

185. *Quiet Religion.*

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice.
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place, —
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

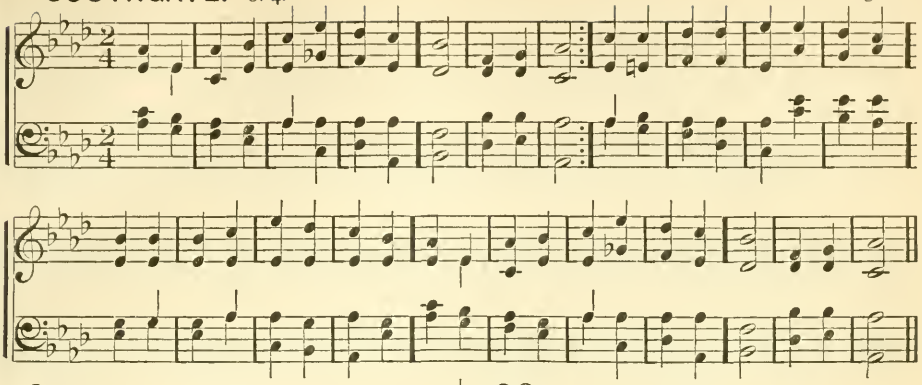
186. *The Lord is thy Keeper.*

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
And guard from every sin.
He is still our sure defence,
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley

SOUTHGATE. 8. 4. T. B. Southgate.



187. *Evening.*

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night, —
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the heavenly call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to dwell in glory take us
With thee on high.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827. v. 1.
Abp. Richard Whately. 1860. vs. 2, 3.

188. *All Well.*

Through the love of God, our Father,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well:
Precious is the love that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

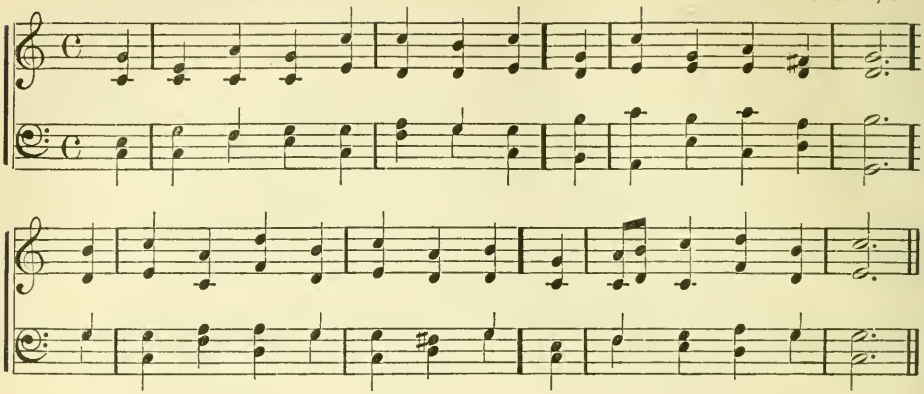
Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in him abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
He our every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Mary B. Peters

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

Denby. 1687.
William Croft. 1712.



189. *Man frail, and God eternal.* Ps. xc.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, —
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

Isaac Watts. 1719.

190. *Te Deum.*

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored !

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —

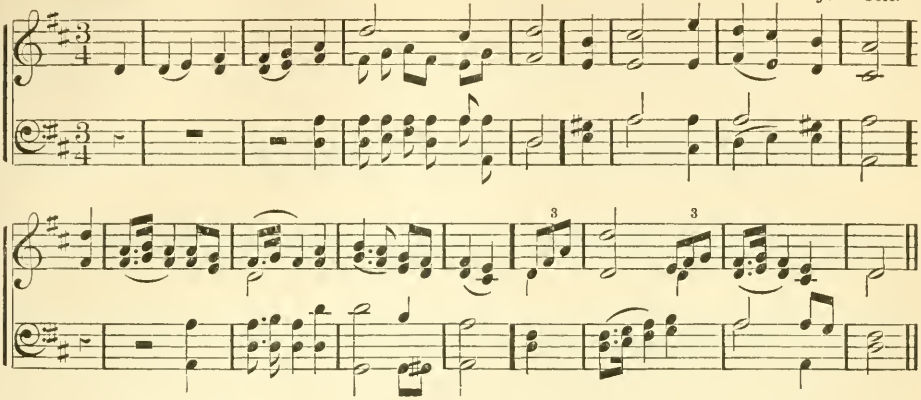
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey !
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee, —
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty !

St. Ambrose. 380–90.
Tate and Brady. 1703.

GENEVA. C. M. John Cole.



191. *God's Care.*

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

192. *Eternal Dominion of God.*

Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

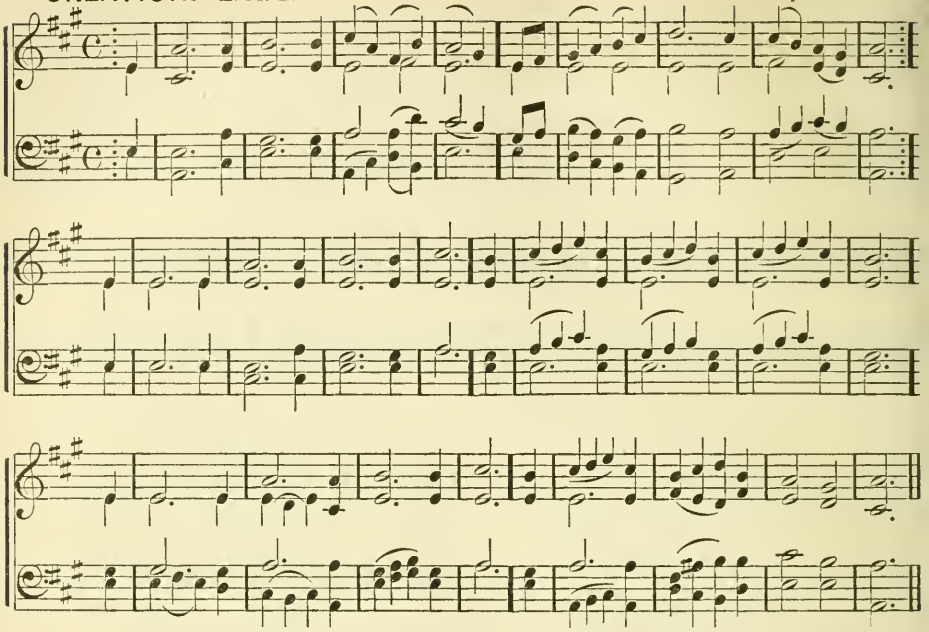
Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' varying scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts. 1709

CREATION. L. M. D. Haydn's Creation.



193. *God in Creation.*

GOD of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light:
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

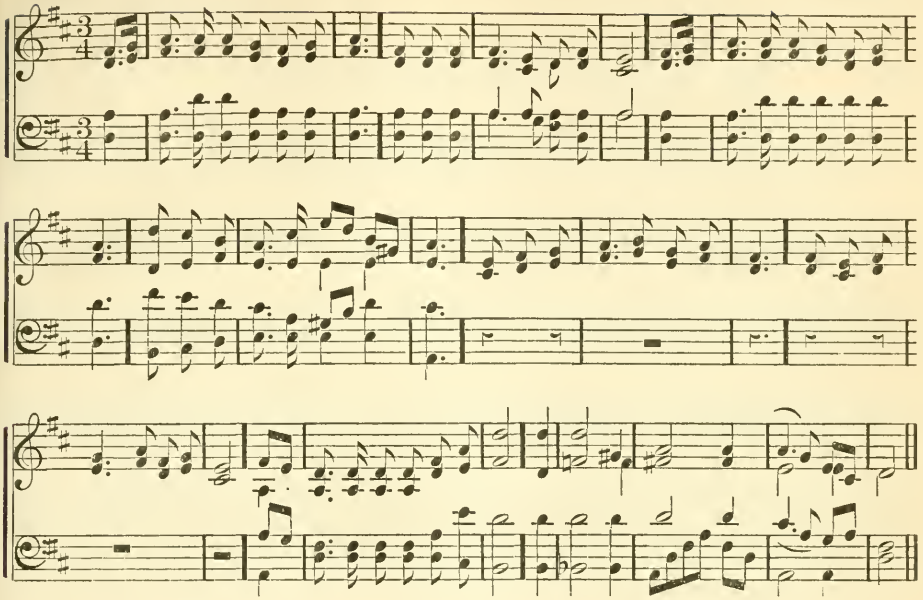
W. B. O. Peabody.

194. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

CEPHAS. L. M. D. Lowell Mason.



What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison. 1712.

195. *Thy Will be done on Earth as in Heaven.*

SPIRIT of peace and health and power,
Fountain of life and light below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inspire our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

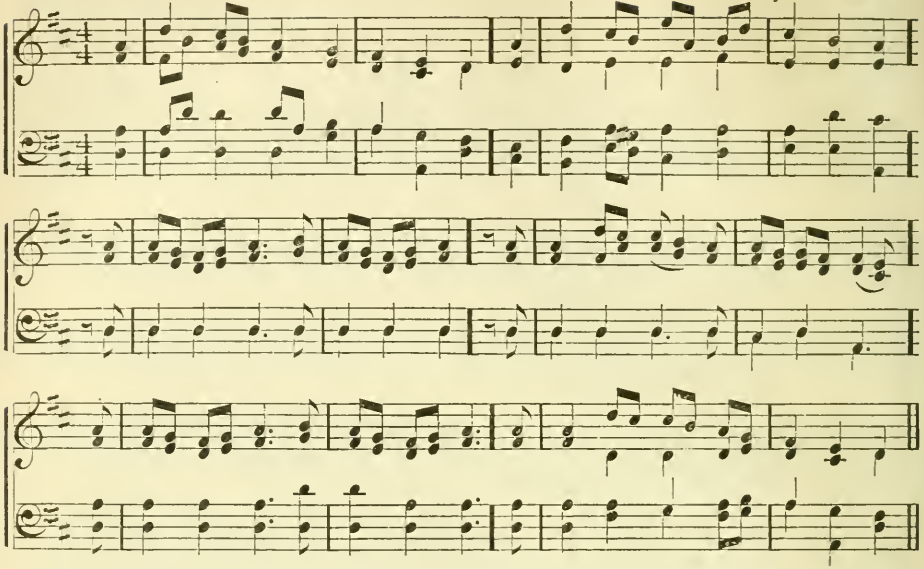
Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou clothest the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
To thee we pray; for all must live
By thee, who knowest their every need,—
Pray for the world, that thou wilt give
All human hearts thy living bread.

In faith we wait and long and pray,
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to thy fold.
We cannot doubt thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful, and just!
And thou wilt speedily fulfil
The word in which thy servants trust.

John Wesley.

BELVILLE. L. M. 6.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



196. *God our Shepherd.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

197. *Trust in God.*

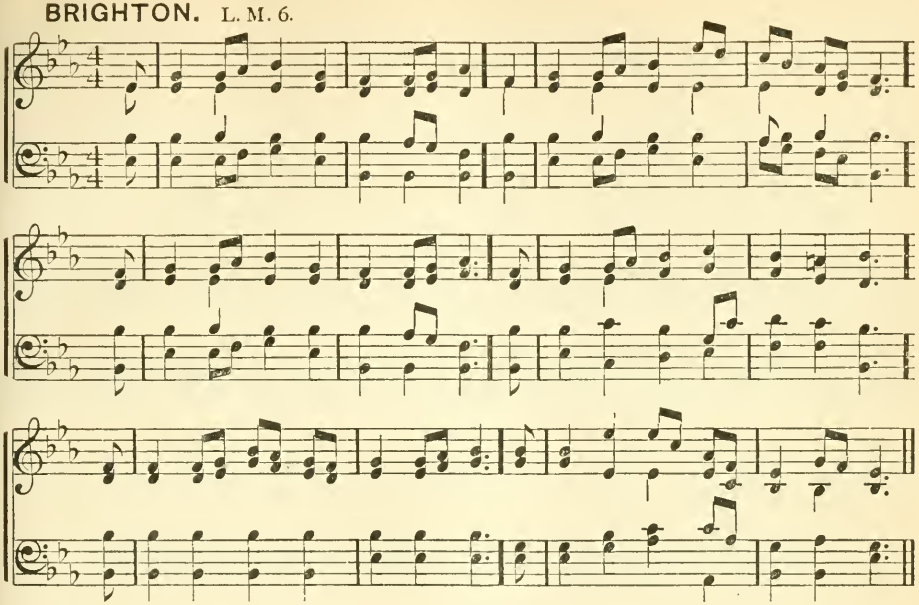
OH, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapped in fears and mystery!
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well since ruled by thee.

When mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar, [frown;
Thy light, sweet beaming through their
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

Sir John Bowring.

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6.



198. *God our Guardian.*

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

Christian Psalmist.

199. *God the Light and Life of the World.*

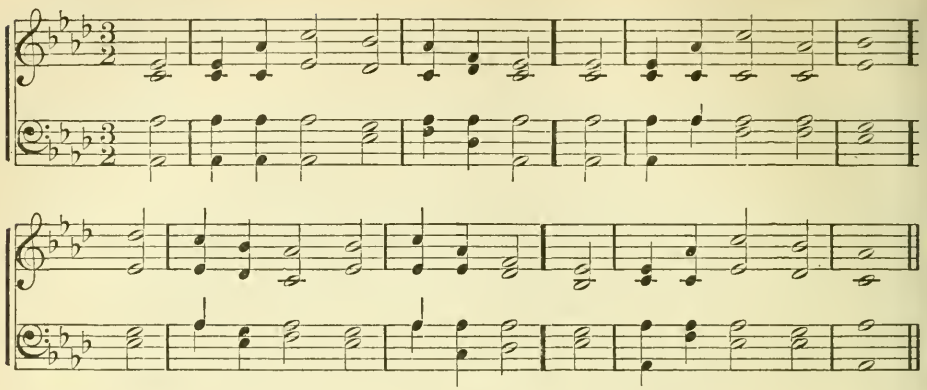
Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore. 1816.

EVAN. C. M. Wm. H. Havergal. 1847.



200. *Nature's Worship.*

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. Whittier.

201. *The Book of Nature.*

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

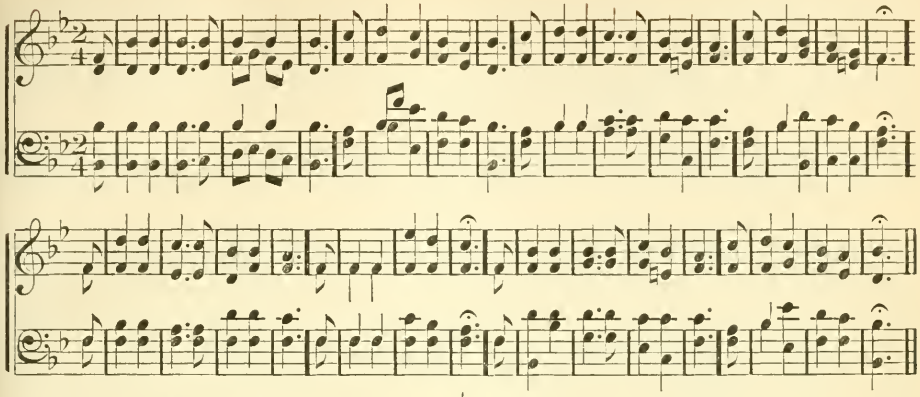
The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.

TOLLAND. C. M. Reginald Spofforth.



202. *"Mighty in Power."*

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

203. *Nature's Hymn.*

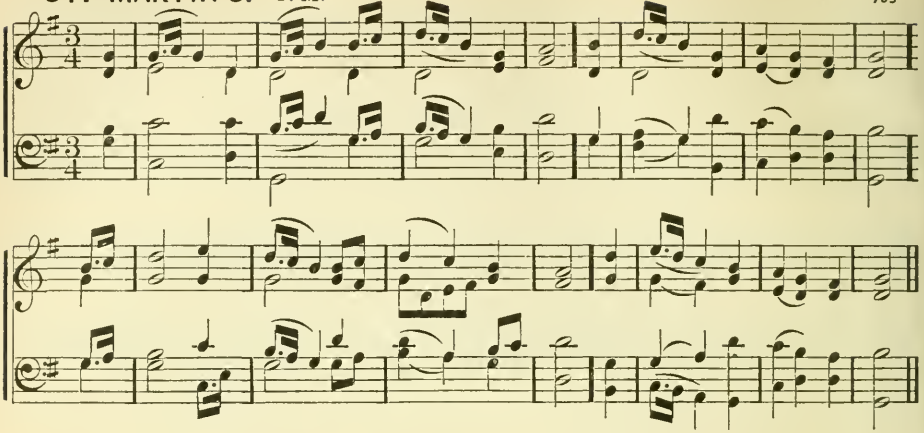
THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God!
Attune their evening hymn:
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

Nature, — a temple worthy thee, —
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

Sir John Bowring.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. William Tansur. 1735.



204. *Divine Goodness in Affliction.*

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

205. *Pious Education of Children.* Ps. lxxviii.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known, —
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

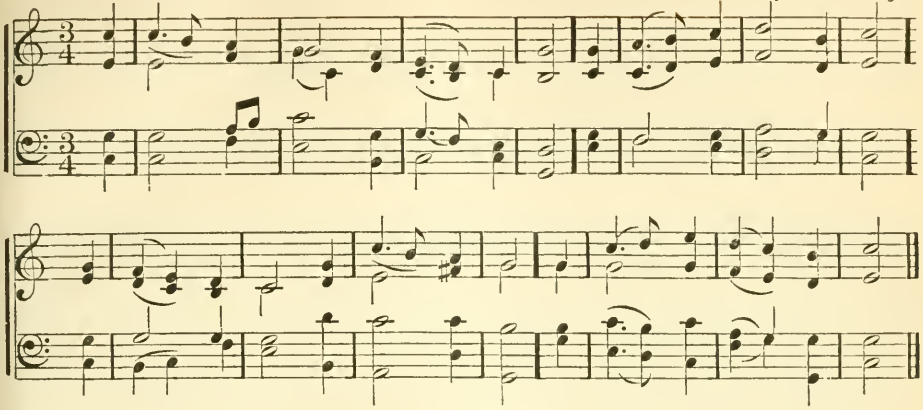
Isaac Watts.

206. *"His Greatness is unsearchable."*

GREAT God, on whose sustaining power
Unnumbered worlds depend;
Great Spirit, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend, —

With wondering reverence we adore,
With awe before thee bend,
Whom none, but by thine inward light
And spirit, apprehend.

COLCHESTER. C. M. Henry Purcell. 1685.



207. *Father of Mercies.*

FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith and hope and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above!

James Montgomery. 1836.

208. *Light and Glory of the Word.*

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper. 1779.

209. *The Guide of Life.*

I CANNOT walk in darkness long,
My Light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.

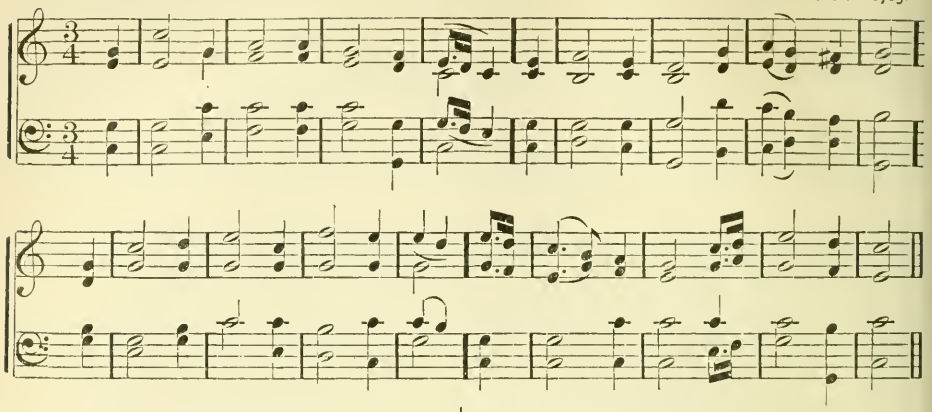
He is my stay and my defence,
How shall I fail or fall?
My keeper is Omnipotence;
My Ruler ruleth all.

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care;
I cannot wander from his love,
Whose love is everywhere.

Caroline A. Mason.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

Crasselius. 1650.
William Croft. 1715.



210. *The Love of God.*

O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss, [brood;
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

John Sterling. 1839.

211. *Divine Meaning in Humble Things.*

Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
Oh, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by thee;

That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

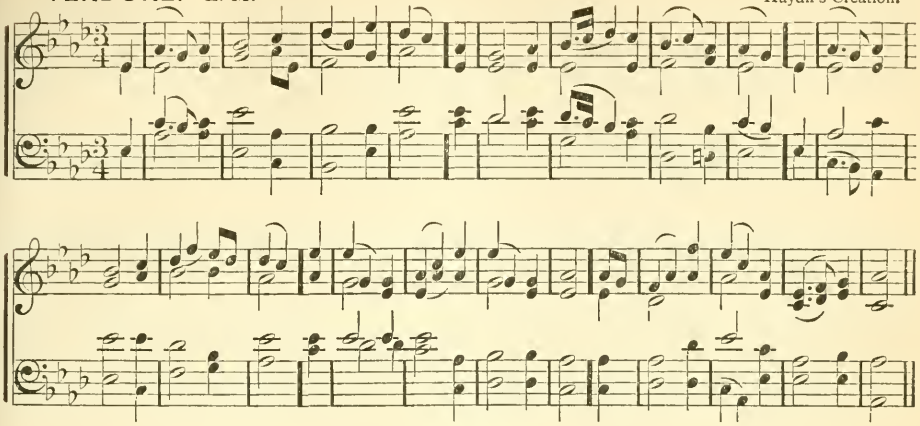
John Sterling. 1839.

212. *"God through all, and in you all."*

God of the earth, the sky, the sea;
Of all above and all below, —
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air:
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

VERDURE. L. M. Haydn's Creation.



We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there, —
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Samuel Longfellow.

213. *God in All.*

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

Thomas Moore. 1816.

214. *God is Good.*

Our God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

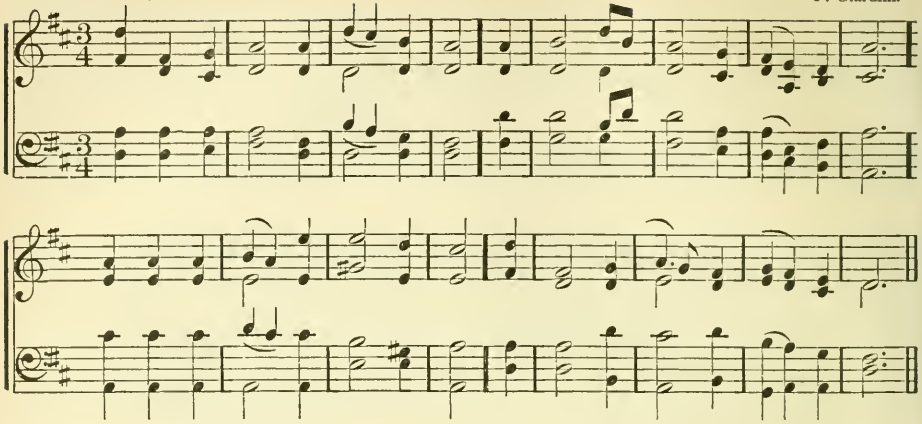
I hear it in the rushing breeze:
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yea, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food, [word:
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening
These prompt our song, that God is good.

John Hampden Gurney. 1838.

BLENDON. L. M. F. Giardini.



215. *God Incomprehensible.*

GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through!
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

Oh, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

Andrew Kippis. 1795.

216. *God Unsearchable.*

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And, though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.

Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

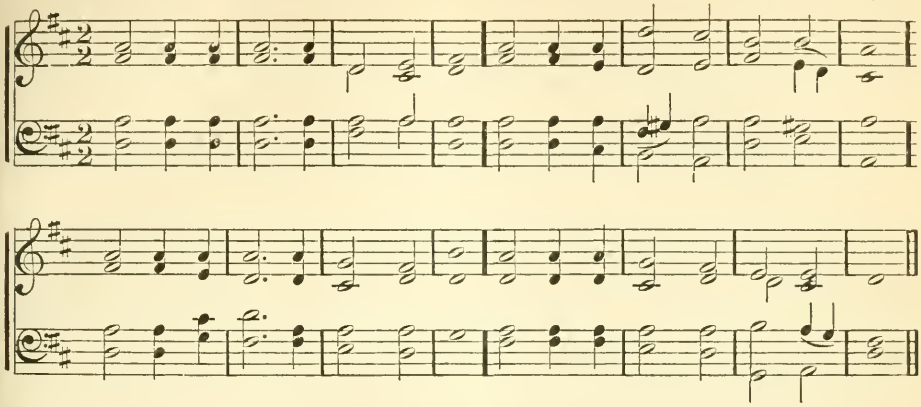
Benjamin Beddome. 1818.

217. *The Bread of Life.*

FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given,
Oh, grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven!

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more.

APPLETON. L. M. William Boyce. 1740.



218. *The Lord's Prayer.*

FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

Birmingham Coll.

219. *Divine Omnipresence.*

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through:
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

Isaac Watts. 1719.

220. *Praise to God.* Ps. lxxxvi.

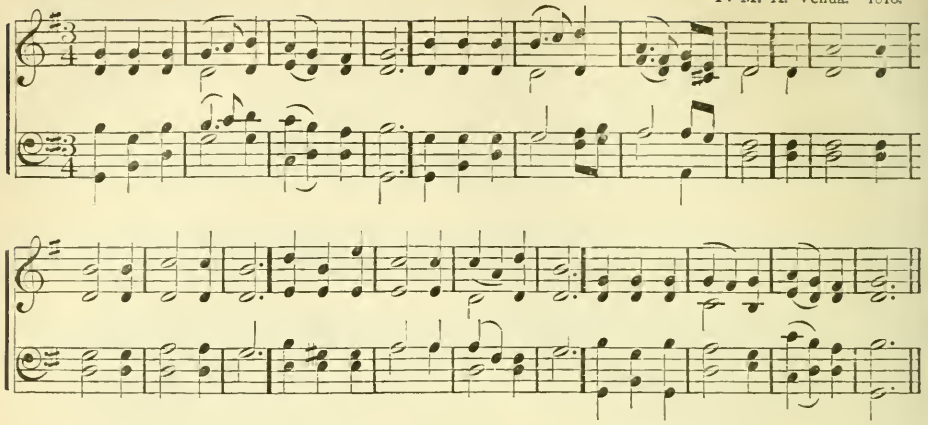
ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.

Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

Simon Browne. 1720.

PARK STREET. L. M. F. M. A. Venua. 1810.



221. *Providential Bounties Improved.*

FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

Oh, let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all!

Philip Doddridge.

222. *Song of Faith.*

SING to the Lord, and loud proclaim
His mighty and his loving name!
Oh, may he not be named alone,
But by our sure experience known!

Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same?

To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expectant eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

Philip Doddridge.

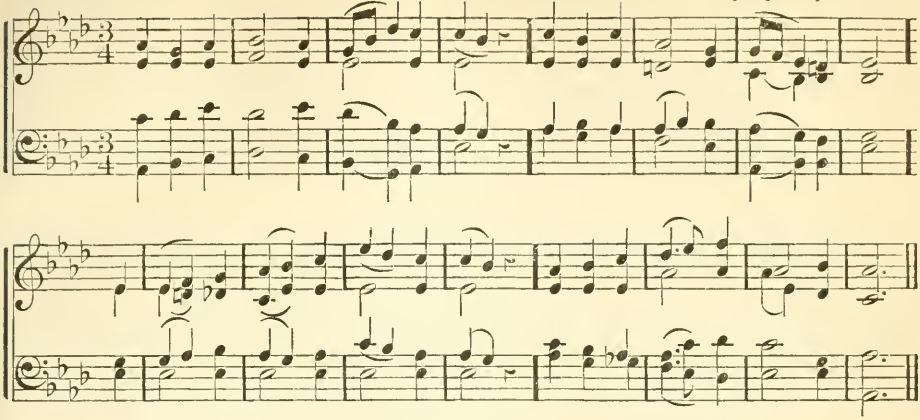
223. *The Besetting God.*

WITHIN thy circling arms I lie,
O God! in thine infinity:
My soul in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

Within thy circling power I dwell,
The power that doeth all things well;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

BOWEN L. M.

From Francis Joseph Haydn. 1800.



How sure his law, how great his might!
His holiness, how infinite!
How reverend is his majesty!
His wisdom, oh, how deep and high!

Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my lower passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

Isaac Watts. 1719.

224. *Love Divine.*

O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st:
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

John G. Whittier.

225. *Loving-kindness of God.*

Father, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

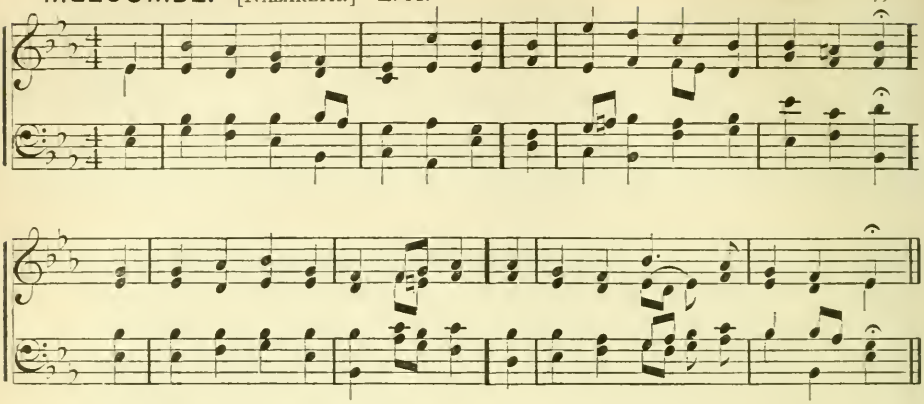
Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay;
Sole trust when life shall pass away;
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb;

Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

William Cullen Bryant. 1820.

MELCOMBE. [NAZARETH.] L. M. Samuel Webbe. 1790.



226.

Seeing the Invisible.

ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

227.

The Just God.

THE Lord is just; this is his throne:
The world his righteousness shall own;
Yea, all the world with awe shall see
He reigns and rules in equity.

His perfect law the world surrounds,
And sets to every wrong its bounds;
Through ways oft hid from human sight,
Makes sure the triumph of the right.

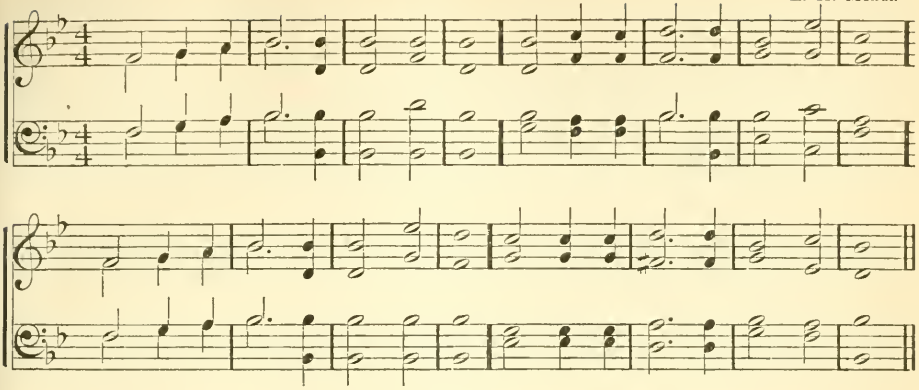
Ye troubled spirits, seek his face,
And rest upon his righteousness;
Let sacred courage fill your hearts,
The strength the righteous God imparts.

Let none who suffer wrong despair;
The God of justice hears their prayer:
Let none dare break his statutes pure;
God's justice, though it wait, is sure.

Just is our God, for ever just;
Upon this rock I fix my trust:
This faith shall every fear remove;
His justice is his perfect love.

Hymns of the Spirit.

GILEAD. L. M. E. H. Mehul.



228. "*The Lord reigneth.*" Ps. xcvii.

THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

The Lord is king: who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

Holy and true are all his ways,
Let every creature speak his praise;
Let all his children join to sing
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder. 1824.†

229. *Waiting upon God.*

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your souls;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display;
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

Blest are the humble souls that wait,
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still, —

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

Philip Doddridge.

230. *Providence.*

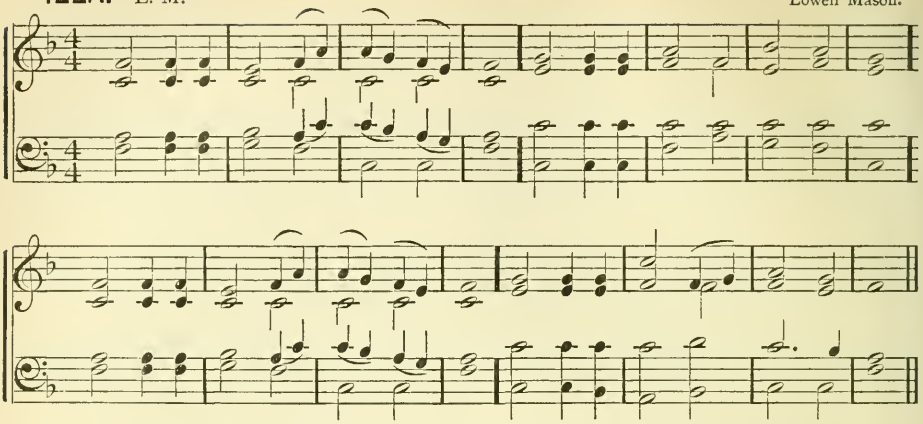
HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

ILLA. L. M. Lowell Mason.



231. *God is Everywhere.*

FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
While thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where thou art
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought, —
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.

232. *For Inspiration.*

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all, —
The world without, the soul within!
Fountain of life, oh, hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

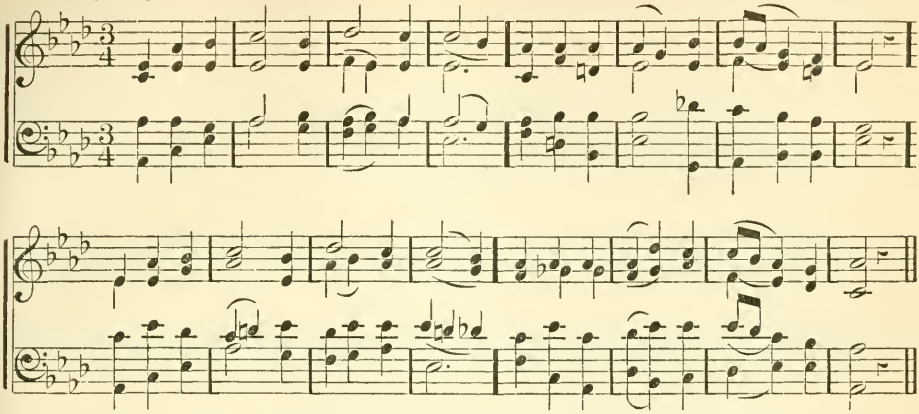
Seth Curtis Beach. 1866.

233. *The Blessed Life.*

O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

O blessed life! the mind that sees —
Whatever change the years may bring —
Some good still hid in every thing,
And shining through all mysteries.

BARTHOLDY. L. M. Arr. from Mendelssohn.



O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity
And loyal to the Lord's control.

William Tidd Matson. 1866.

234. *Divine Sovereignty.*

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb,
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest:
That so it seemeth good to thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer.

235. *God ever Near.*

WHAT secret place, what distant star,
O Lord of all, is thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God!

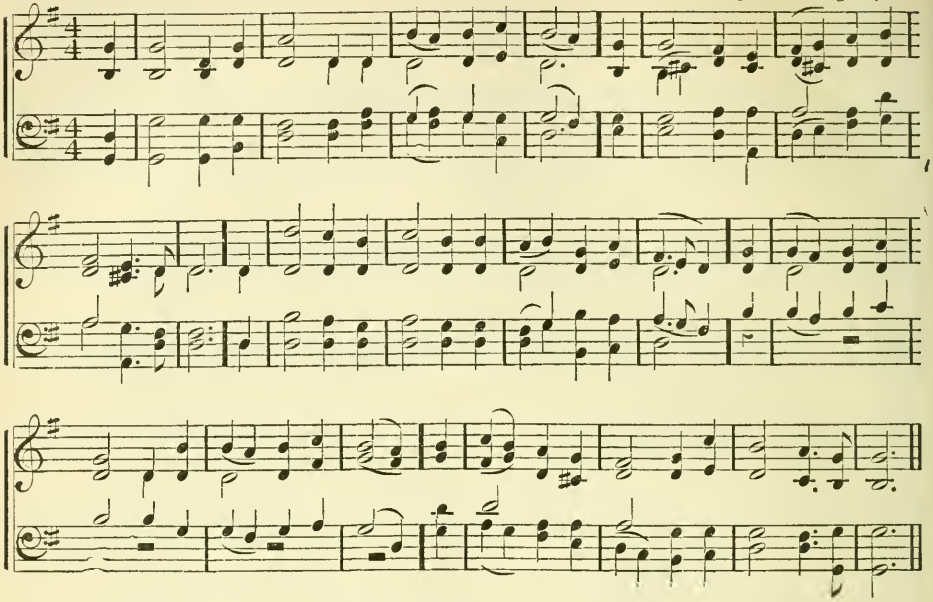
And not in vain we seek, we yearn;
We need not stretch our weary wings:
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou dwellest, Lord, within all things.

O Glory that no eye can bear!
O Presence bright, our inward guest!
O farthest off, most closely near,
Most hidden and most manifest!

No need, in search of thine abode,
Through starry spheres our thoughts should roam,
Thou, holy Spirit, mighty God,
Dost make in human hearts thy home.

T. H. Gill.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. John Reading. 1760.



236.

God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

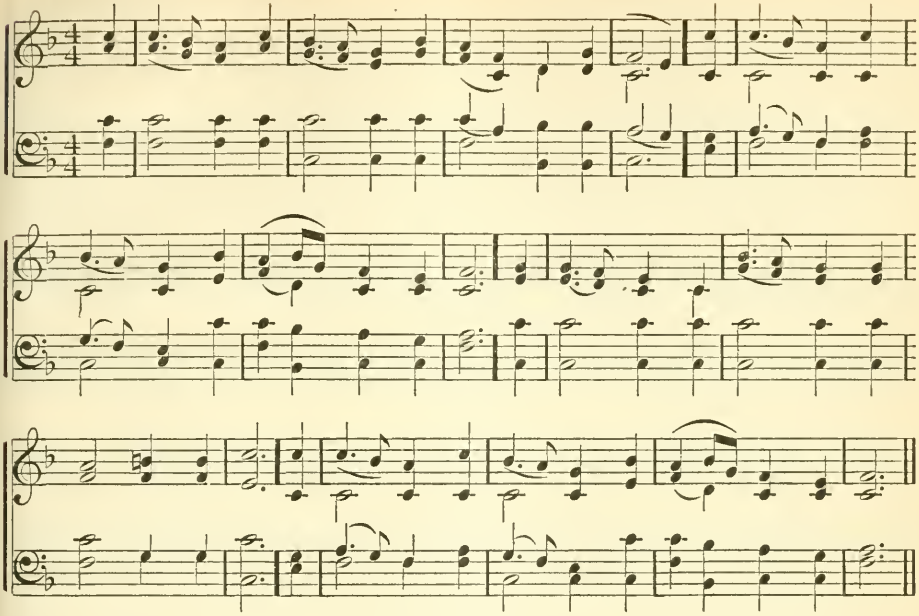
Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery. 1822.

HINTON. II.



237. *"Faint, yet pursuing."*

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, — he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

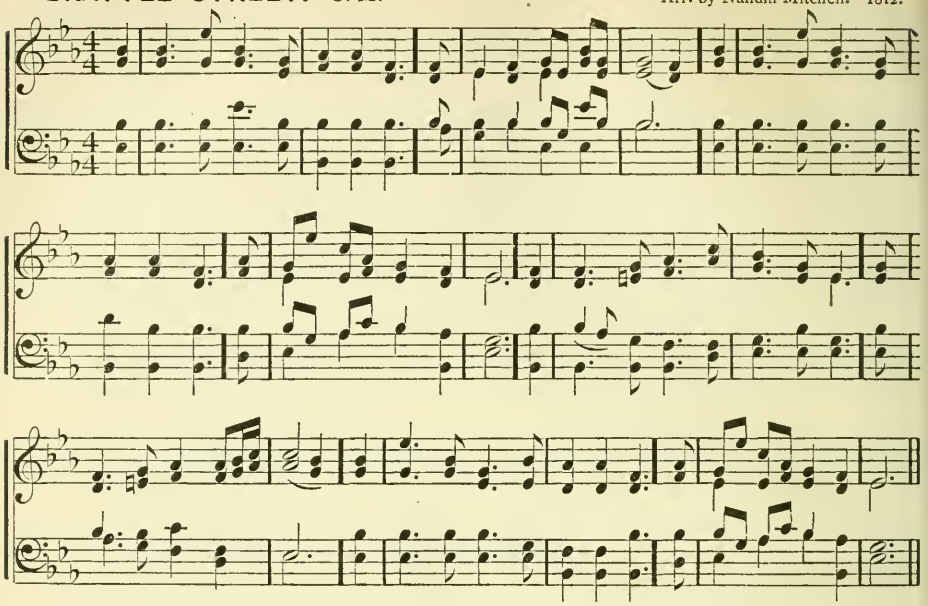
And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go;
The Lord is our Leader; no fear can we know.

Benjamin Beddome.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

Ignace Pleyel. 1791.
Arr. by Nahum Mitchell. 1812.



238. *"Pray without Ceasing."*

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams. 1786.

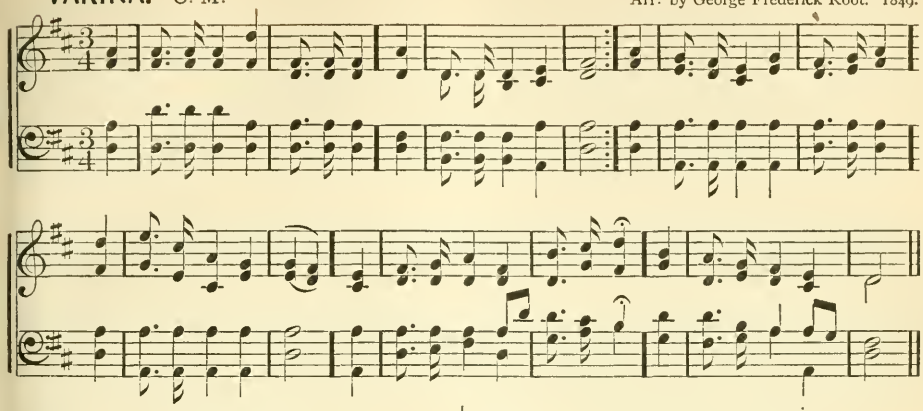
239. *Divine Peace.*

Thou, Lord, whose never-changing might
Doth rule the changing day,
Thy life shines in the morning light,
And glows in noon-tide's ray;
Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
Bid heats of passion cease;
From fears and perils guard our life,
And keep us in thy peace!

Anon.

VARINA. C. M.

Johann C. H. Rink.
Arr. by George Frederick Root. 1849.



240. *Humble Reliance.*

My God, my Father, blissful name,
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!
Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
Still let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.
My God, my Father, be thy name
My solace and my stay:
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele. 1760.

241. *A Refuge from the Heat.*

O God, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.
All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!
Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Samuel Longfellow.

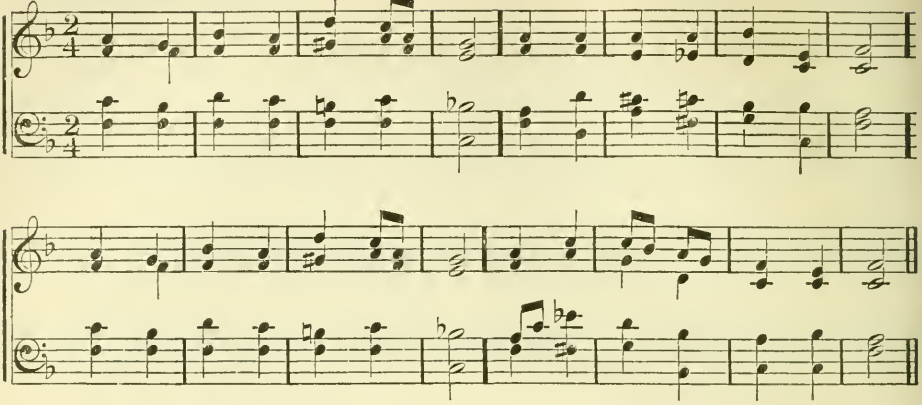
242. *Lift up the Heart.*

Oh! ever on our earthly path
Some gleam of glory lies;
And heaven is all around us now,
If we but lift our eyes.
Lift up the heart, lift up the mind!
Until the grace be given,
That, while we travail yet on earth,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

Anon.

CHATHAM. [SEYMOUR.] 7.

From C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by H. W. Greatorex. 1849.



243. *"Give us our Daily Bread."*

DAY by day the manna fell:
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day."

Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.

244. *Praise the Lord.*

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord!
All ye lands, your voices raise!
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise!

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love!
Praise him, from the depths beneath!
Praise him, in the heights above!
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

James Montgomery. 1822.

245. *The Lord is my Shepherd.*

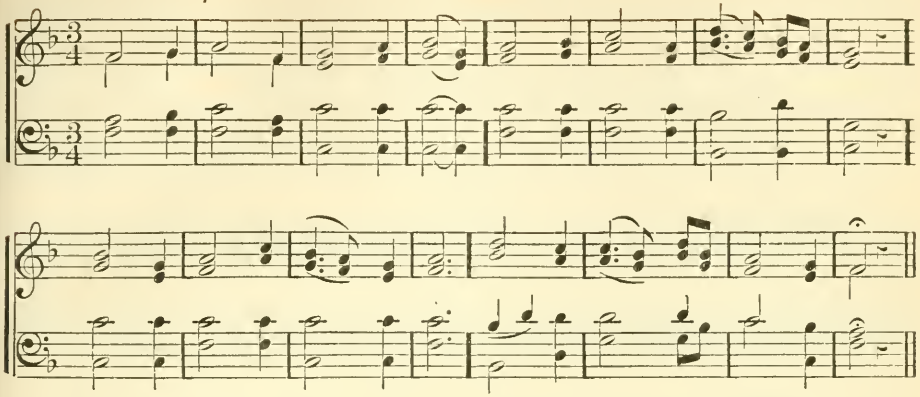
As his flock the shepherd leads
Gently through the flowery meads!
Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
Peaceful rivers, soft and slow;

So doth God conduct my feet
Where the tranquil waters meet;
Streams of life, that never fail,
Winding silent through the vale.

Heavenly Shepherd! lead me still
Upwards to thy holy hill;
Where untainted breezes blow,
Where unwithering pastures grow.

William Lamport. 1825.

SHIMMIN. 7. Charles Zeuner.



246. *Steadfastness.*

God of truth, thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon thee;
Ever on the Rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind;
No more doth their 'stablished heart
From the living God depart.

Father, strengthen thou my will;
With thine own steadfastness fill;
Rooted, grounded, may I be,
Fixed in thy stability.

Henceforth may I nobly stand,
Build no longer on the sand,
But defy temptation's shock,
Firmly founded on the Rock.

Samuel Longfellow. 1864.

247. *The Fruit of the Spirit is Joy.*

Lo, the Eternal is our Lord,
Ever loving, ever just!
We will lean upon his word,
In his faithfulness will trust.

Therefore do we draw with joy
Water from salvation's well;
Praise shall every heart employ,
While his gladdening life we feel.

O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul!

Hymns of the Spirit.

248. *The Fields are white.*

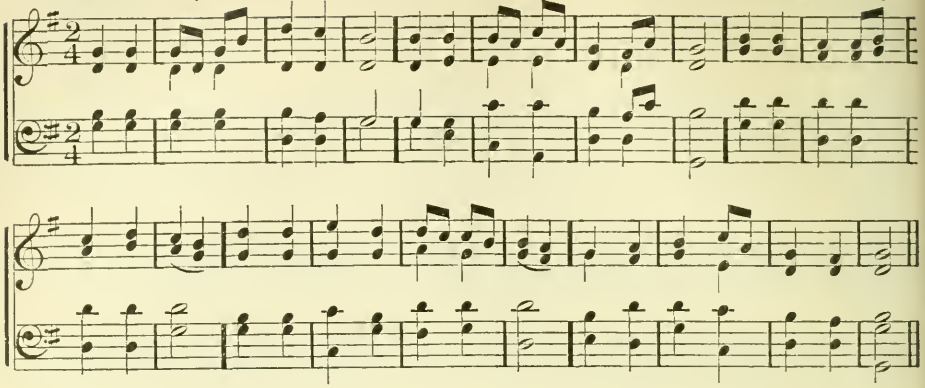
Word of Life, most pure, most strong!
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Lo! the ripening fields we see:
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few;
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee,
Till the nations far and near
See thy light, thy law revere.

From the German.

HENDON. 7. C. H A. Malan. 1830.



249. *"I will that Men pray Everywhere."*

They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place:
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness, in our health;
In our want, or in our wealth, —
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden.

250. *"He that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God."*

In the midst do thou appear, —
Lord, reveal thy presence here!
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

Father, still our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, oh, make us meet for thee!

Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

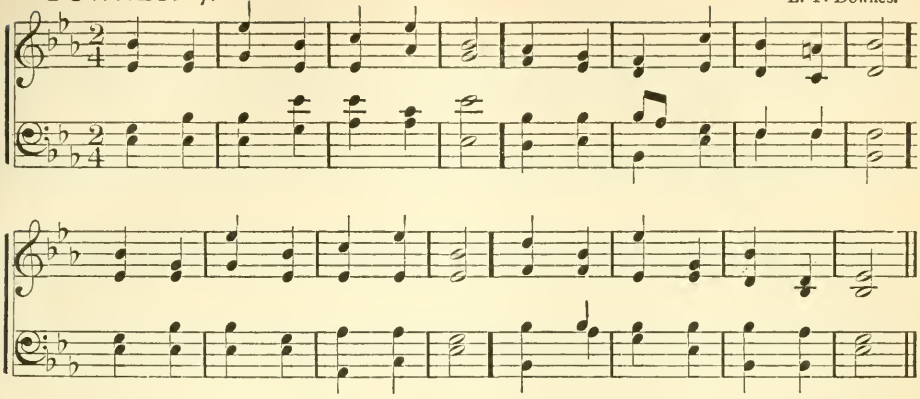
Charles Wesley. 1740.

251. *Even Song.*

Source of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry!

DOWNES. 7. L. T. Downes.



May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather help them still to rise
Where our dearest treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

St. Gregory. 6th cent.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

252. *Seeking God.*

THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith is dim,
Father of all love and might!

Frank P. Appleton.

253. *Life more abundantly.*

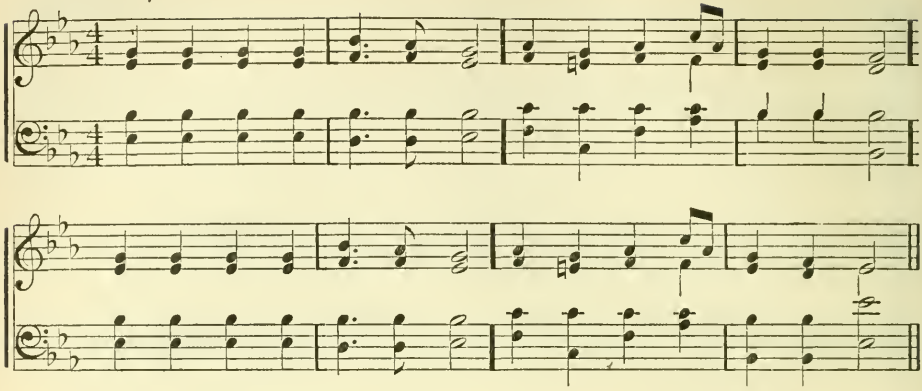
LIFE of all that lives below!
Let thy spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

Oh, for fuller life we pine!
Let us more receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

Live we now in thee; be fed
Daily with the living bread;
Into thee our spirits grow;
Into us thy spirit flow;

While we feel the vital blood,
While thy full and quickening flood
Through life's every channel rolls,
Soul of all believing souls!

EDES. 7. Mozart.



254.

Praise to God. Ps. cxxxvi.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
Who, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

His own people he did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath with a piteous eye
Viewed us in our misery.

All his creatures he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton. 1623.

255.

Harmony of Praise. Ps. xcii.

Thou who art enthroned above!
Thou in whom we live and move!
Thou who art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

Oh, how sweet, how excellent
'Tis when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

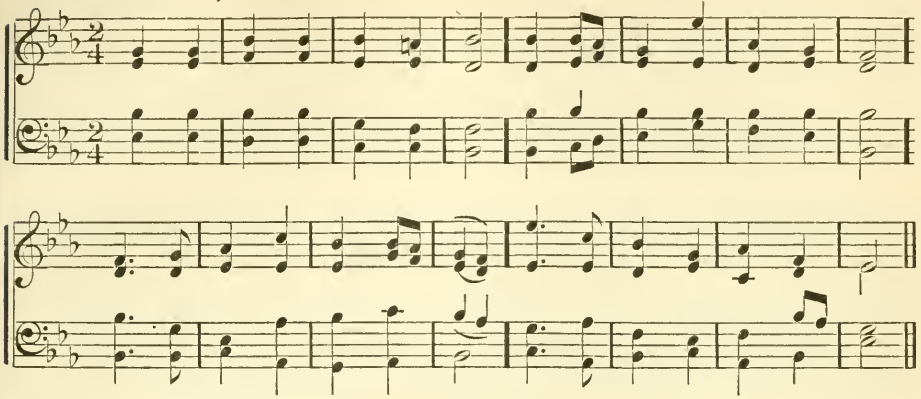
When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!

Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings, we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

George Sandys. 1636.

HEINEKEN. 7. N. S. Heineken. 1830.



256. *Divine Goodness celebrated.*

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

Then no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

Benjamin Williams. 1778.

257. *Our Heavenly Father.*

Heavenly Father, God of Love!
Send thy blessing from above;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart.

Kindly comfort all who mourn;
Into joy their sorrow turn;
Joy which none can take away,
Joy that shall for ever stay.

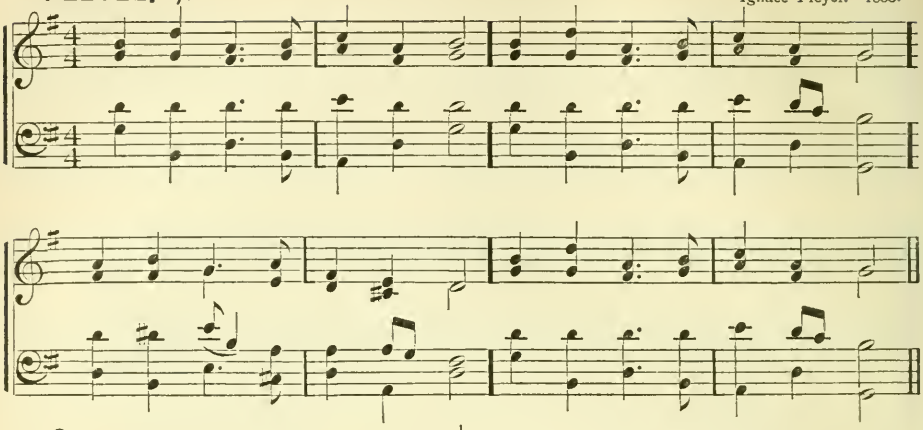
Glorious in thy sons appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
All thy kingdom from above,
All the blessedness of love.

Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Let us in our spirits prove
All the depths of lowly love;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

PLEYEL. 7. Ignace Pleyel. 1800.



258. *It is God who worketh in you.*

HUMAN soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Faithful to the end endure;
Make thy heavenly calling sure.

God, to keep thee safe from harms,
Spreads his everlasting arms,
Feeds with secret strength divine,
Waits to whisper, thou art mine.

Gently will he lead the weak;
Bruised reeds he ne'er will break;
He will bless thee with his peace,
Fill with all his righteousness.

Wesley's Hymns.

259. *Come Home.*

SOUL! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.

Thus it saith, in accents mild, —
"Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love
Still for ever wilt thou rove?

"Turn to hope and peace and light,
Freed from sin and earth and night;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.

"Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine;
Still for thee good angels yearn:
Human soul, return, return!"

Briggs's Coll.

260. *The only Refuge.*

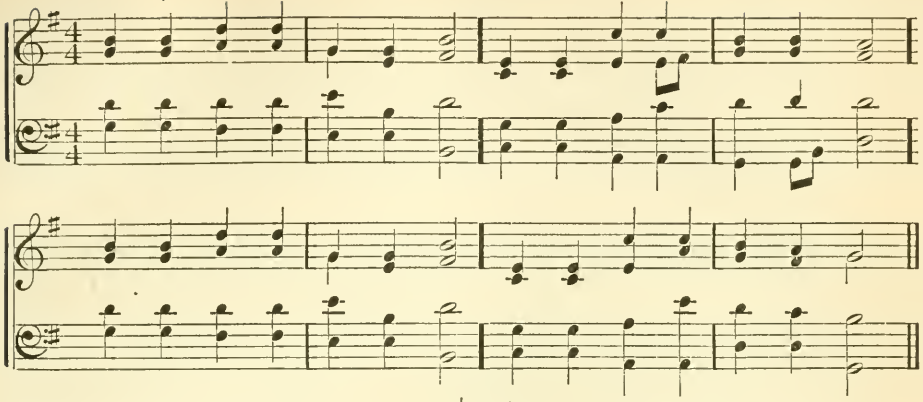
HOLY Father, heavenly King!
O'er me spread thy guardian wing;
When by trembling fears distressed,
Let me flee to thee and rest.

Call me, keep me by thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide:
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps strayed from thee?

Warn me with thy gentle voice:
Point my path, and guide my choice;
Let me, Lord, in thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

Anon.

DELAY. 7. Sacred Star.



261. *Deliver us from Evil.*

Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie!
Through the desert when I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame, —
Father! glorify thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to thee, my God.

Josiah Conder.

262. *Our Times in God's Hand.*

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All events are in thy hand,
All my times at thy command.

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

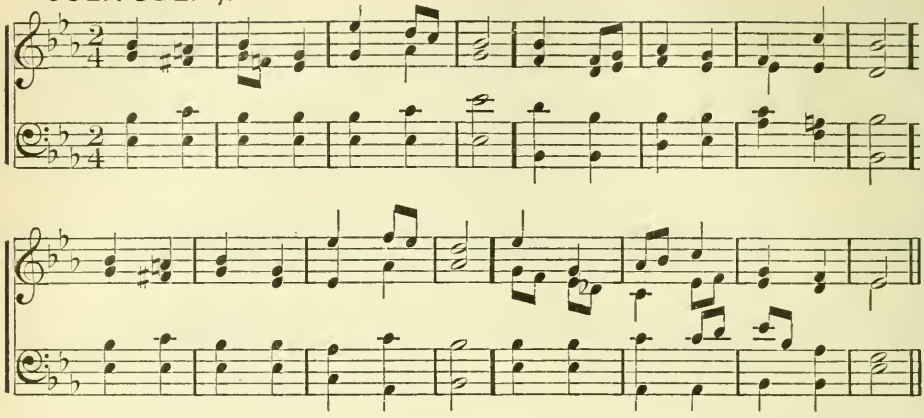
Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Father's love, —
All shall come, and last, and end,
As may please my heavenly Friend.

All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree,
In thy hands my life I trust,
O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just!

Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
I and mine are all thy own;
May I know thee God alone.

John Ryland. 1777.

SOLITUDE. 7. L. T. Downes.



263. *"That they also may be one in us."*

Father, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;

Still forget the things behind,—
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father, fill us with thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

264. *Life of Ages.*

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

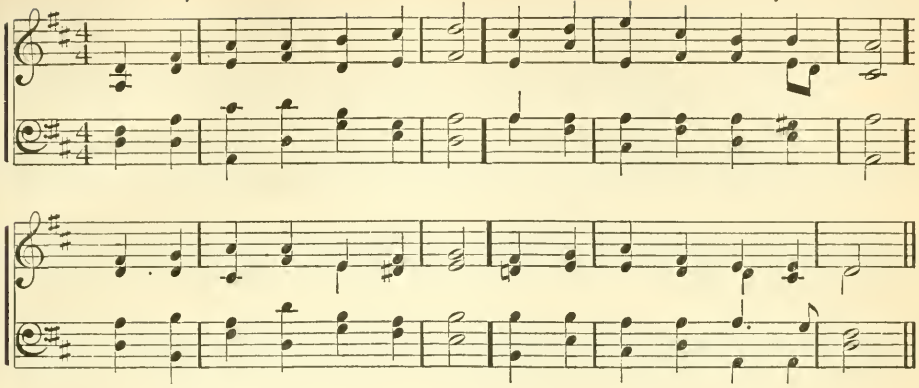
Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Samuel Johnson.

LUBECK. 7.

German.
Arr. by W. H. Monk.



265. *Life in God.*

FATHER, we look up to thee;
Let us in thy love agree:
Thou who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true, and kind;
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like thy Son, our blessed Lord!

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

Father, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.

Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide;
All the depths of love express, —
All the heights of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

266. *A Life hidden in God.*

LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life and Light of light!
Love's illimitable sea!
Depth of peace, of power the height!

Let my life be hid in thee
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

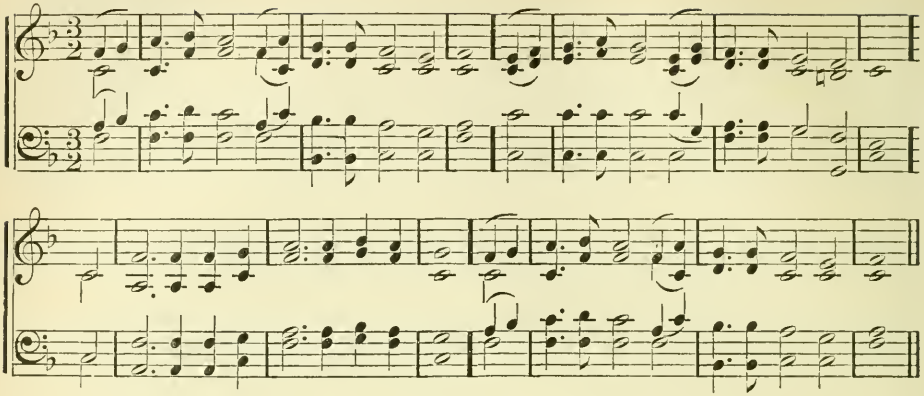
Let my life be hid in thee
When alarms are gathering round,
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid in thee
When my strength and health shall fail;
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee,
In the world and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

Hymns of the Spirit.

MELTON. 10.



267. *Imploring Divine Light.*

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,—
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

268. *My Heaven in Thee.*

FATHER divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
Oh, break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in thee.

My heaven in thee!—O God! no other heaven,
To the immortal soul, can e'er be given:
Oh, let thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, thy will be done!

My heaven in thee, O Father! let me find,—
My heaven in thee, within a heart resigned;
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair;
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

Joseph Tuckerman.

269. *God is Spirit.*

O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine!
The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

O Breath from out the eternal silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

O Fountain, that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear!
O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
Into the hearts which seek thy quickening here.

Gerhardt Tersteegen.

270. *Heaven not afar off.*

Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

Jones Very

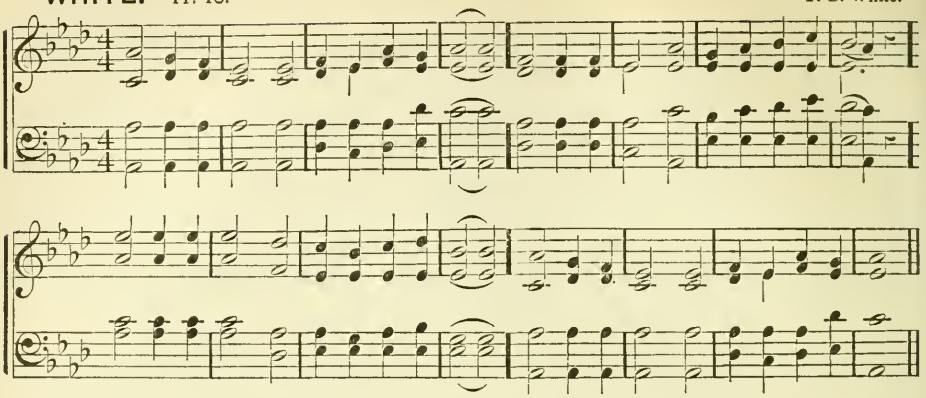
271. *The Father of Spirits.*

O Father Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with all in love!

Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
On souls that would their Father's image bear;
Make us as holy temples of our God,
Where dwells for ever calm, adoring prayer.

From the German.

WHITE. 11. 10. T. B. White.



272.

For Divine Strength.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson. 1847.

273.

Spiritual Blessings.

ALMIGHTY Father, thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of thine;
For this I pray, — let me, thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to thee;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to thee.

I pray that thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;
Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of sin;
I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall win.

Mrs. M. H. Saltmarsh.

274. *Pure Worship and Undefiled.*

Oh, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken
That holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John G. Whittier.

275. *The Unity of the Spirit.*

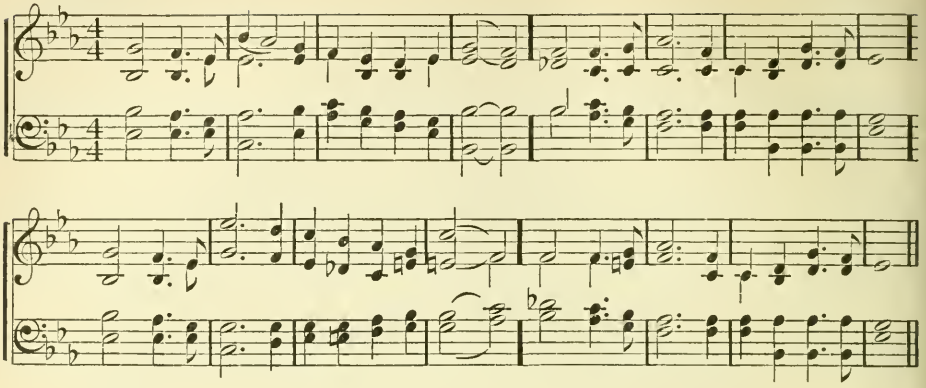
(Repeat the first two lines of the Tune.)

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee!

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee!

John White Chadwick. 1864.

BERLIN. 10. Mendelssohn.



276. "*He giveth Power to the Faint.*"

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

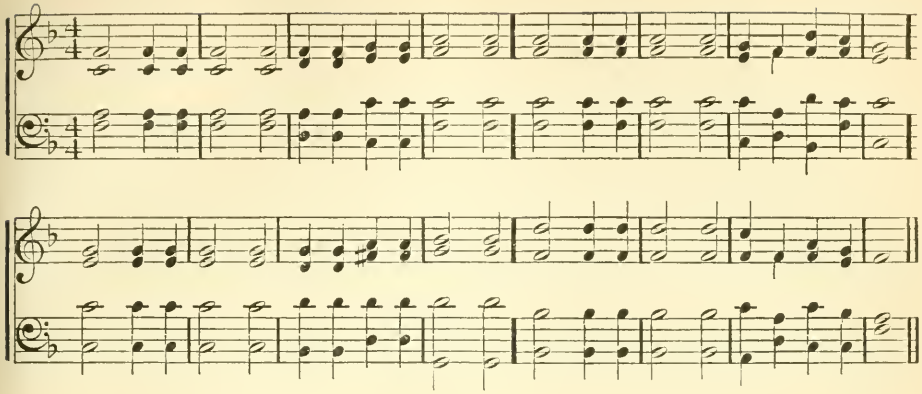
James Freeman Clarke. 1841.

277. *As pants the Hart.* Psalm xlii.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

Lord, thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

METRICAL CHANT. 11. 10. Langdon.



Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

Metrical Psalm.

278.

"Who by searching can find out God?"

I CANNOT find thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

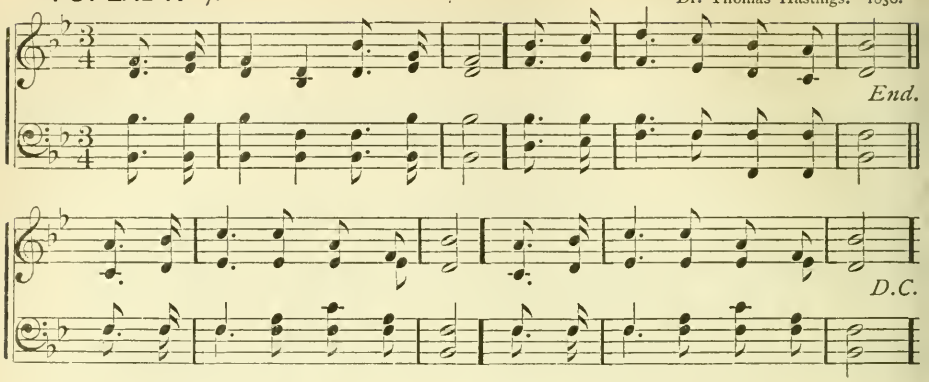
I cannot find thee. Even when most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

TOPLADY. 7. Dr. Thomas Hastings. 1830.



279. *Prayer for Grace.*

GRACIOUS spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Mighty spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

280. *The Heavenly Shepherd.*

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

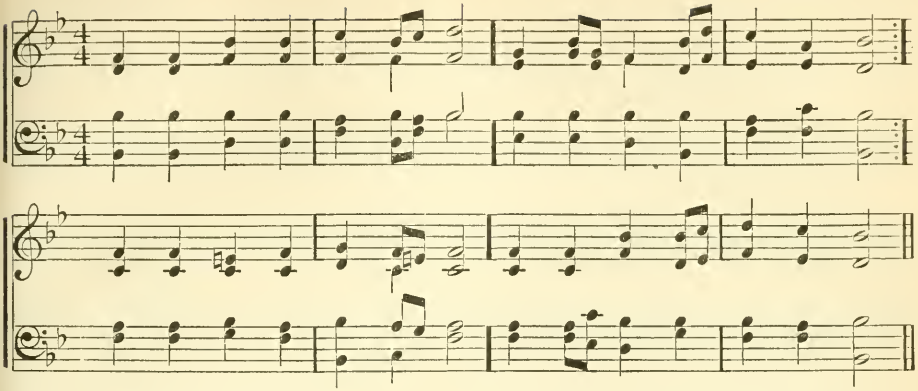
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadow flow:
When through devious paths I stray,
He shall teach the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
I shall walk from terror free,
While each needed strength I see
By thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.

Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head:
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows;
And unto my latest end
Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

James Merrick.

ROSEFIELD. 7. C. H. A. Malan. 1830.



281. *"Thy Kingdom come."*

God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill us with thy light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Let thy love on all be poured;
Let awakened nations sing
Glory to their heavenly King,
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

282. *Filial Trust.*

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton.

283. *The Soul's Cry for God.*

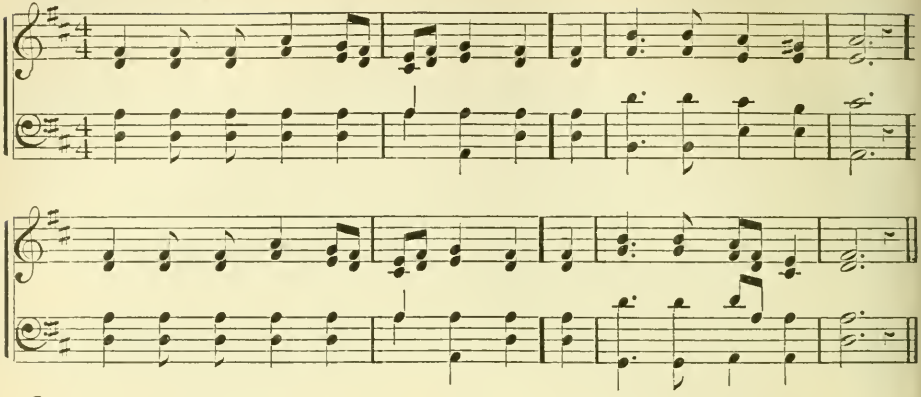
As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see.
When, oh! when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

NAOMI. C. M.

H. G. Nægeli. 1832.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



284. *The One Petition.*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele.

285. *Religious Retirement.*

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,—
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father, thou art mine.

William Cowper.

286. *Submission.*

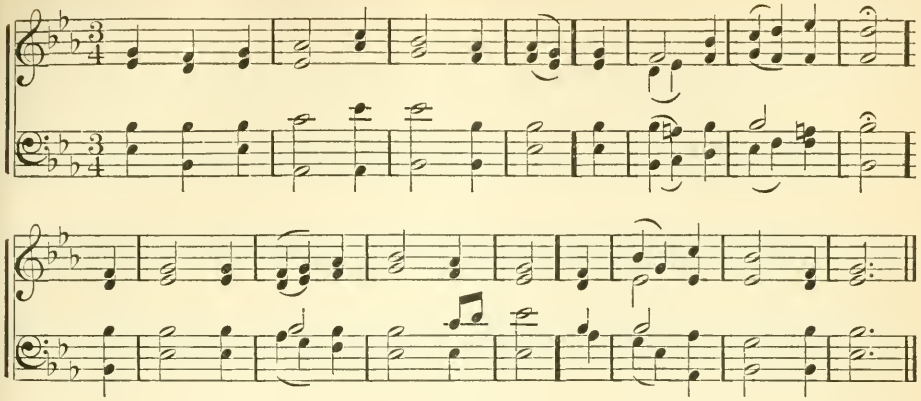
O LORD, my best desires fulfil;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

No: let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

William Cowper.

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M. Charles Zeuner.



287.

Rejoice in the Lord.

Now to our loving Father, God,
A gladsome song begin;
His smile is on the world abroad,
His joy our hearts within.

We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
To worship thee aright;
Our joyfulness for praise receive!
Thou mak'st our lives so bright!

We turn to God a smiling face,
He smiles on us again;
He loves to see our cheerfulness,
And hear our gladsome strain.

The pure in heart are always glad;
The smile of God they feel;
He doth the secret of his joy
To blameless hearts reveal.

Hymns and Tunes.

288.

"Renewed in his Image."

I PRAISE and bless thee, O my God,
My Father kind and true!
For all the old things passed away,
For all thou hast made new.

And yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere I can fully stand complete,
In likeness, Lord, to thee.

O God, work out thy heavenly plan;
Within my soul unfold
The stature of the perfect man,
And thine own image mould.

Hymns of the Spirit.

289.

Our Father.

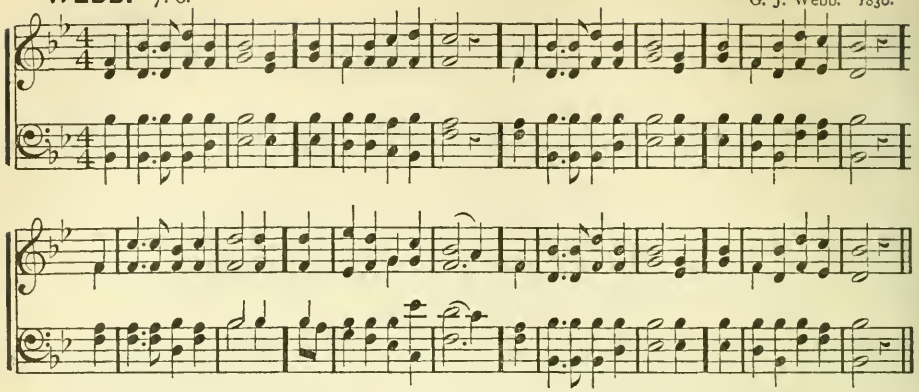
FATHER! the dearest, holiest name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

From thee are drawn the worlds of life,
From thee our living souls;
And undiminished still thy sea
Of calmest glory rolls.

All wills are held within thy will,
All things in thee possessed;
To labor for thee is our work,
To think of thee our rest.

F. W. Faber.

WEBB. 7. 6. G. J. Webb. 1830.



290.

Ever with me.

THOU'RT with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray.
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship thee:
I feel thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comforts,
Alternate at thy will:
I trust thee, O my Father,—
I trust thee, and am still.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room.
The trembling stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above:
I love thee, O my Father,
And feel that thou art love.

Jane Euphemia Saxby. 1841.

291.

"*Pray without ceasing.*"

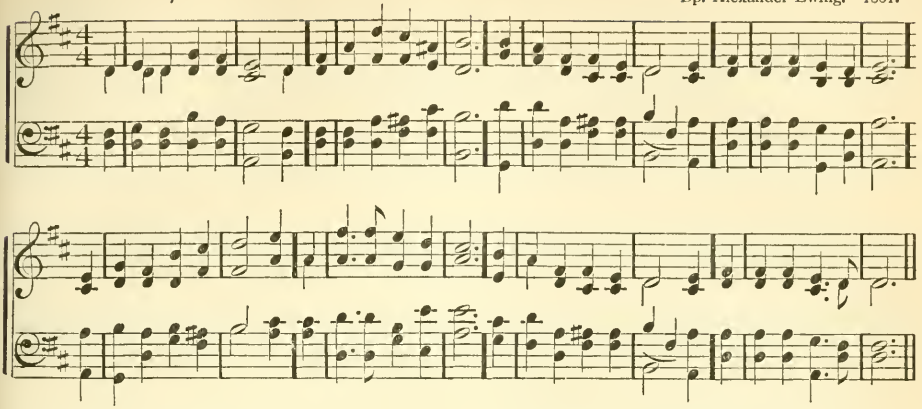
Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.

Jane Cross Simpson. 1831.

EWING. 7. 6. Bp. Alexander Ewing. 1861.



292. *Joy and Peace in Believing.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

"It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice.
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

William Cowper. 1779.

293. *"God is my Strength and my Salvation."*

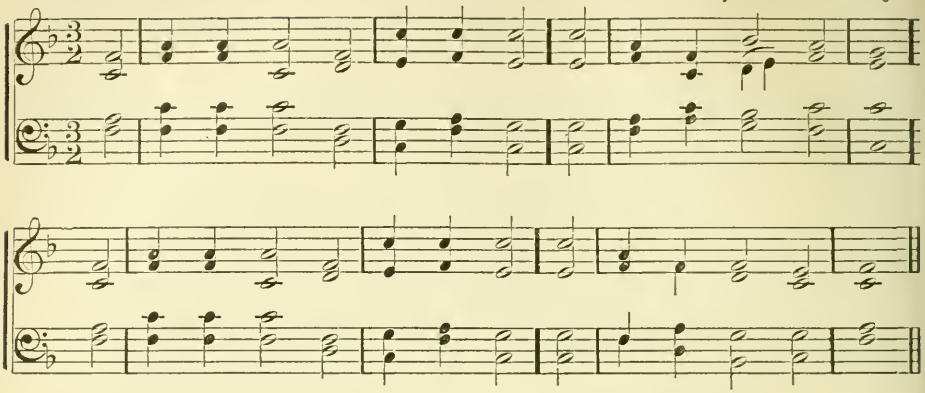
GOD is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery. 1822.

MARLOW. C. M.

English Melody.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1832.



294. *Walk in the Light.*

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

295. *The Divine Spirit.*

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home:
Descend with all thy gracious powers, —
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to us reveal
The truth we long to know,
And lead us in the path of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire! and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

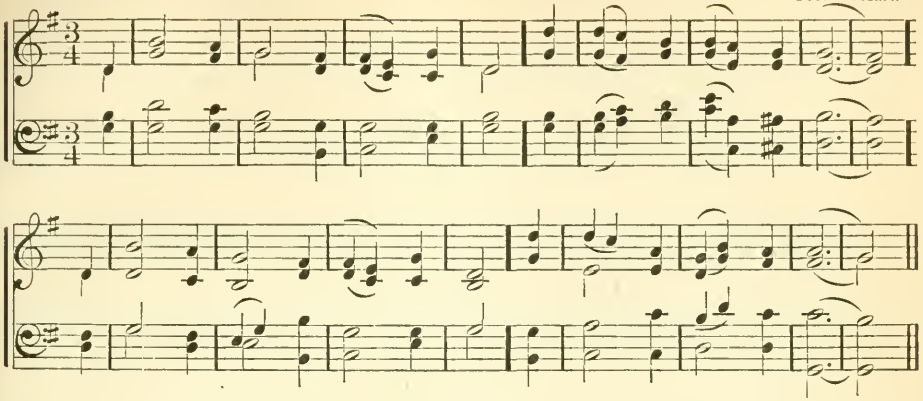
Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come as the wind, O breath of God!
O Pentecostal grace!
Come, make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed. 1843.

BERNARD. C. M.

From Mozart.



296.

Rejoicing in God.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own:
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence:
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

John Newton.

297.

Joy in God.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend:
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my dearest Friend!

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

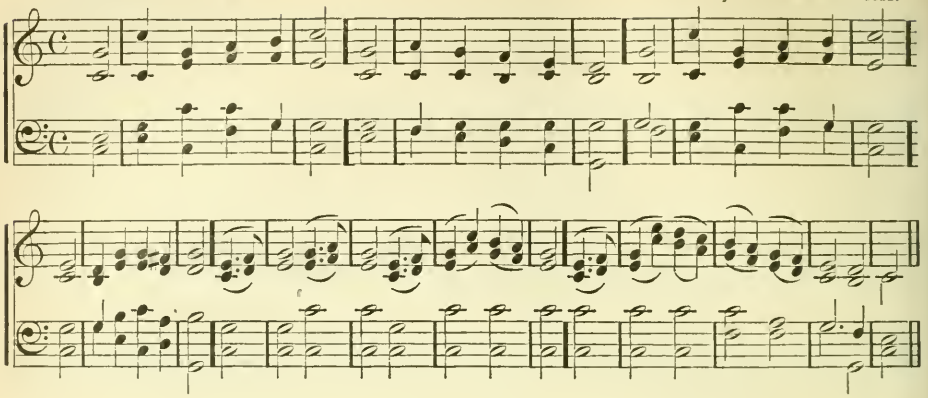
No good on earth can e'er be found
But must be found through thee:
I shall have all things, and abound,
When thou art God to me.

Oh that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Father saith,
Whose word can never fail!

O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland. 1777.

HADDAM. H. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1822.



298. *God our Preserver.* Ps. cxxi.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower to which I fly:
His grace is nigh in every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

Isaac Watts.

299. "*Thy Rod and thy Staff they comfort me.*" Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep:
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear:
I cannot want while he is near.

His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed:
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

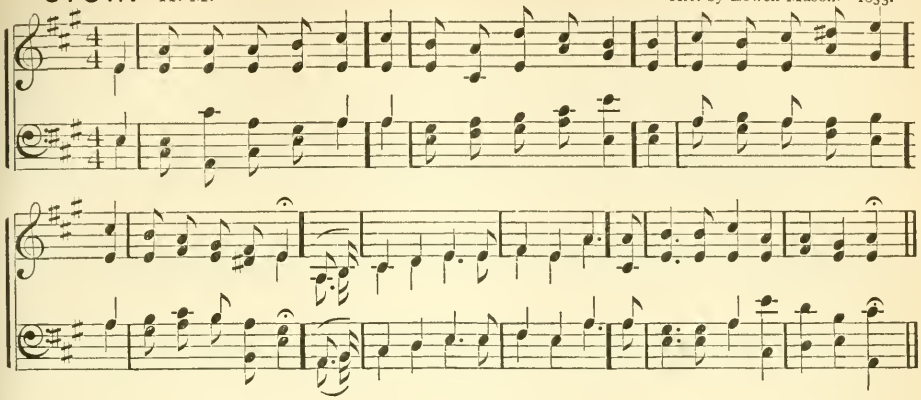
He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through:
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

Josiah Conder. 1824.

STOW. H. M.

English Melody.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1833.



300. *Come, Holy Spirit.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, make my heart thy home,
And bid all darkness flee.
Come, sacred Guest, oh, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home!

Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in.
Come, strong Deliverer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control.
Come, peaceful Conqueror, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love;
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above;
Come, Holy Spirit, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Andrew Reed. 1842.†

301. *The Promise of the Spirit.*

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high.
We plead the promise of thy word:
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

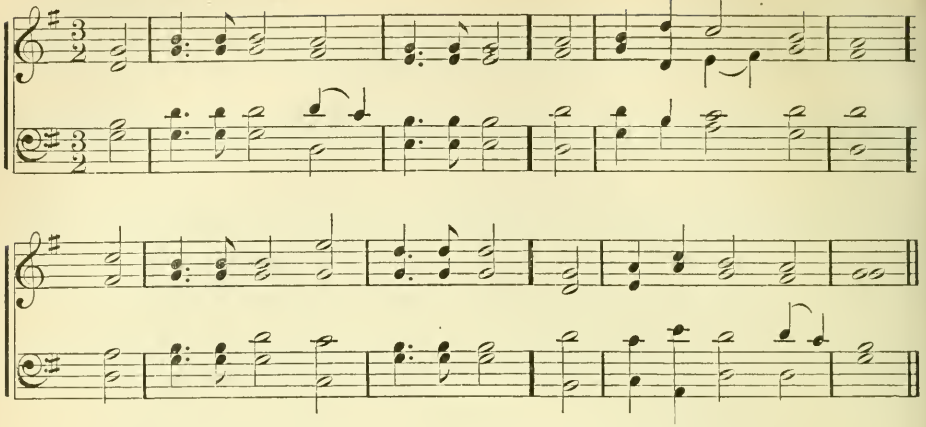
Our heavenly Father, thou!
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place.
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

Oh, send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The gospel of thy word;
Till error's night shall turn to day,
And all the world shall own thy sway.

John Burton. 1824.†

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne. 1744.



302. *Universal Goodness of God.*

LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
  Its mighty Author kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows,
  Full, free, and unconfined.

The whole in every part proclaims
  Thy infinite good-will :
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
  And bursts from every hill.

We view it o'er the spreading main,
  And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
  And rolls in every tide.

Long hath it been diffused abroad,
  Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
  But still keeps flowing on.

Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
  Spreads joy through every part :
Oh, may such love attract my eyes,
  And captivate my heart !

My highest admiration raise,
  My best affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise
  And fill my heart with love !

Simon Browne. 1720.

303. *Goodness of God.*

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
  Thy goodness we adore, —
A spring whose blessings never fail,
  A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
  In every golden ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
  And love brings back the day.

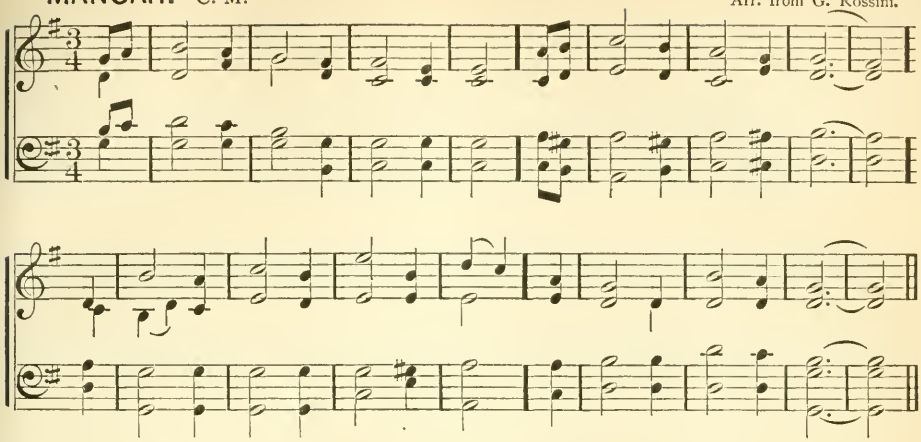
Thy bounty every season crowns
  With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
  With strengthening grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
  Is in the gospel seen :
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
  Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons.

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from G. Rossini.



304. *The Manifold Grace of God.*

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall, —
O love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow, —
O love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace, —
O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control, —
O love of God most kind!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder. 1857.

305. *God the only Object of Worship.* Ps. lxxxi.

O GOD, our strength! to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

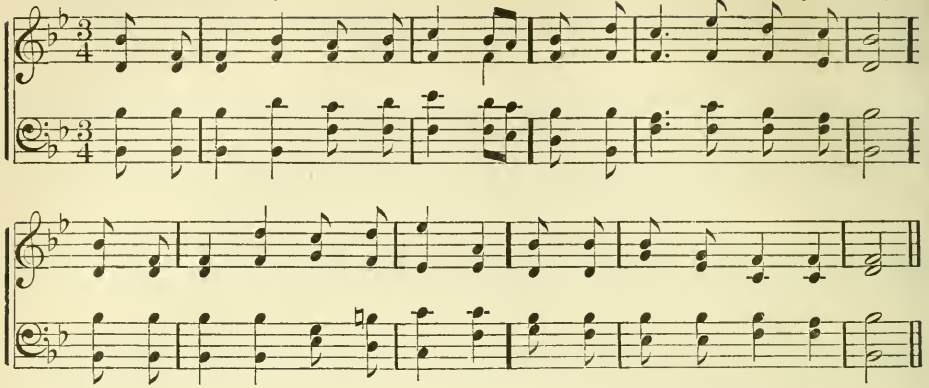
And thou, O ever gracious Lord!
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee!

So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord!
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber (?)

STOCKWELL. 8. 7. D. E. Jones. 1848.



306.

God is Love.

God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

307.

He careth for us.

Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me:
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Horatius Bonar.

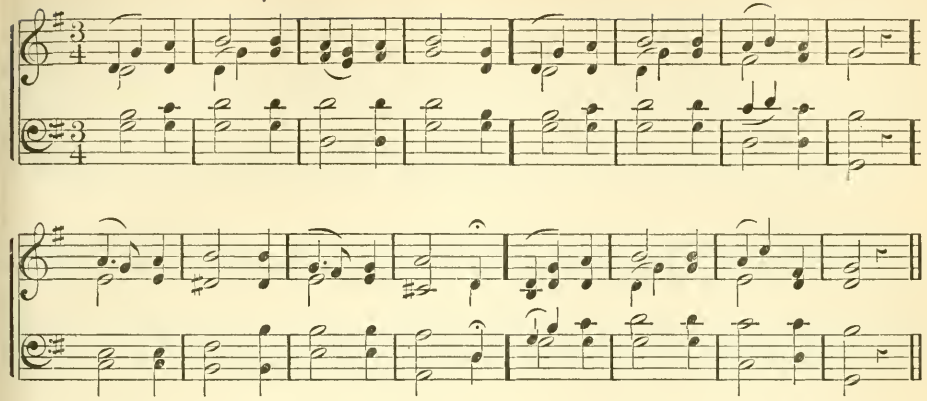
308.

Safety in God.

Call the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence shall harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

THORNTON. 8. 7. From "Modern Harp."



He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk thro' hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wing of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

James Montgomery.

309. *The Prayer of Life.*

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Hymns of the Spirit.

310. *God is Love and Love Alone.*

LORD and Father, great and holy,
Fearing naught, we come to thee;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free.

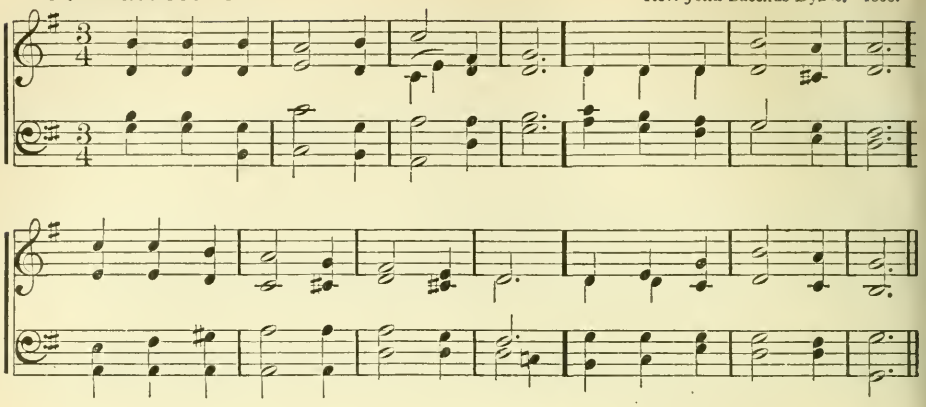
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
"Thou art love and love alone."

Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.

And though heavens thy name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising, —
"Thou art love and love alone."

Fa[illegible]ar.

ST. AGNES. C. M. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1868.



311. *Prayer.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery. 1819.

312. *The Hour of Prayer.*

Thou Lord of life, whose tender care
Hath led us on till now!
We in this quiet hour of prayer
Before thy presence bow.

Thou, blessed God! hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend;
Oh, still, on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end!

To thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Hymns of the Spirit.

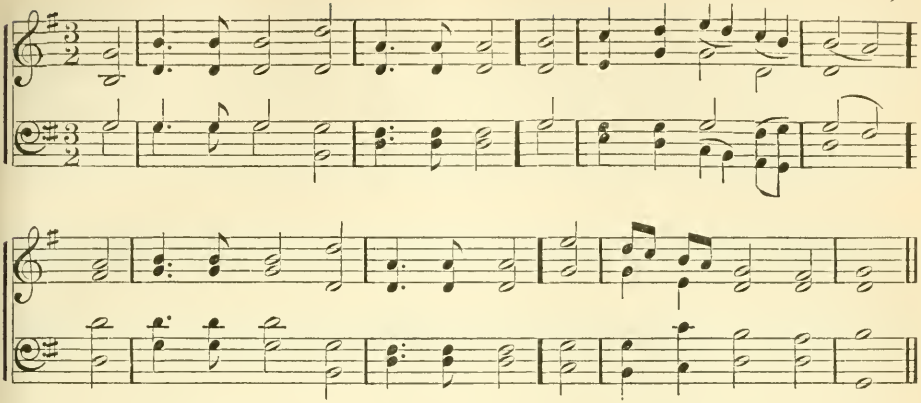
313. *God our Guide.*

In secret paths, God leads us on
To his divine abode,
And shows new wonders of his love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths, I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

Anon.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. Deodatus Dutton, Jr. 1829.



314. *Trust in God.*

O Thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here:

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out?
Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about.

Lord, though we know thee but in part,
We ask not now for more:
Enough for us to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery,
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light we may not see!

And dearer than all things we know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way we go
An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer. 1876.

315. *Secret Prayer.*

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

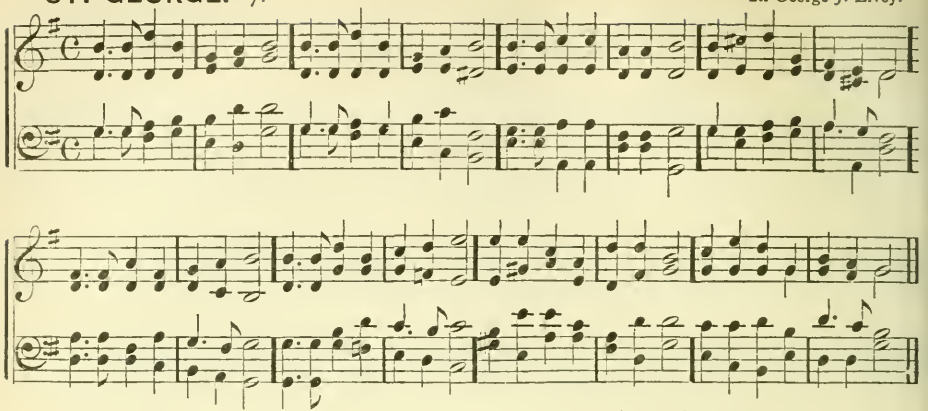
I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Phœbe H. Brown. 1824.

ST. GEORGE. 7. Sir George J. Elvey.



316. *Worship above and below.*

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of joy and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in the vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art:
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

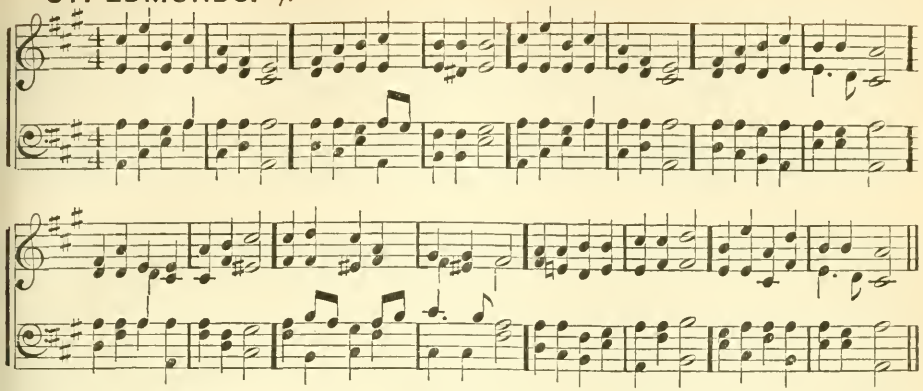
Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

317. *For Guidance.*

GUIDE us, Lord, a pilgrim band,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

God of mercy! on thee, all
Humbly for thy guidance call;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee.
God of grace! on thee we rest;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

ST. EDMUNDS. 7.



318. *All from God.*

FATHER, thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine, —
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.

And, for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn, unwearied, righteous One.
Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

Sir John Bowring.

319. *The Everlasting Arms.*

EVERLASTING arms of Love
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon:
He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

Anon.

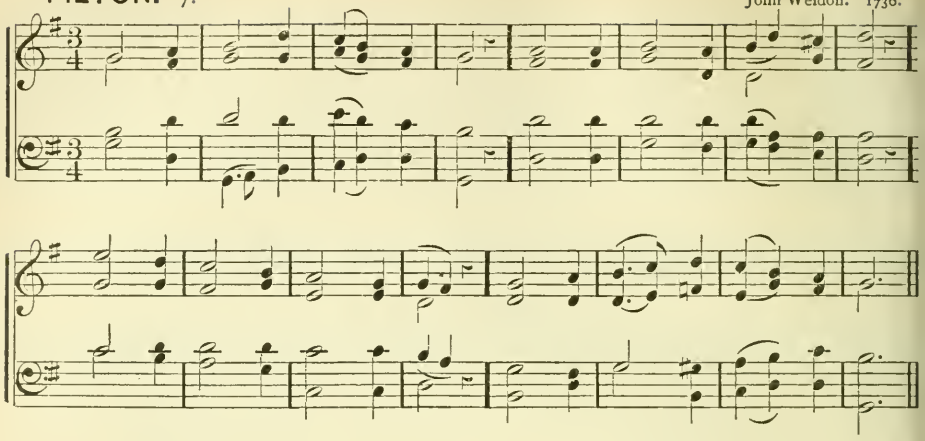
320. *Consider the Lilies.*

Lo, the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety.
Children, banish doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall.
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Anon.

PILTON. 7. John Weldon. 1736.



321. *For the Holy Spirit.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

John Stocker. 1776.

322. *The Soul.*

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul, — mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. Furness.

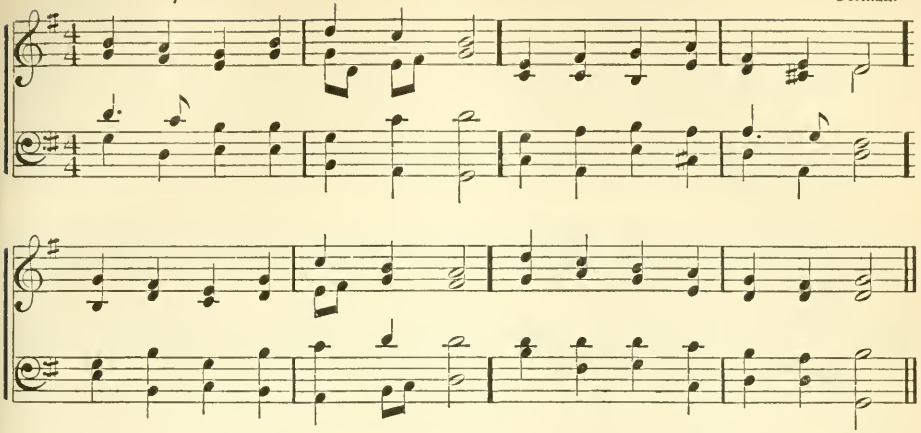
323. "*The Spirit helpeth our Infirmities.*"

HOLY Spirit, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.

VIENNA. 7. German.



Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still,
With thy peace my spirit fill.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed and
Samuel Longfellow.

324. *The Lord's Presence.*

FAINT the earth, and parched with drought;
Make the waters, Lord, gush out;
Streams of love our thirst to bless,
Starting in the wilderness.

Long we wait thy peace to know;
Father, bid the waters flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Make man's suffering spirit whole.

Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Loneliest deserts now rejoice;
When the Lord his presence shows,
Lo, they blossom like the rose!

See! this barren earth of ours
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,—
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
Love and Joy and Righteousness!

Charles Wesley. 1740.

325. "*Striving together for the Faith.*"

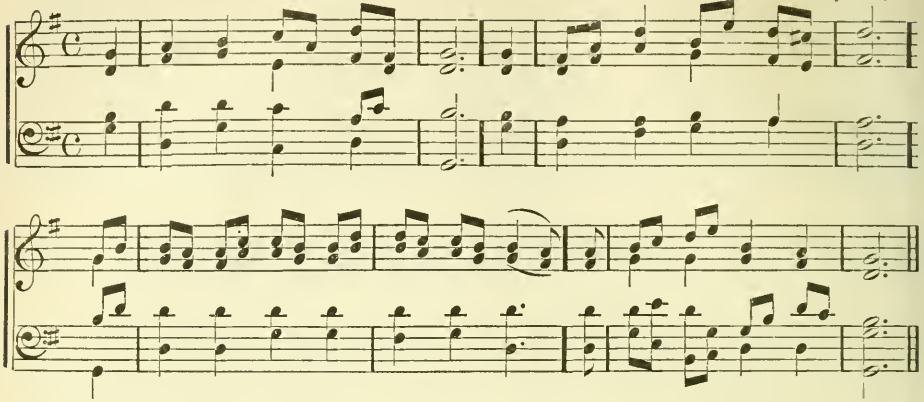
PARTNERS of a glorious hope!
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow God in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

Wesleyan.

SHIRLAND. S. M. Samuel Stanley. 1840.



326. *Power of God's Word.*

Behold! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light:
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

Isaac Watts.

327. *The Light of the World.*

Behold the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs!
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then.

Before yon sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky;
But, oh, how dim, how pale, were those
To his one burning eye!

So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold were they,
To thy one glorious light!

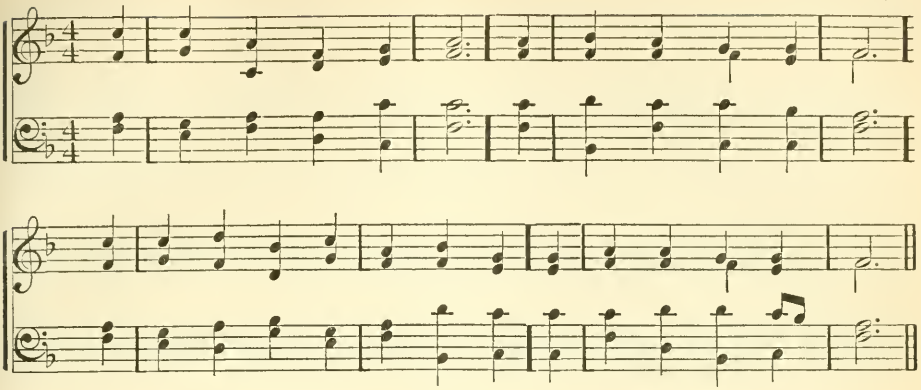
Thomas Moore.

328. *The Word of God.*

God of the prophets' power,
God of the gospel's sound,
Move glorious on, — send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Which our glad ears have heard.

BADEA. S. M. German Melody.



Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear!

Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls nor rocks nor thorns
Prevent the fruits of peace!

And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

Hymns of the Spirit.

329. "*I will write it in their Hearts.*"

That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh, write it in my heart!

Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

Charles Wesley.

330. "*It is nigh thee, in thy Heart.*"

Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee:
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

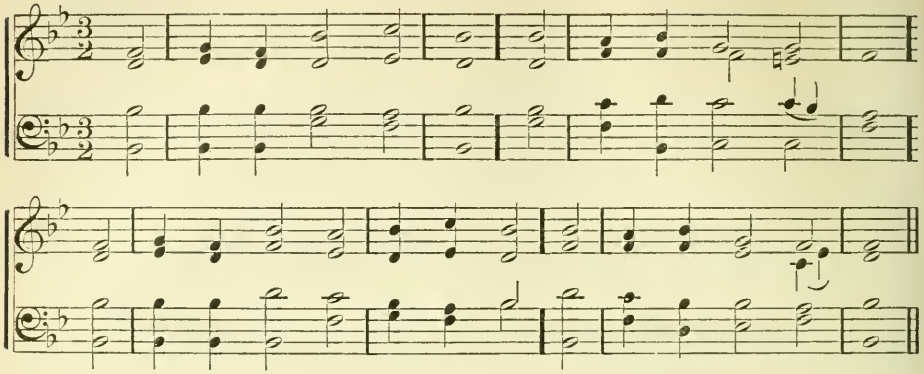
Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth:
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain:
That holy word is found at home,
Within thy heart its reign.

Bernard Barton.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



331. *Praising God for Mercies.*

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue, to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee strong again.

He crowns thy life with love;
He rescues from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.

332. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii.

The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear: [shade,
Though I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

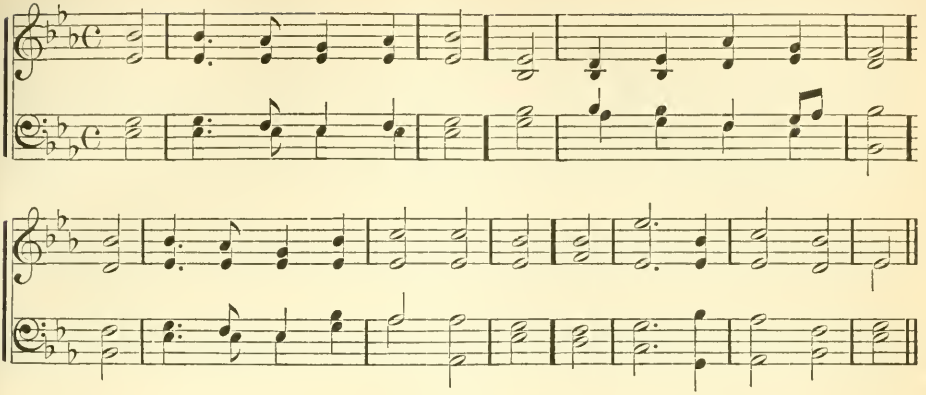
Isaac Watts.

333. *God our Constant Benefactor.*

My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

OLNEY. S. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

Anne Steele.

334. *For the Spirit.*

Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beam arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell, Spirit! in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to thee.

Joseph Hart. 1759.

335. *Gospel Invitations.*

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come."

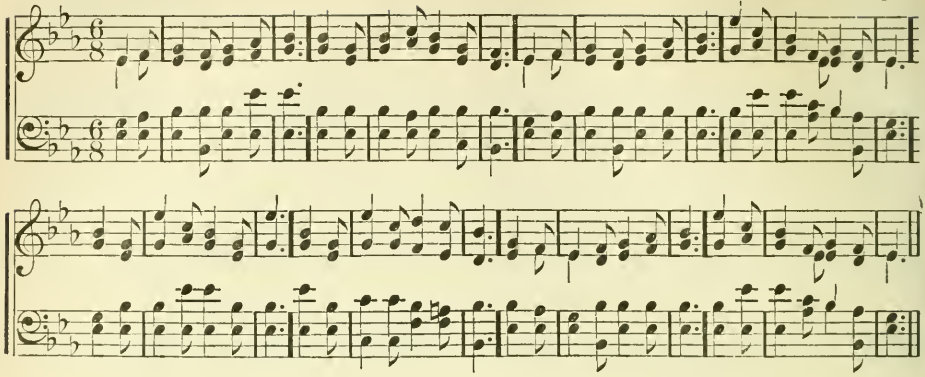
Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes: whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; I wait thine hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bp. H. U. Onderdonk. 1826.

WATCHMAN. 7. Lowell Mason. 1830.



336.

For Advent or Christmas.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,—
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

337.

Christmas.

WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,
Soon as God his mandate spoke,
Light in wondrous beauty broke.

But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.

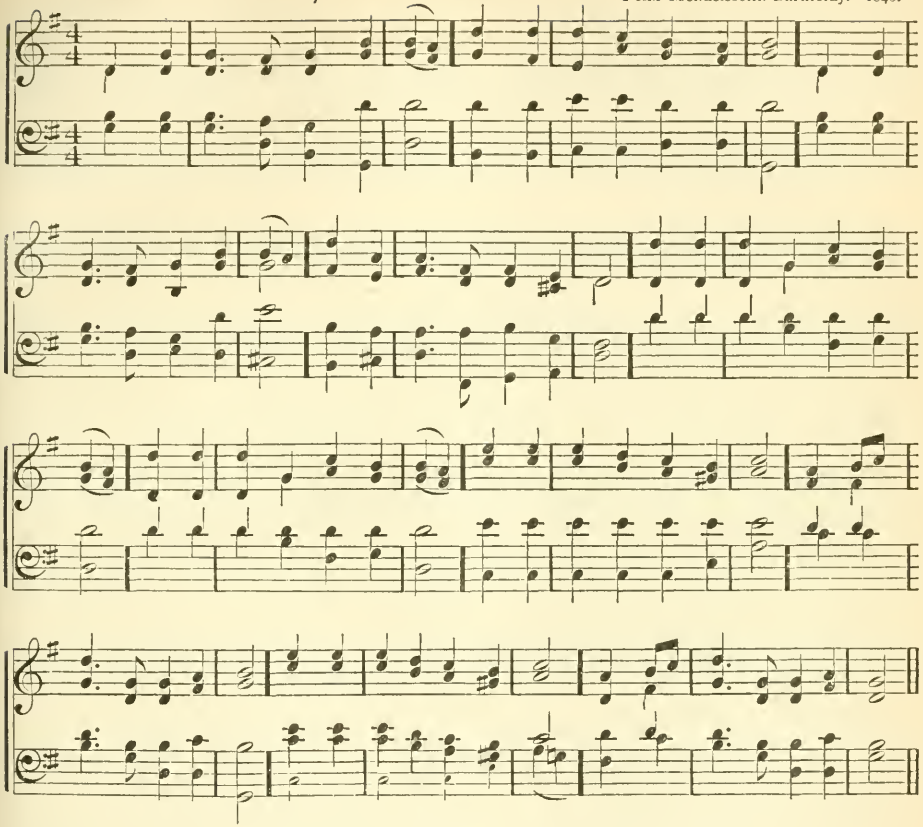
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Burst the glorious anthem then;
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love.

Floating o'er the waves of time
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

For creation's blessed light,
Praise to thee, thou God of night!
Seraph-strains thy name should bless
For the Sun of Righteousness.

Mary W. Hale.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 1846.



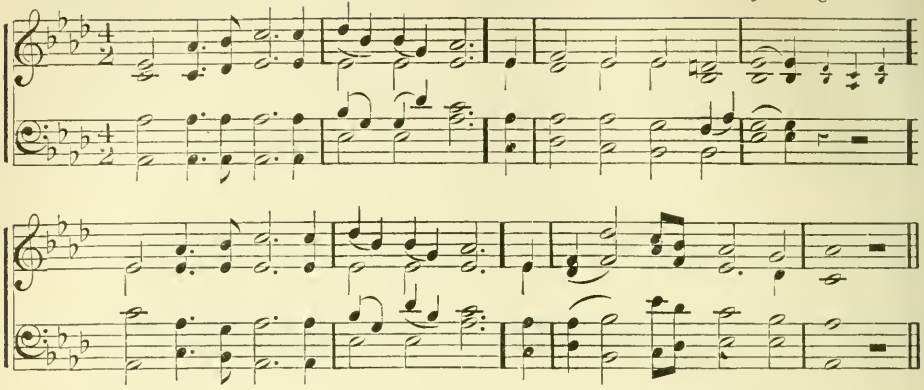
338. *Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good-will toward Men.*

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Gracious bond of earth and sky,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

GOULD. C. M. John Edgar Gould.



339. *The Nativity.*

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high;

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1835.

340. *Hymn for Christmas.*

Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him?

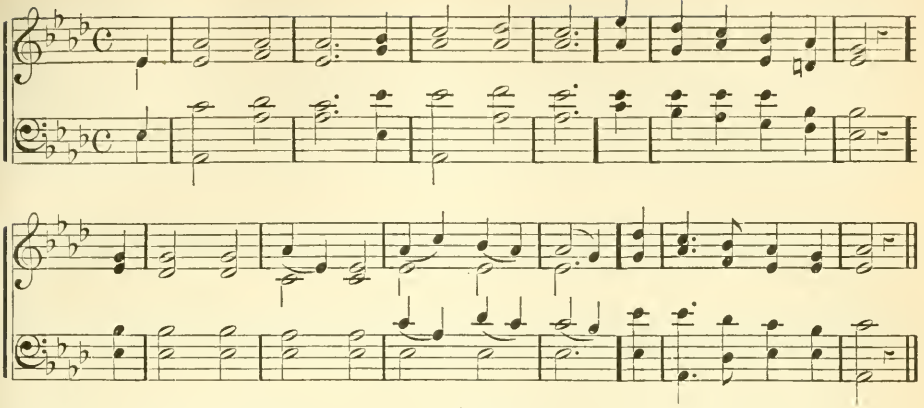
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival!

And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;

And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

William Croswell. 1844.

HUMMEL. C. M. Charles Zeuner. 1832.



341. *The Mission of Christ.*

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge. 1735.

342. *The Light of the World.*

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey, —
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

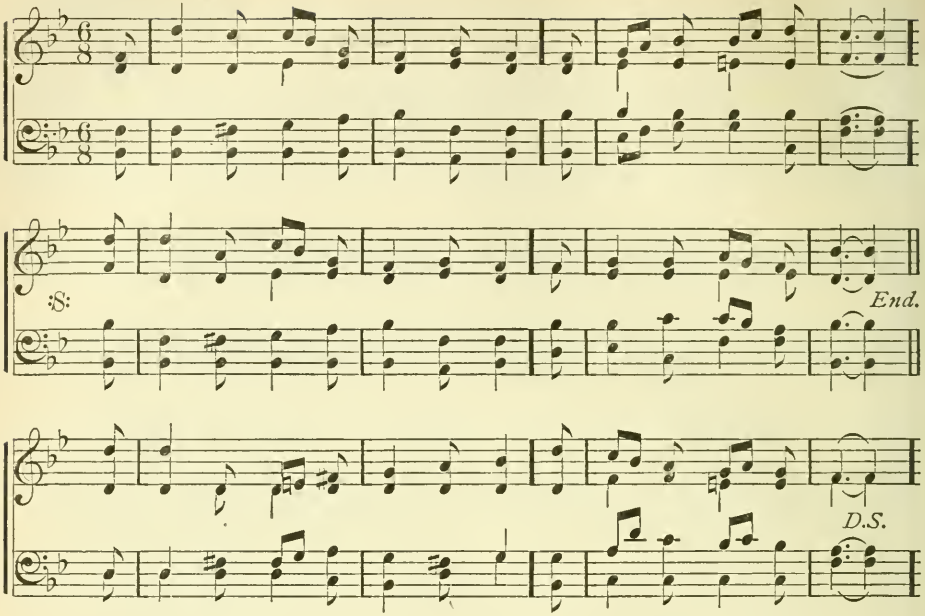
His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison. 1770.

CAROL. C. M.

Richard Storrs Willis.



343.

Christmas Carol.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

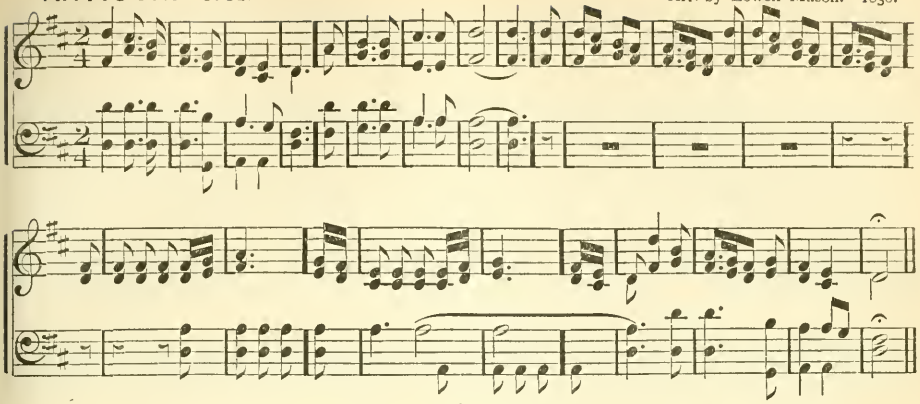
Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From G. F. Handel.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1850.

344. *The Mission of Christ.*

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

345. *The Guiding Star.*

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

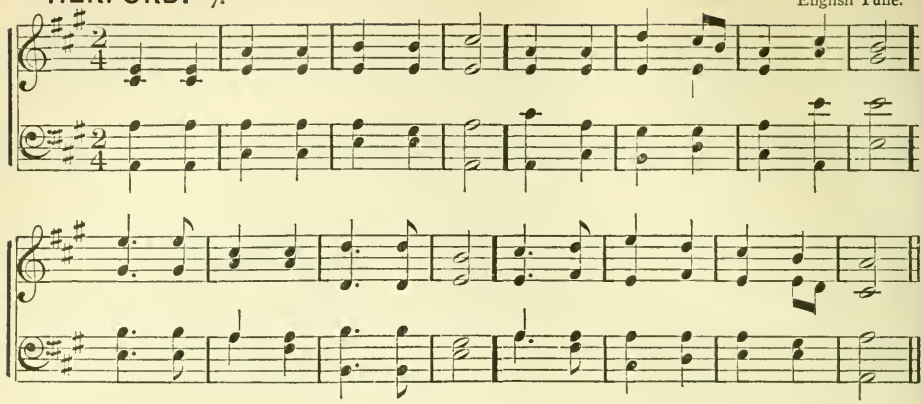
But, lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode:
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads!
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

HERFORD. 7. English Tune.



346. *Glory to God in the Highest.*

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,—
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: his heart delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise our powers employ.

James Montgomery.

347. *Star of Bethlehem.*

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star!—
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.

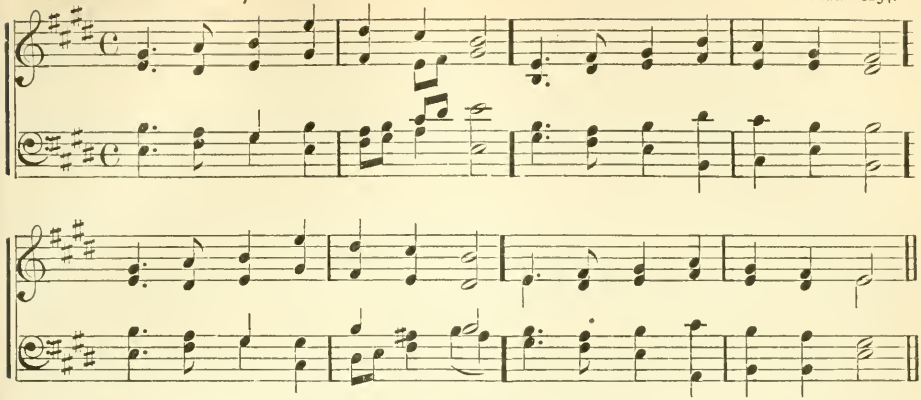
Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste: for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Charles Wesley. 1739.

INNOCENTS. 7. Thibaut. 1254.



348. *The Christian Warfare.*

ONWARD, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not; much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White. 1806.

349. *The Spirit beareth Witness with our Spirit.*

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter:
Never will he now depart,
Inmate of the humble heart.

Come, divine and peaceful Guest!
Enter our devoted breast:
Intercede in silence there;
Breathe the unutterable prayer.

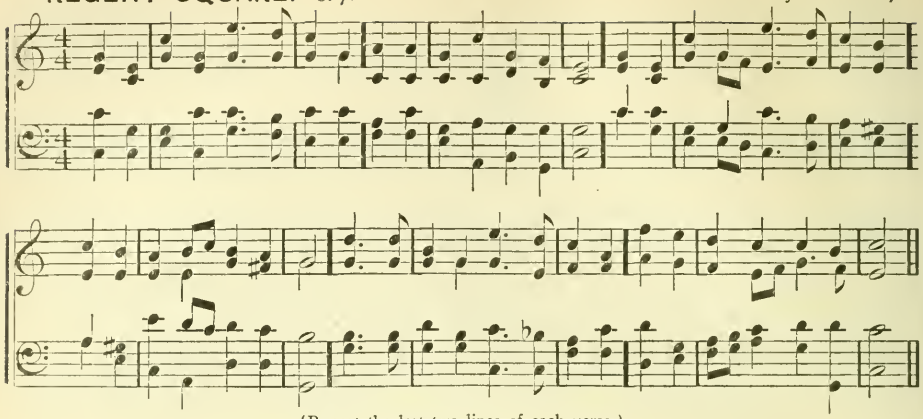
Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life!
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too!

Brood thou o'er our inward night, —
Darkness kindles into light:
Spread thy overshadowing wings, —
Order from confusion springs.

Pain and sin and sorrow cease;
Thee we meet, and all is peace:
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love!

Charles Wesley. 1739.

REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. Henry Smart. 1867.



(Repeat the last two lines of each verse.)

350. *Song of the Angels.*

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

John Cawood. 1819.

351. *Coming of Christ.*

COME, thou long-expected Saviour,
Born to set thy people free,—
From our fears and sins deliver;
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,—
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring.

By thine own indwelling spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley. 1744.

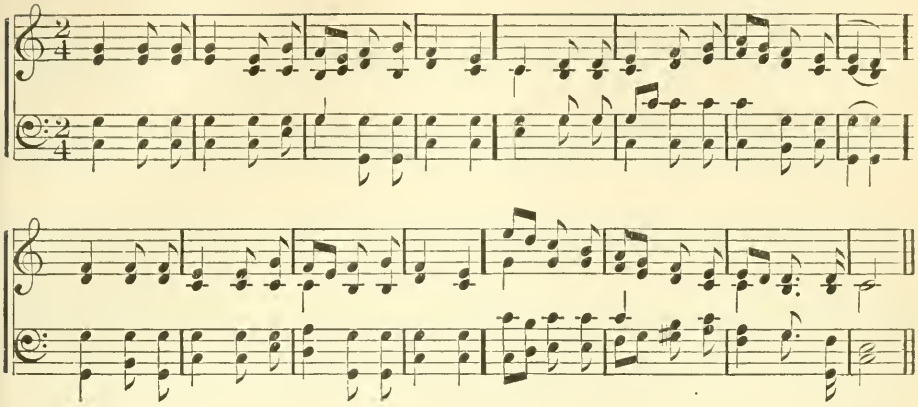
352. *Song of the Angels.*

ANGELS bending from the sky
Chanted at our Saviour's birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, good-will to man on earth."

Join we now our feeble lays
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

FOLSOM. 11. 10. Johann C. W. A. Mozart.



353. *"Star of the East."*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Chosen of God, the Redeemer of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

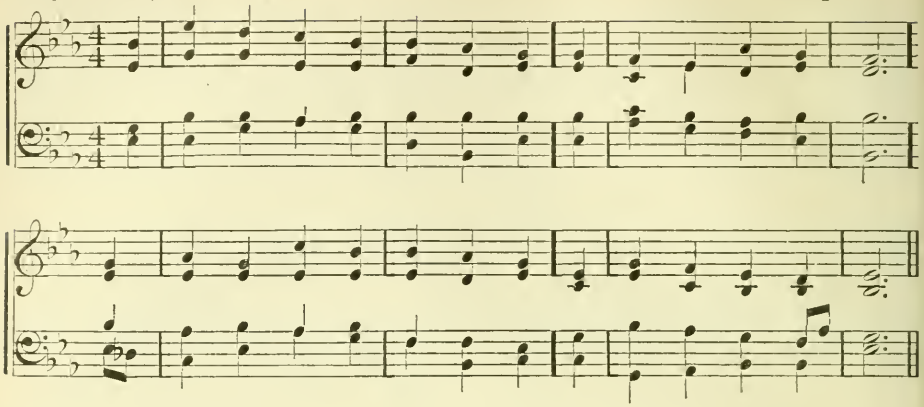
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favors secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bp. Reginald Heber. 1811.

ST. PETER. C. M.

Alexander Robert Reinagle. 1860.



354. *"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."*

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
  Thy presence maketh one:
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
  We trace the noon-day sun, —

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
  Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
  And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
  In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
  The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render thee
  Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
  Divides the cross and throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
  As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
  We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
  What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
  But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

355. *Jesus our Light.*

O Jesus, Light of all below,
  Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
  All that we can desire! —

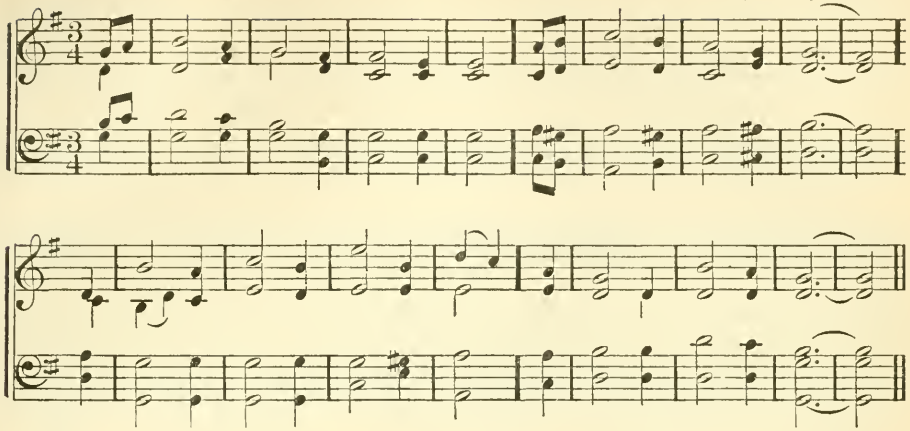
When once thou visitest the heart,
  Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
  Then kindles love divine.

May every heart confess thy name,
  And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
  To seek thee more and more!

Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
  Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
  The image of thine own!

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. Edward Caswall.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. from G. Rossini.



356. *Christ our Example.*

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

John H. Gurney.

357. *Jesus of Nazareth.*

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer,
His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

Samuel Longfellow.

358. *"Your Life is hid with Christ in God."*

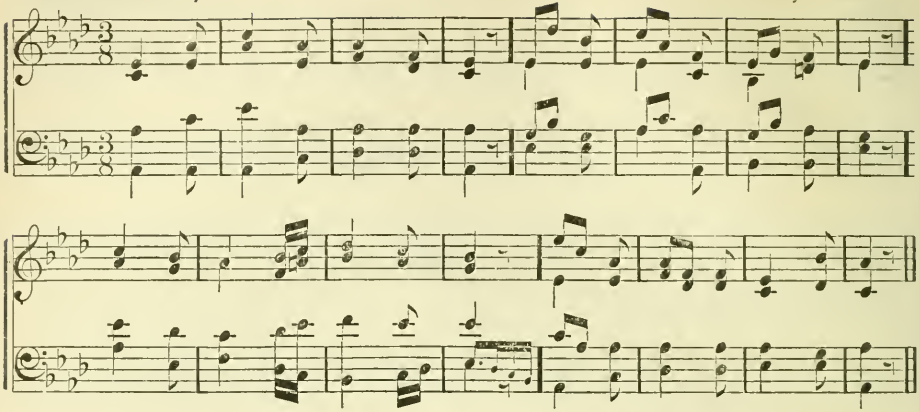
THE Crucified is gone before
To the blest realms of light:
Oh, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight!

Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord!
To lift us to the sky,
Oh, may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high!

Parisian Breviary.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

HORTON. 7. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



359. *Invitations of Jesus.*

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,—
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

360. *Feast of Love.*

COME, and let us sweetly join
God to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord.

Hands and hearts and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Taste e'en now the joys above,
Find the heaven of mutual love.

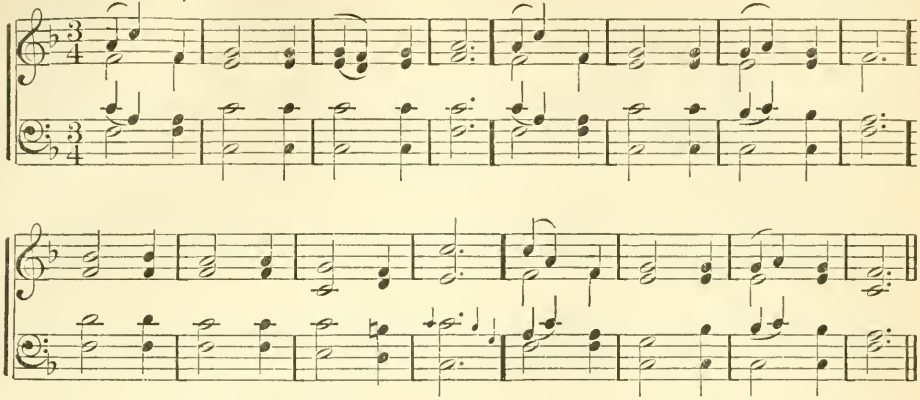
Father, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyself within us move,
Make this hour a feast of love.

Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light.

Methodist Coll.

ALETTA. 7. W. B. Bradbury. 1858.



361. *Jesus our Leader.*

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die;—

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

William Henry Furness.

362. *Christ's Sufferings our Strength.*

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there alone.

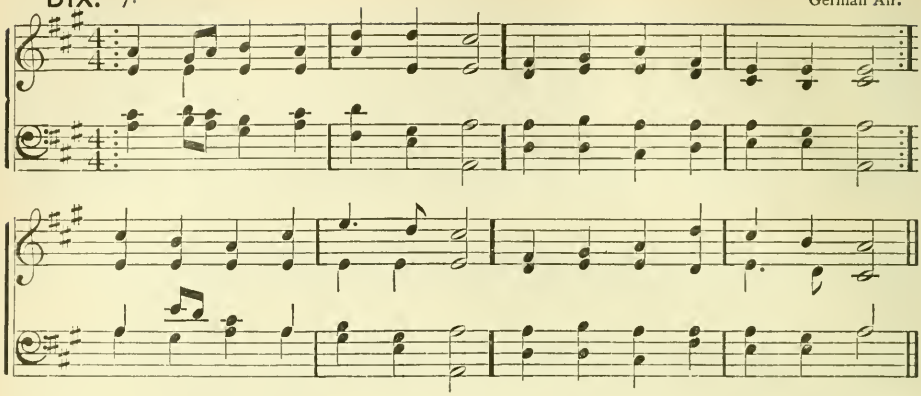
When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again;
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anon.

DIX. 7. German Air.



363. *The Guiding Star.*

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led by thee.

Holy Father, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our yearning souls at last
Where we need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need we no created light;
Thou our Light, our Joy, our Crown,
Thou our Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William C. Dix. 1860.†

364. *Christ who strengtheneth me.*

When arise the thoughts of sin;
When the world our hearts would win;
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest,—
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

When the way grows dark and drear;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night,—
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

William Gaskell.

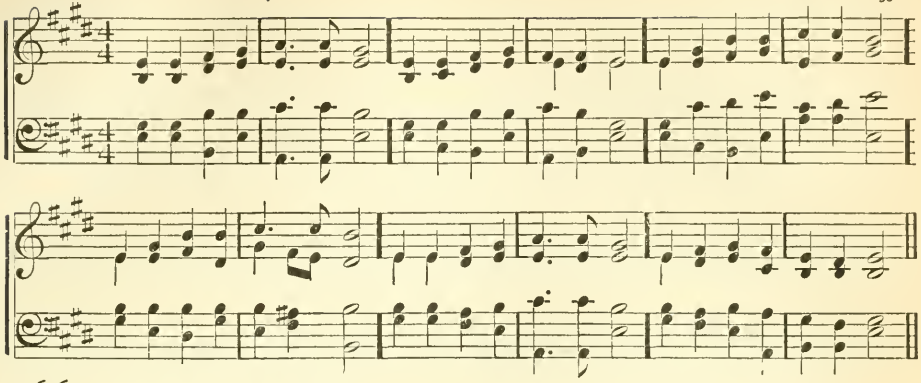
365. *Future Glory of the Church.* Ps. lxvii.

On thy Church, O Power Divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber. 1829

GETHSEMANE. 7. Richard Redhead. 1853.



366. *Christ our Example in Suffering.*

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the griefs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished," hear him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

James Montgomery.

367. "*It is finished.*"

It is finished,—glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord;
Word of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished: all is o'er;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.

Now no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread;
No more fear lest, in thine hour,
Pain should patience overpower.
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.

Champion, lay thine armor by;
'Tis thine hour of victory.
All thy toils are now o'erpast;
Thou hast found thy rest at last:
All hath faithfully been done,
And the world's salvation won.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

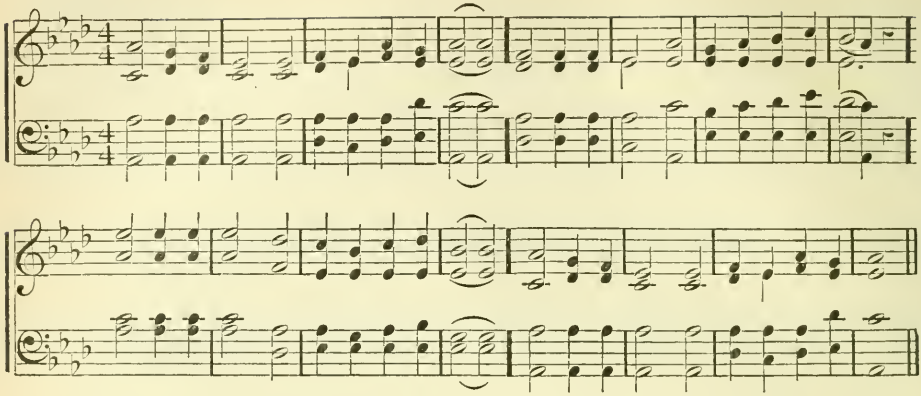
368. *The Holy Feast.*

Lo! the feast is spread to-day.
Jesus summons: come away
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,—
Come, and taste the Bread of heaven.

Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast;
Blessed, who on him shall feed,—
Bread of Life, and Drink indeed:
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er;
They shall never hunger more.

Henry Alford.

WHITE. 10. T. B. White.



369.

"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

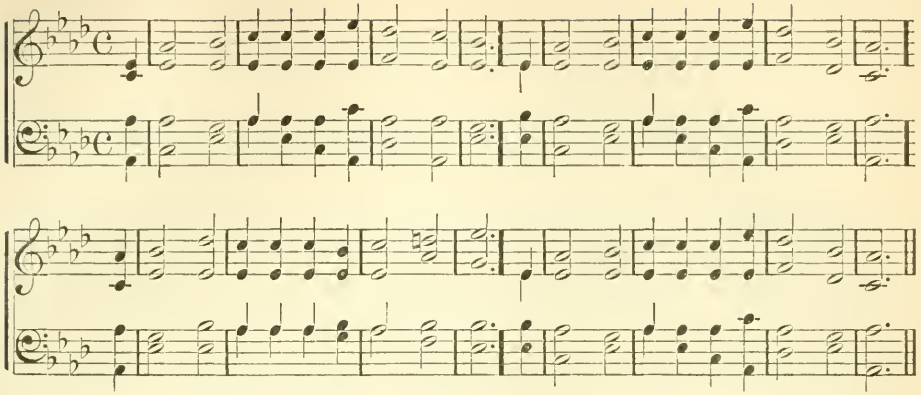
370.

Progress of the Gospel.

POUR, blessed gospel, glorious news for man;
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll;
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing gospel, on: of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key.
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.

SAVANNAH. 10. Ignace Pleyel.



Spread, mighty gospel, spread thy soaring wings;
Gather thy scattered ones from every land;
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings;
Proclaim them all thine own: 'tis Christ's command.

Thomas A. Ashworth.

371.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

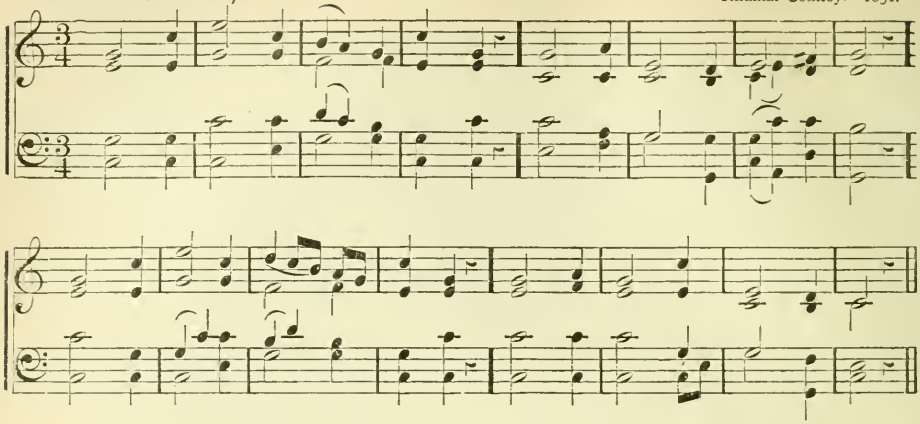
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed his word; his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope. 1712.

RATHBUN. 8. 7. Ithamar Conkey. 1851.



372. *"In the Cross of Christ I glory."*

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

373. *The Conflict of Life.*

Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on!

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, — press thou on!

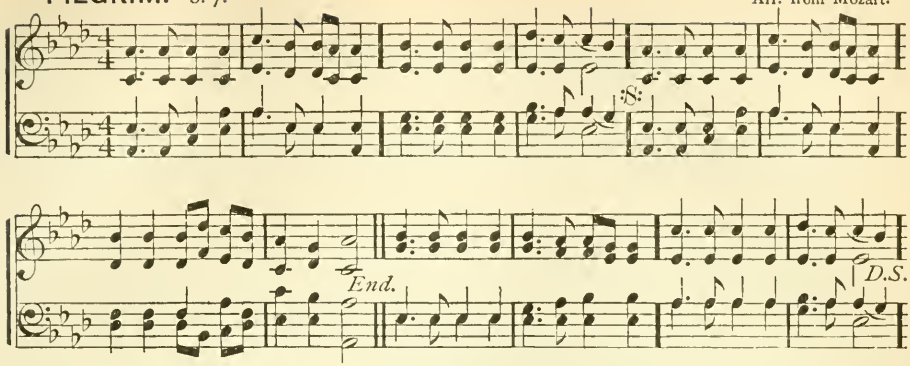
By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, — "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

Samuel Johnson. 1847.

PILGRIM. 8. 7. Arr. from Mozart.



374.

Bearing the Cross.

Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
E'en in martyrdom and death.
Bonds, and stripes, and evil story
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter. 1735.

375.

Trust in God.

Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
I have learned to call thee Father,
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

376.

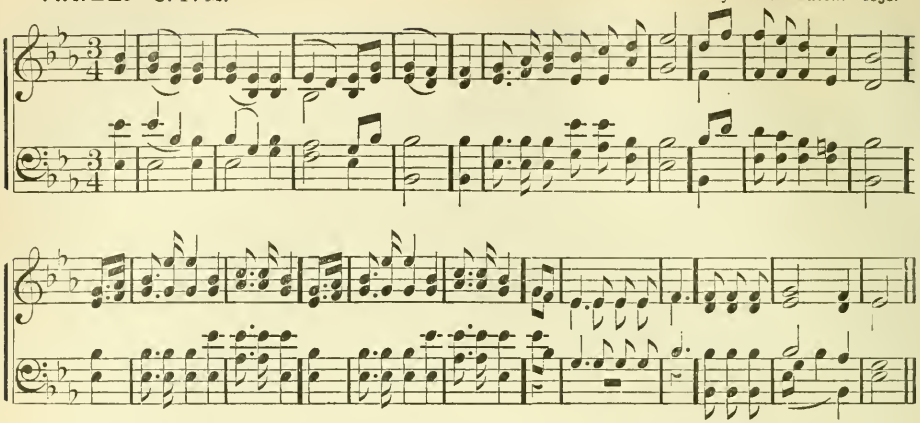
The End of Trials.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee.
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd with faith and wing'd with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1832.

ARIEL. C. P. M. Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason. 1836.



377.

Excellency of Christ.

Oh, could we speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!—
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

Oh, the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley. 1789.

378.

The Saviour's Mission.

Oh, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth:
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth!

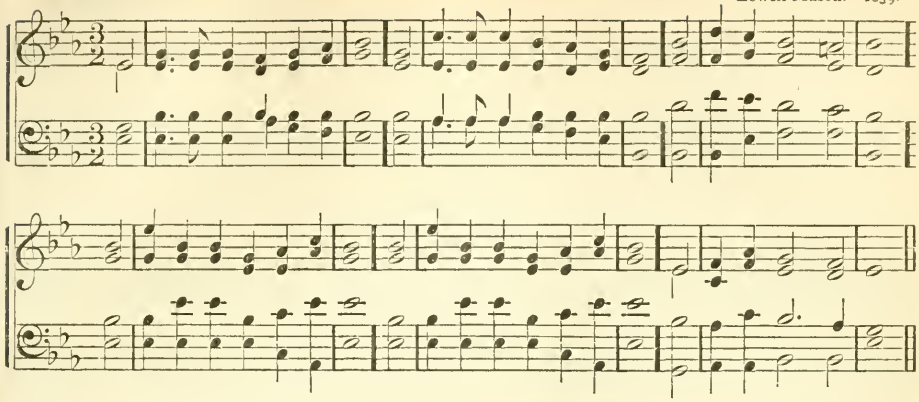
He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

Then let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

Jane E. Roscoe.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. Lowell Mason. 1839.



379. *For Self-Renunciation.*

O Lord, how happy should I be,
If I could leave my cares to thee,
  If I from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
  Is working for the best!

For when I kneel, and cast my care
Upon my God in humble prayer,
  With strengthened soul I rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
  Will hear his children's cries.

Oh, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
  And learn from self to cease;
Leave all things to our Father's will;
And, on his mercy leaning still,
  Find, in each trial, peace!

Joseph Anstice. 1836.

380. *The Fulness of God's Love.*

O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
  All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love, —
  The love of God to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
No mortal can its riches tell,
  Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery, —
  The length, the breadth, the height.

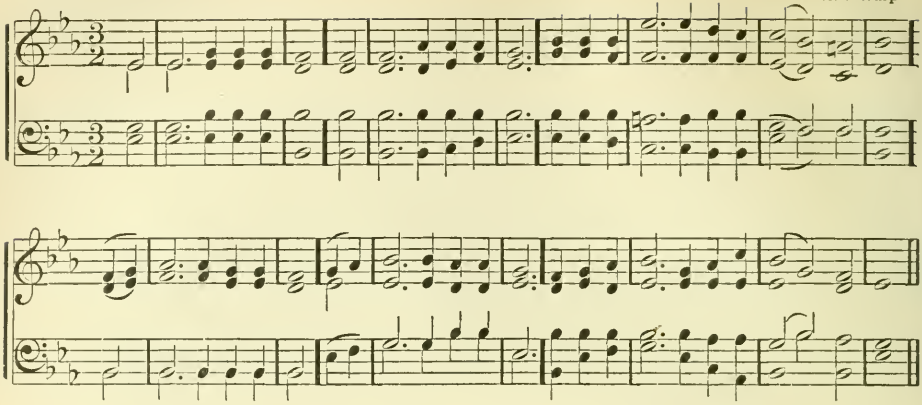
God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
  In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine, —
  Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
In transport at my Father's feet!
  Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
  To hear my Father's voice.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

BULFINCH. 6. 6. 10.

Modern Harp.



381.

Looking unto Jesus.

It was no path of flowers,
Which through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed:
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

And, oh, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be:
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

Sarah E. Miles.

382.

Bearing the Cross.

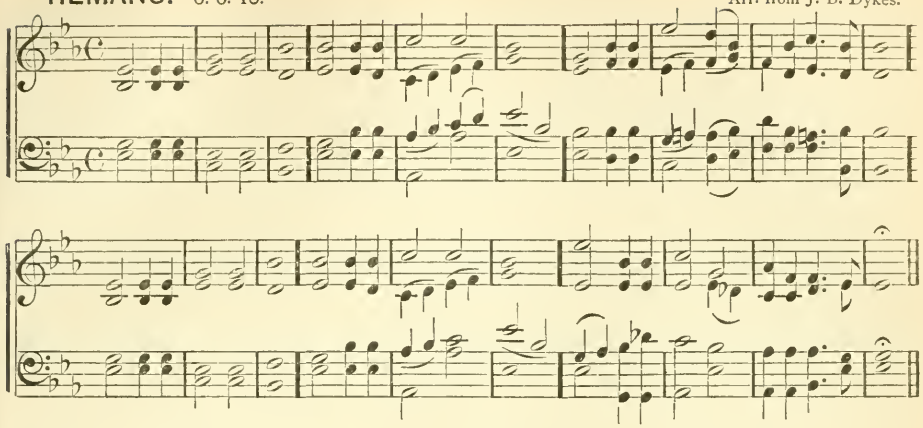
Burden of shame and woe!
How does the heart o'erflow
At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore!
But we have each our own,
To others oft unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

And shall we fear to tread
The path where Jesus led,
The Pure and Holy One, for man who died?
Or shall we shrink from shame,
Endured for Jesus' name,
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified?

Then, 'mid the woes that wait
On this our mortal state,
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss;
And though the tempter's art
Assail the struggling heart,
Still, Saviour, in thy name we bear the cross.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

HEMANS. 6. 6. 10. Arr. from J. B. Dykes.



383. *The Heart's Inspiration.*

FATHER, who art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of harp or song to reach thy gracious ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Oh, let thy Spirit move
O'er those who bend in love,
Be thou amidst them as a heavenly guest!
So shall our cry have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

Oh, let thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image, Holiest and Most High!
As a clear lake is filled
With hues of heaven instilled,
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

Felicia D. Hemans.

384. *Benediction.*

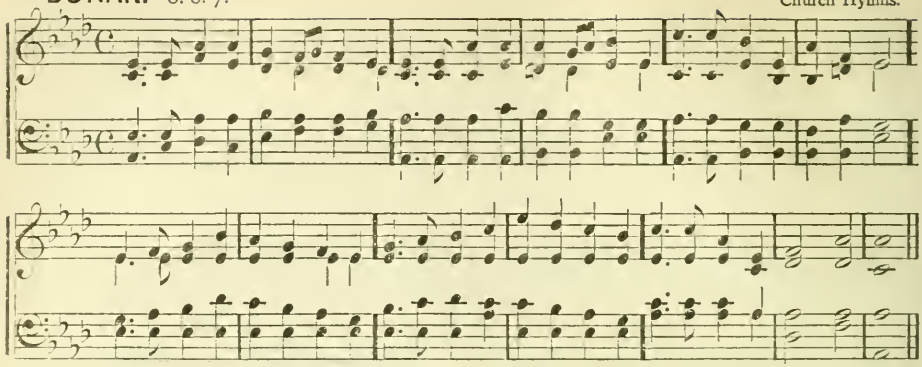
THE peace which God bestows
Through him who died and rose,
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

Ye who have known to weep,
Where your beloved sleep;
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balm,
The fevered heart to calm,
And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

Ere daily strifes begin
The war without, within,
The God of love, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep us all through every troubled hour.

Briggs's Coll.

BONAR. 8. 8. 7. Church Hymns.



385.

Stabat Mater.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside.
At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified;
But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story, —
"Mary stood the cross beside."

And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.
But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

William J. Fox.

386.

Strength from the Cross.

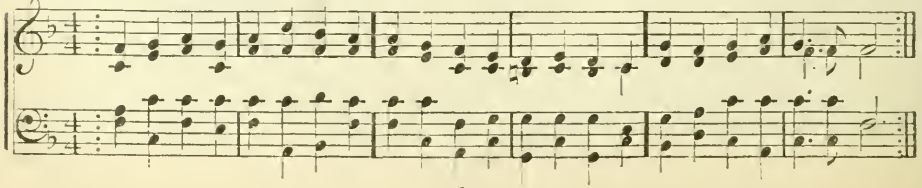
"It is finished!" Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee, —
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

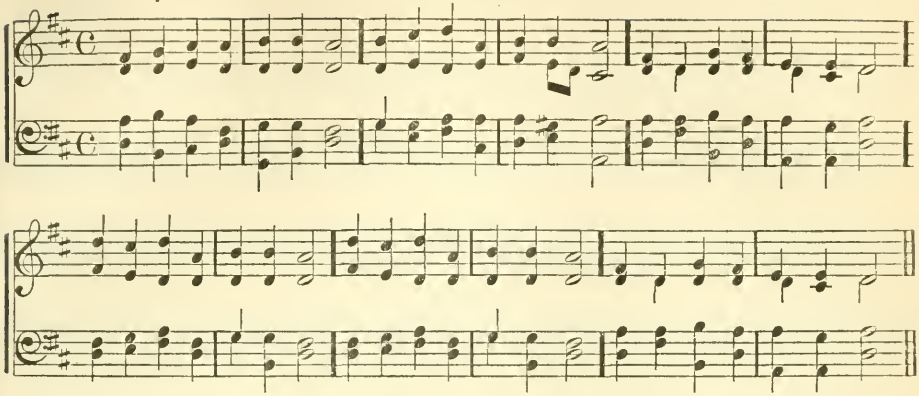
Still to thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Honored be thy cross for ever;
Star, that points our high endeavor
Whither thou hast gone before!

Frederic H. Hedge.

STABAT MATER. 8. 8. 7. W. H. Monk.



ROME. 7.



387. *Come, Holy Spirit.*

Holy Spirit, Lord of light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, thou Light of all that live!

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Guide the wanderer to the fold;
Melt the frozen, warm the cold;
Bend the stubborn mind and will.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Be our comfort when we die;
Grant us life with thee on high,
Light of an eternal day!

Robert II. of France. 1031.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848.

388. *The Promise of the Spirit.* Acts i. 4.

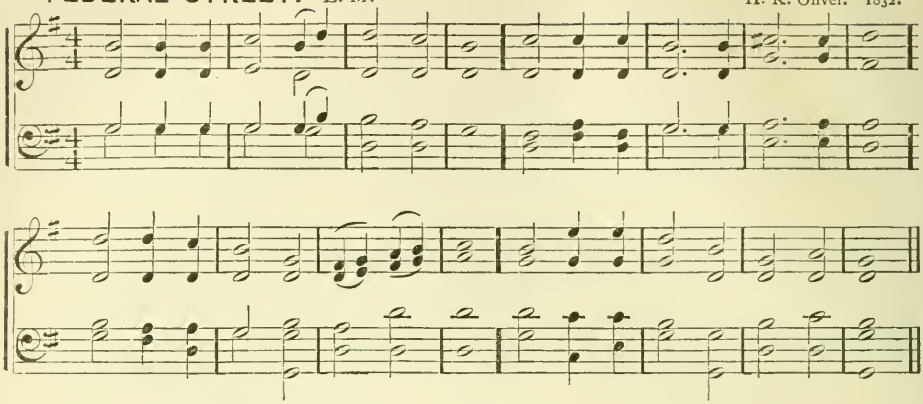
Holy Ghost that, promised, came
With the Pentecostal flame,
Comforter, we hail thy name.
For thy mighty help we call;
On our waiting spirits fall;
Fill us, cheer us, rule us all.

'Neath thy breath our graces bloom;
Flee our wintry shades and gloom;
Come! our hearts prepare thee room.
If but thou within us move,
We shall mount on wings of love,
Joyous as the hosts above.

Oh, what raptures may we feel,
If but thou our eyes unseal,
And the things divine reveal.
Then, immortal years begun,
While the eternal circuits run,
Praise, all Heaven, the Holy One!

Ray Palmer. 1873.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver. 1832.



389. *"Greater Love hath no Man than this."*

"See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell:
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue!
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath!

Such love can we unmoved survey?
Oh, may our breasts with ardor glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

Sarah Bache. 1808.

390. *"He hath not where to lay his Head."*

O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

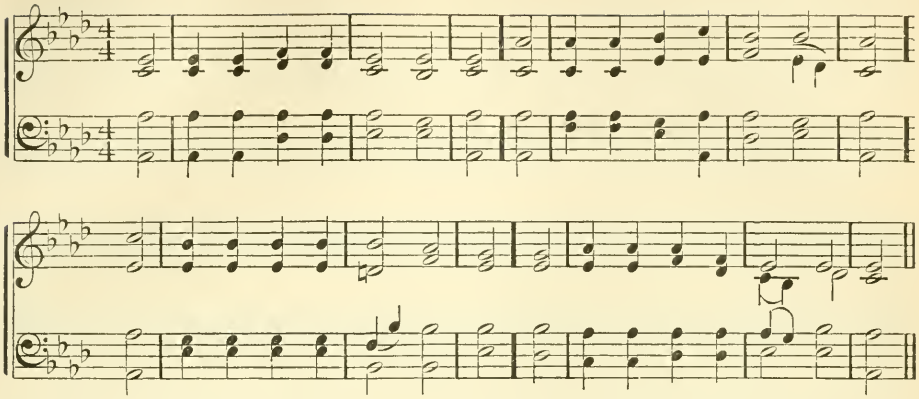
William Russell. 1826.

391. *"With his Stripes we are healed."*

A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

O Man of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. Bradbury. 1853.



Great Chief of faithful souls, arise!
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith unarmed lifts up the hand.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of thy love!

Anon. 1840.

392. *Christ's Passion.*

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold his face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

Last eve, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains:
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.

Truly this was the Son of God!—
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod;
Not for himself, for man he dies.

James Montgomery. 1825

393. *Christ the Sufferer.*

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

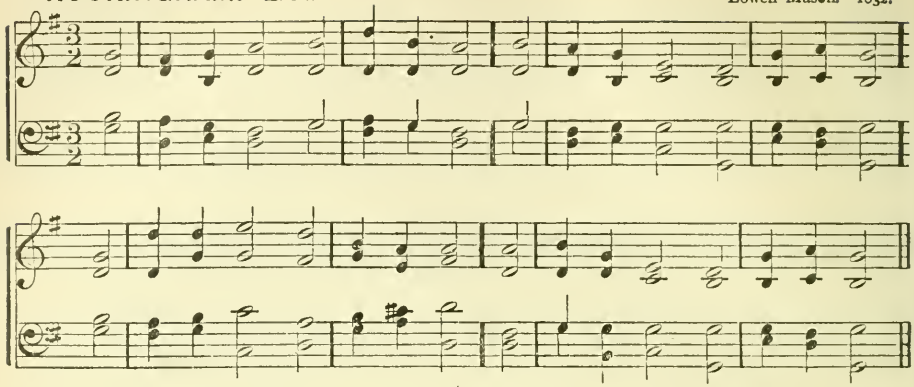
Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day!

S. G. Bulfinch.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



394. *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

JESUS, and can it ever be, —
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no sins to cast away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Joseph Grigg. 1765.

395. *The Cross our Comfort.*

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softest power,
And give our sweetest comforts birth? —

That to the cross our eyes should turn
For cheering light and strength to save,
Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on the open grave?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The storms of life are lulled to rest;
Stilled by the Saviour's trusting prayer,
Soothed by the peace within his breast.

My Saviour, whom 'tis life to see,
Thy promise in thy cross appears:
Its power, its peace, oh, grant to me, —
Its perfect love to still my fears!

John Keble.

396. *Jesus our Joy.*

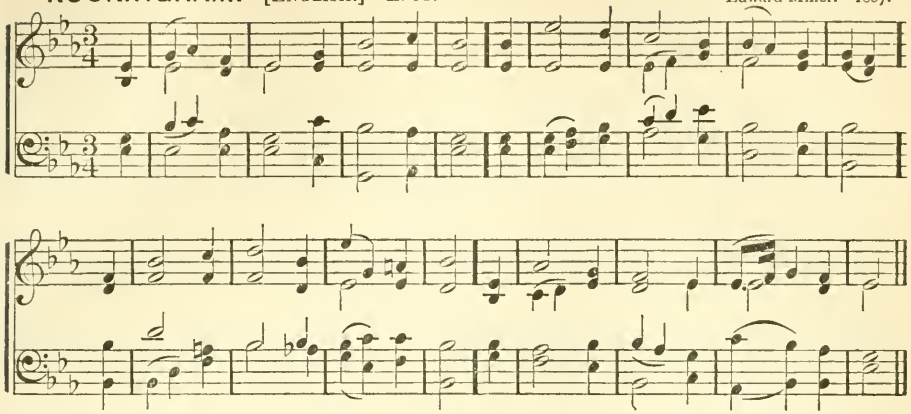
JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

St. Bernard. 1140.
Tr. by Ray Palmer. 1858.

ROCKINGHAM. [ENGLISH.] L. M. Edward Miller. 1807.



397. *Glorying in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

398. *"Oh, who like Thee?"*

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility.

Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur C. Coxe. 1840.

399. *Christ the Sufferer.*

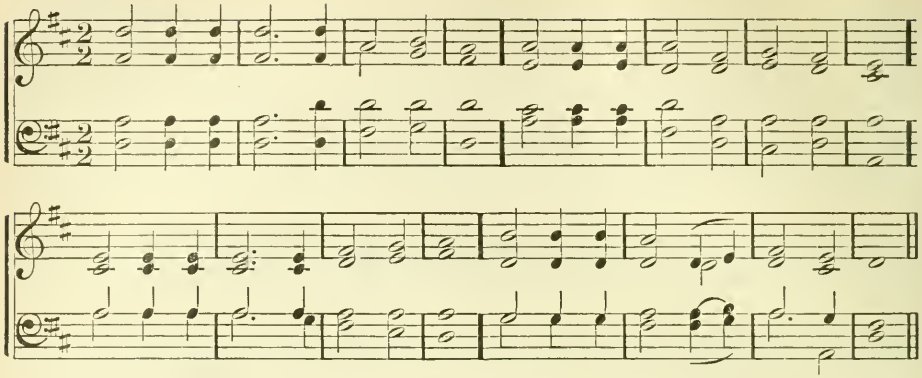
DARK were the paths our Master trod,
Yet never failed his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

Oh, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will!

William Gaskell.

CLYDE. L. M. CHANT. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



400. *Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.*

RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.

Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

401. *Christianity.*

O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

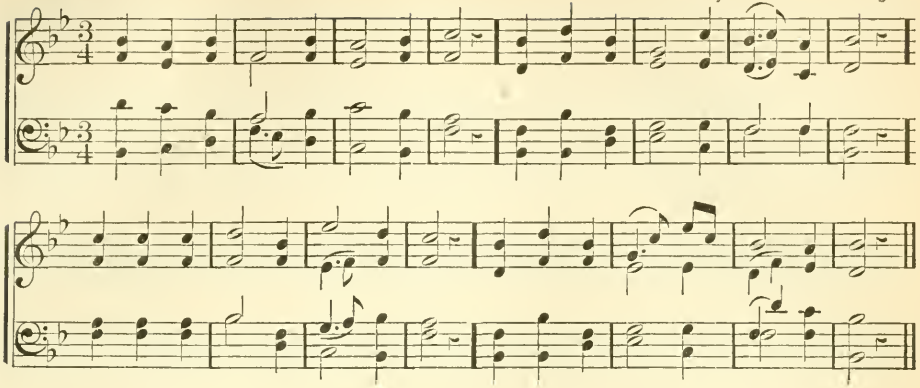
John G. Whittier. 1843.

402. *Jesus the Light of the Soul.*

LIGHT of the soul, O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

MENDON. L. M.

German.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1830.



Son of the Father, Lord most high,
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
How sweet in heaven thy beam doth glow,
Denied to eye of flesh below!

O heavenly and benignant Light!
Come to us in thy saving might,
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

Anon.

403. *Christ our Safety.*

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing — first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore —
The Star, — the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White. 1806.

404. *Christ's Universal Kingdom.*

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

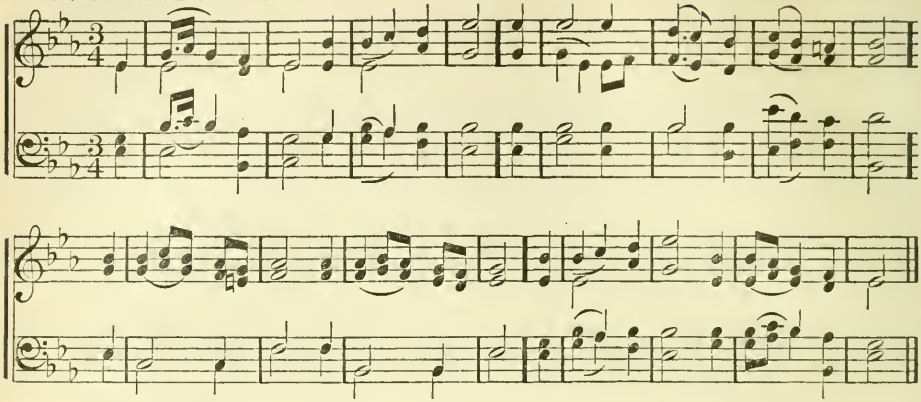
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

STONEFIELD. L. M. Samuel Stanley. 1830.



405. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

To thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine!
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.

Oh, may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west!
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

Philip Doddridge.

406. *God seen in Christ.*

As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with its softer rays
When shining with reflected light;

So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

O Thou, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone!
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

While we thine image there displayed
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

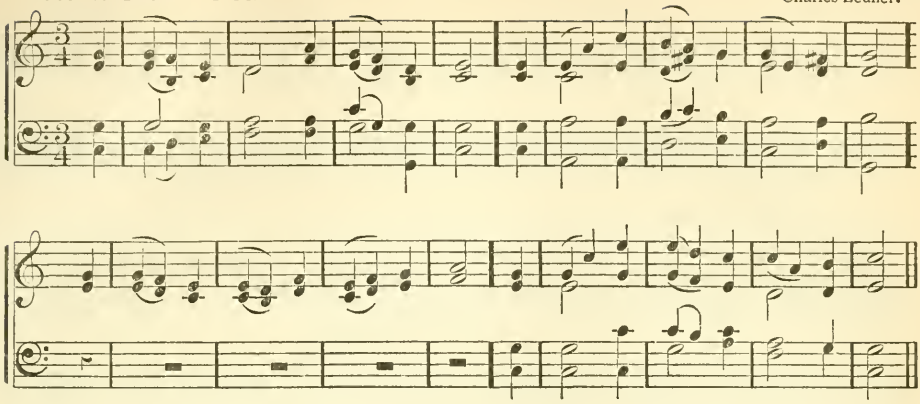
John Mason.

407. *"It is I; be not afraid."*

When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

ASHFORD. L. M. Charles Zeuner.



Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love and joy and hope are fled,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall soothe the deepening shade,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

Sir James Edward Smith. 1826.

408. *Jesus preaching the Gospel.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring. 1823.

409. *Example of Christ.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

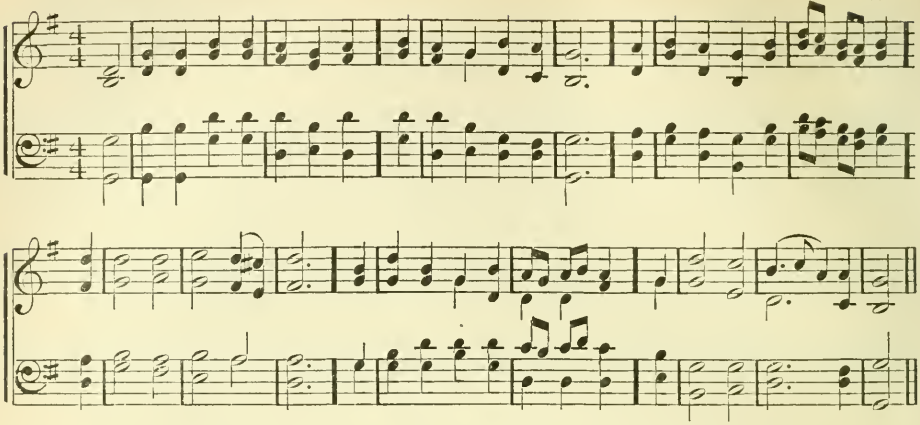
Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine, —
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern: may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

CORONATION. C. M. Oliver Holden. 1793.



410. *The Living Word.*

Our God, our God, thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,—
Here goes thy glorious way.

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore:
On us thou streamest strong and bright;
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee;
New births are in thy grace:
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy out-goings bright;
Down cometh thy full power:
We, the glad bearers of thy light;
This, this thy saving hour.

On us thy spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come:
We feel, we thank thy quickening, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

T. H Gill.

411. *The Love of Christ.*

Jesus, thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

My steadfast heart, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But God be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

Charles Wesley.

412. *The Glorification of Christ.*

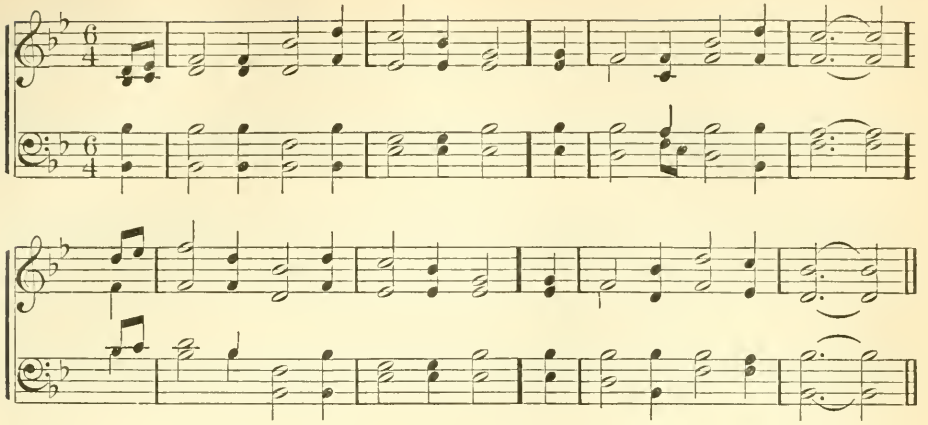
All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet. 1780.

MAITLAND. C. M. Aaron Chapin. 1820.



413. *Example of Christ.*

In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace:
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil!

Meekness, humility, and love
Through all his conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

Benjamin Beddome. 1818.

414. *Christ our Guide and our Wisdom.*

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter. 1681.

415. *The Bond of Love.*

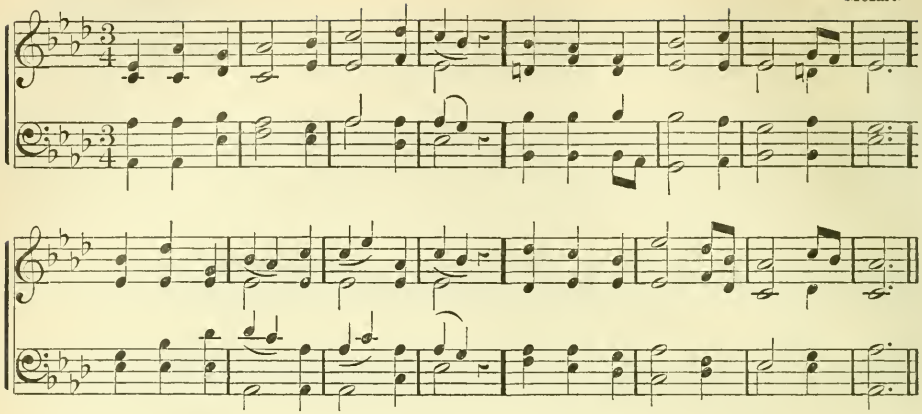
Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,—
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow

EASTON. L. M. Mozart.



416. "*Followers of God, as Dear Children.*"

We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death;
With thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls thy Spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love:—

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will;
With thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still:

The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long:
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus thro' thy quickening Spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

417. "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*"

Thou art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,—

By thee must come, thou Gate of Love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

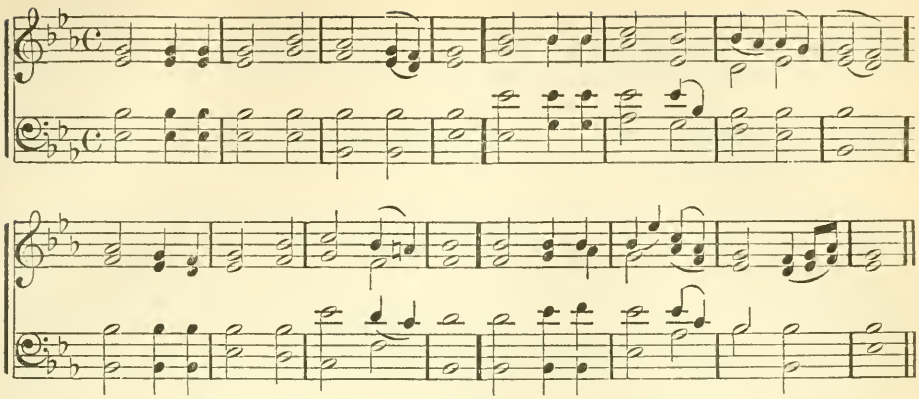
Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Beams on through earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting Ray;
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.

Thou art the guiding Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven:
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Anon.

BRISTOL. L. M. E. L. White.



418. *The Bitter Cup.*

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love: [here,
Though clouds and darkness shroud me
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years?

Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe:
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

J. Roscoe.

419. *Christ our Life.*

THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

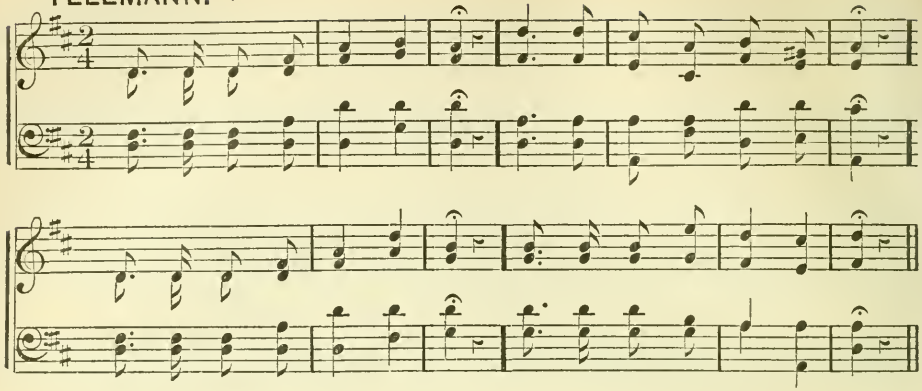
I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

Emily Taylor.

TELEMANN. 7.

Charles Zeuner. 1832.



420. *Resurrection of Christ.*

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

William B. Collyer.

421. *The Risen Christ.*

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

422. *Death conquered.*

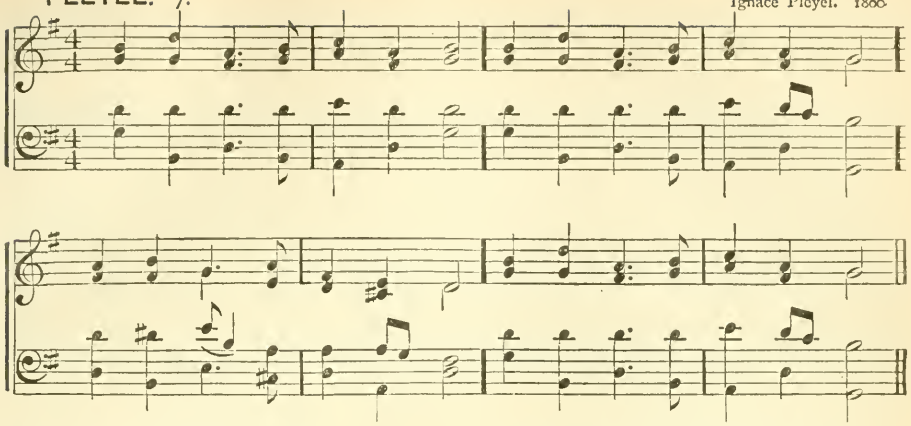
ANGEL, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Thomas Scott. 1769.

PLEYEL. 7. Ignace Pleyel. 1800.



423. *Jesus' Fellowship in Suffering.*

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear, —
Gracious God of Jesus, hear!

He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear,
Heir of Jesus, hush thy fear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear, —
Gracious God of Jesus, hear!

He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won;
He hath now no grief to bear:
Heir of Jesus, hush thy fear!

Henry H. Milman. 1827.

424. *Spiritual Nourishment.*

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died;
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder. 1824.

425. *Communion Hymn.*

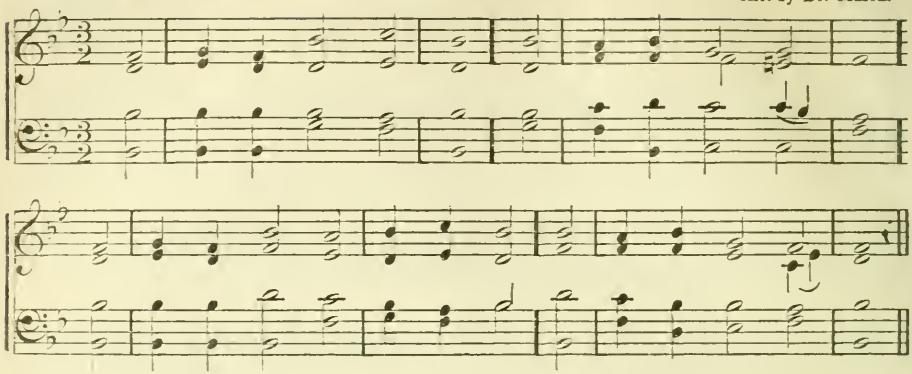
Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

Give to us thy humble mind,
Patient, fearless, just, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be, —
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Wesleyan.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



426. *"I am the Light of the World."*

Behold! the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

Jesus, thou Light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts:
Oh, may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ has mark'd and trod
Will lead to endless day.

Needham.

427. *Copying Jesus.*

Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

In me thy spirit dwell!
In me thy mercy move!
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Methodist Col.

428. *Communion with God and Christ.*

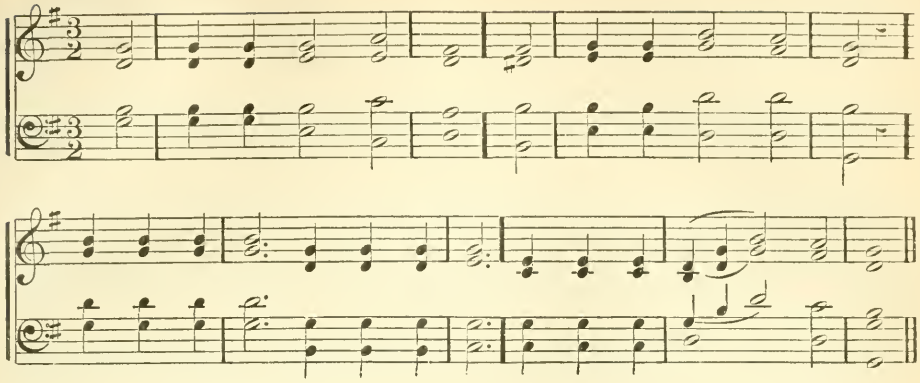
Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near:
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

PARAH. S. M. Lowell Mason.



429. *A Communion Hymn.*

HERE, in the broken bread;
Here, in the cup we take, —
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

Yes: that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Saviour borne.

O Thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus!
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in Him who died, —

Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

W. H. Furness.

430. *Grateful Remembrance of Christ.*

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board:
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

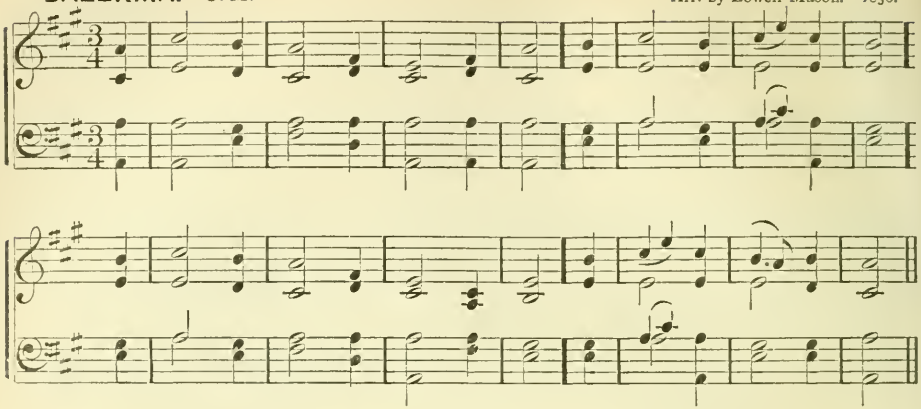
One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone, we know:
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affection glow.

Warmed with our Master's love
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord, let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

Isaac Watts.

BALERMA. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



431. *Example of Christ.*

BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear!
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield.

432. *"This do in Remembrance of Me."*

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.

James Montgomery.

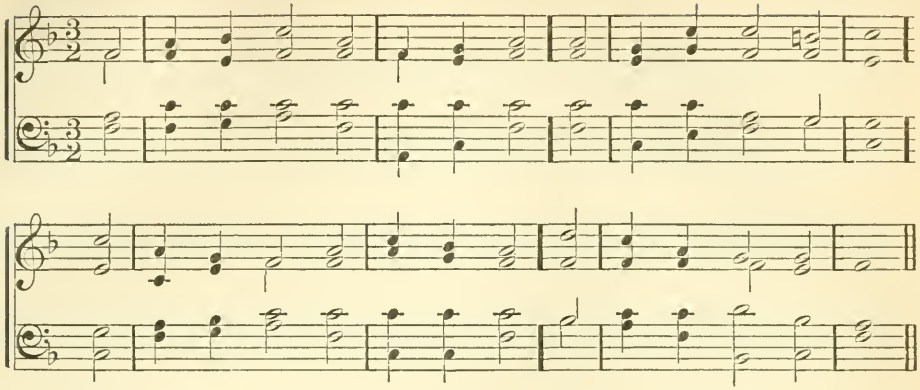
433. *Coming to the Lord's Supper.*

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast
And light and life impart.

These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

Anon.

COMMUNION. C. M. S. Hill.



434. *Christian Fellowship.*

Planted in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

Joined in one body may we be,
One inward life partake,
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide!

S. F. Smith.

435. *Close of Communion.*

O God, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

Samuel Gilman.

436. *For Communicants.*

Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was, —
What his peculiar law.

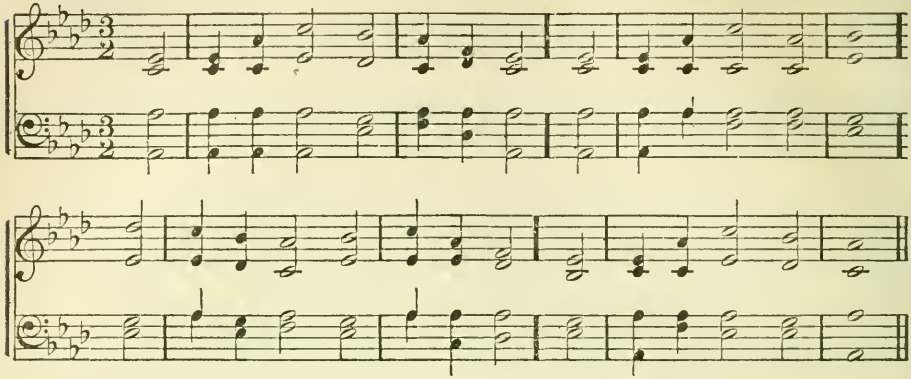
The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide:
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name;
But, by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

Anon.

EVAN. C. M. Wm. H. Havergal. 1847.



437. *Consecration.*

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face
And worship near thy throne.

Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given:
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

438. *Proper Dispositions for the Communion.*

Oh, here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace!

Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

No: gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been:
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

E. Taylor.

439. *"Bear each other's Burdens."*

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

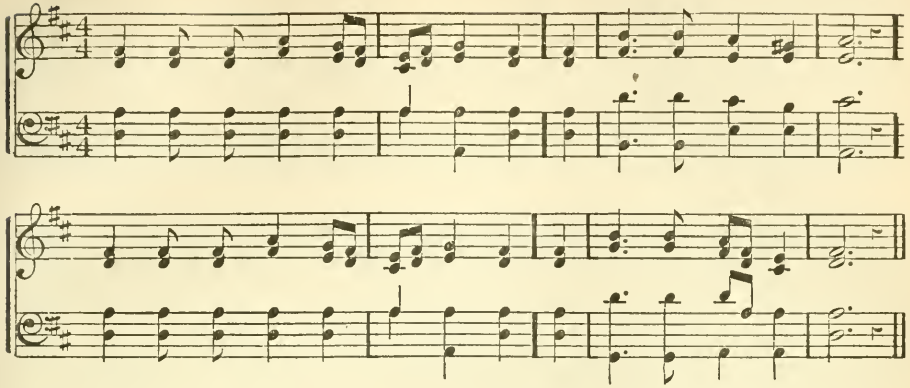
Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

Charles Wesley.

NAOMI. C. M.

H. G. Nægeli. 1832.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



440. *One in Christ.*

A HOLY air is breathing round,
  A fragrance from above:
Be every soul from sense unbound,
  Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
  In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
  And love not thee nor thine;

But by the cross of Jesus taught,
  And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
  And nearer to the Lord.

A. A. Livermore.

441. *Communion Hymn.*

"Remember me," the Saviour said,
  On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
  And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track,
  The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
  And never can forget.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
  And yet believe him still!
They know him, when his praise they mean,
  And when they do his will.

We hear his word along our way;
  We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
  Remember when we love.

N. L. Frothingham. 1855.

442. *Thy Will be done.*

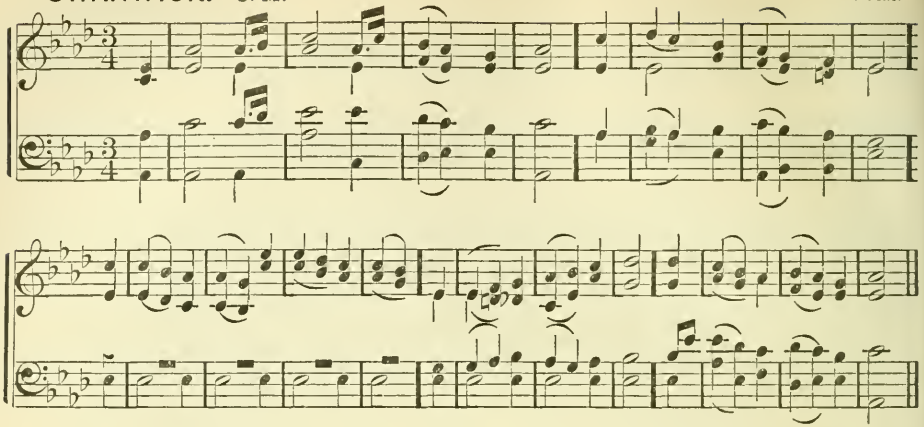
How sweet to be allowed to pray
  To God the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
  O God, thy will be done!

We in these sacred words can find
  A cure for every ill:
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
  And bid all care be still.

Oh, teach my heart the blessed way
  To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
  "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Eliza Lee Follen.

SWANWICK. C. M. Lucas.



443.

Star of Bethlehem.

As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant. 1874.

444.

Christ and the Church.

O Lord of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff, —
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars:
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

Oh, may he walk among us here
With his rebuke and love;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere, —
A ray from worlds above!

N. L. Frothingham.

445.

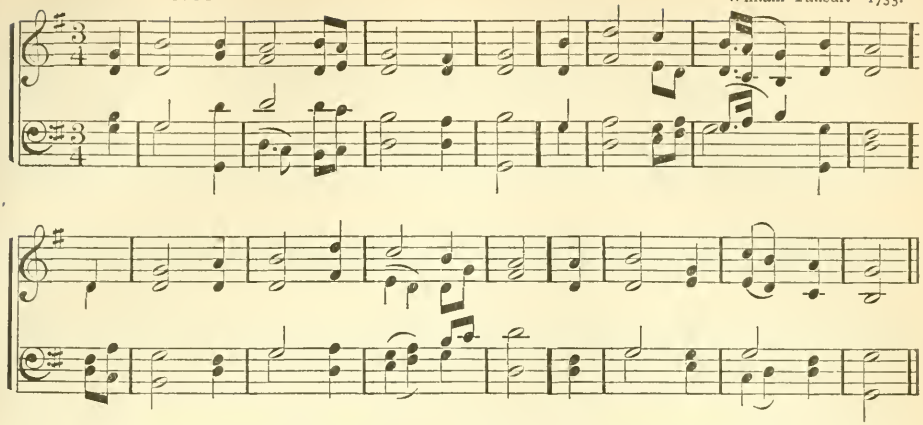
The Power of the Spirit.

Lo! when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad, —
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around:
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

BARBY. C. M.

William Tansur. 1735.



To other strains our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and heart, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,—
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour:
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble.

446. *The Way to the Heavenly City.*

Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,—
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your Father, God.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

447. *The Kingdom come.*

O God, the darkness roll away,
Which clouds the human soul;
And let the bright, the perfect day
Speed onward to its goal.

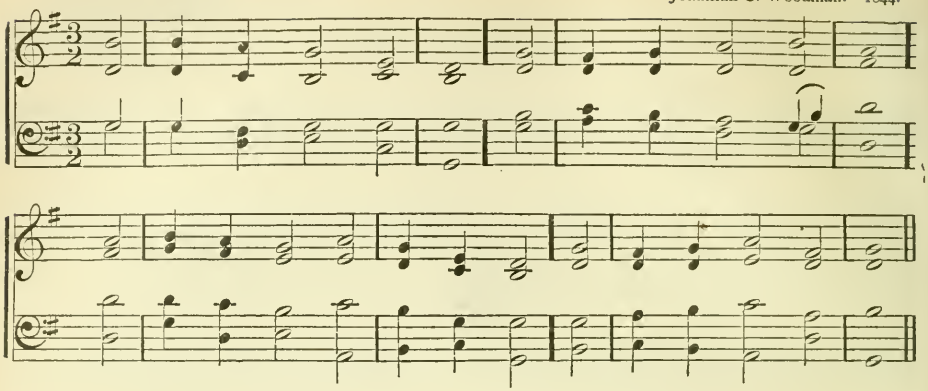
Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.

Let faith and hope and charity
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.

Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come,
Of holiness and love;
And make this world a portal meet
For thy bright courts above.

William Gaskell.

STATE STREET. S. M. Jonathan C. Woodman. 1844.



448. *Thanks for All Saints.*

For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And yearned for thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Bishop Richard Mant. 1849.

449. *Brotherly Love.*

Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run!

Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where peace like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

450. *Ark of Safety.*

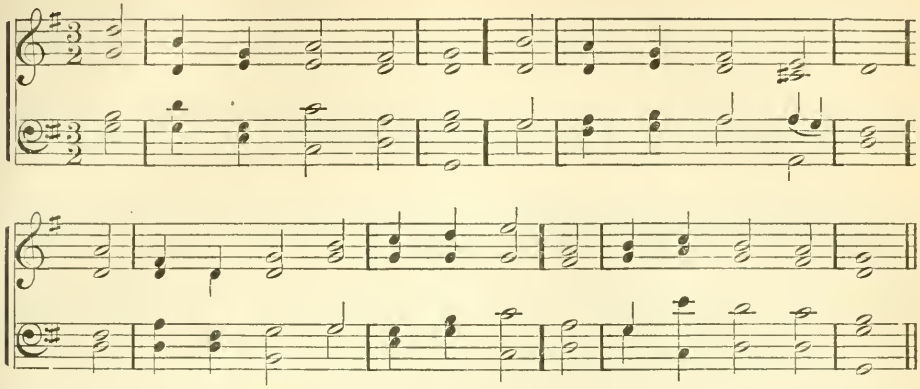
Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more!

There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Episcopal Coll.

PENTONVILLE. S. M. Linley.



451. *I love thy Church.*

I LOVE thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

452. *The Sower.*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land!

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock!

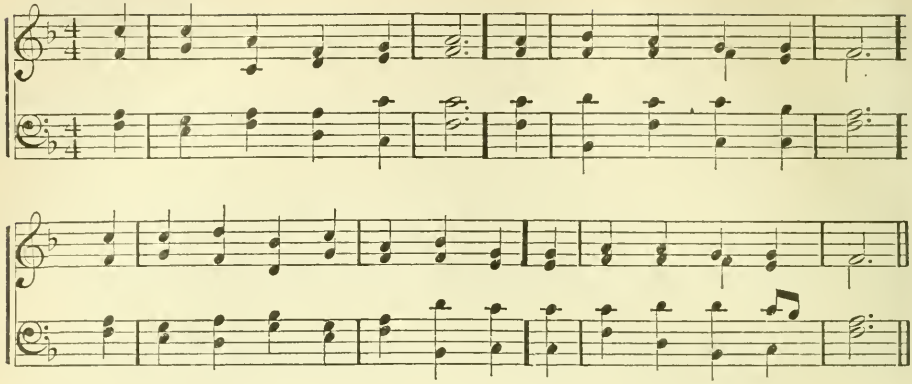
The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere!

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

James Montgomery. 1825.

BADEA. S. M. German Melody.



453. *The Reformer's Vow.*

God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art, —
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness.

Samuel Johnson. 1846.

454. *For the Gifts of the Spirit.*

Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife
Thy living love send down.

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down.

E. R. Sill.

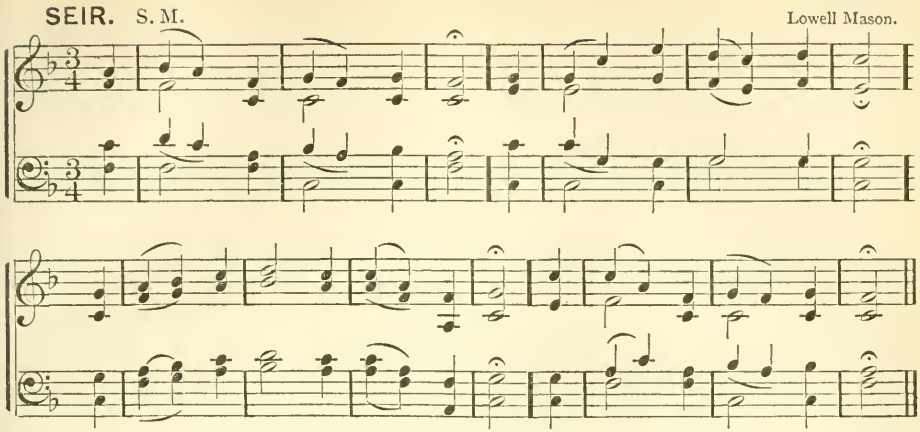
455. *The Voice of Conscience.*

Give forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead;
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

Show the true way of peace,
O thou our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

SEIR. S. M. Lowell Mason.



456.

Gospel Blessings.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King:
He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

457.

Glorious Liberty.

Oh, come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

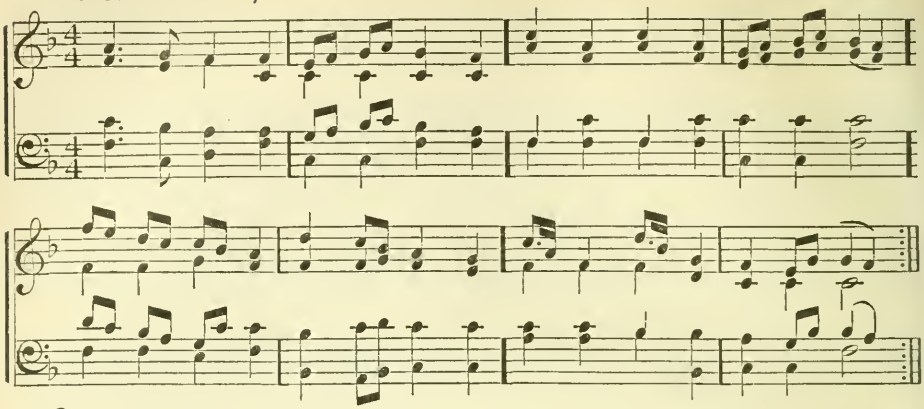
Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

I ask no higher state:
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley

WORTHING. 8. 7. Johann A. P. Schultz.



458. *The Word of the Lord abideth for ever.*

God of ages and of nations!
Every race, and every time,
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the heavenly veil within;
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new!

Samuel Longfellow.

459. *Future Peace and Glory of the Church.*

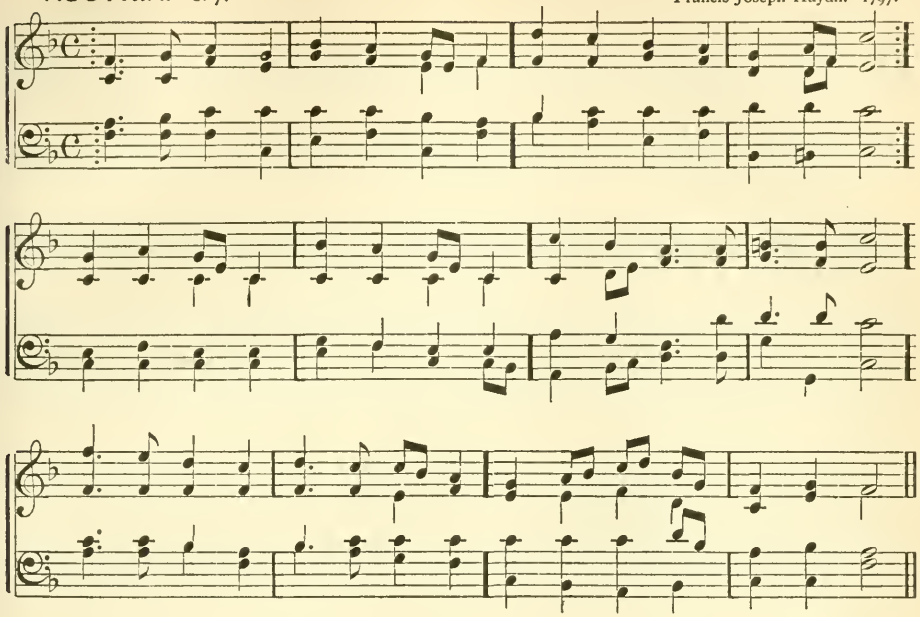
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

AUSTRIA. 8. 7. Francis Joseph Haydn. 1797.



460. *The City of God.*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

John Newton. 1779.

461. *Prayer for Light.*

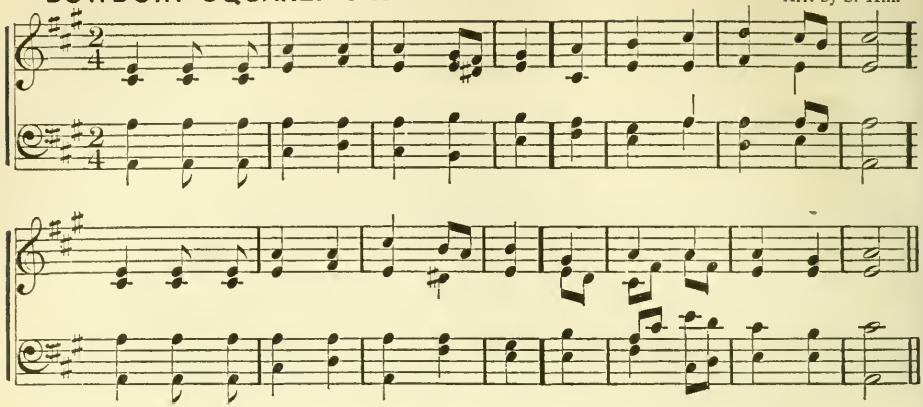
LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thyself revealing;
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of life and light creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou God of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

Charles Wesley. 1745.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

From Vogler.
Arr. by S. Hill.



462.

The City of God.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson.

463.

The Church Universal.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

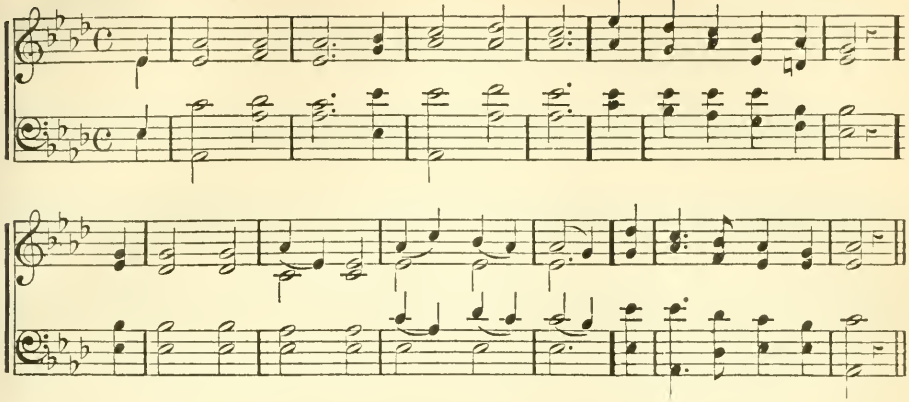
Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Samuel Longfellow.

HUMMEL. C. M. Charles Zeuner. 1832.



464. *The Morning.*

We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs,
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

Oh, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

John Mason Neale.
Samuel Longfellow. 1848.

465. *The Kingdom of God.*

The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err:
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord! judge thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

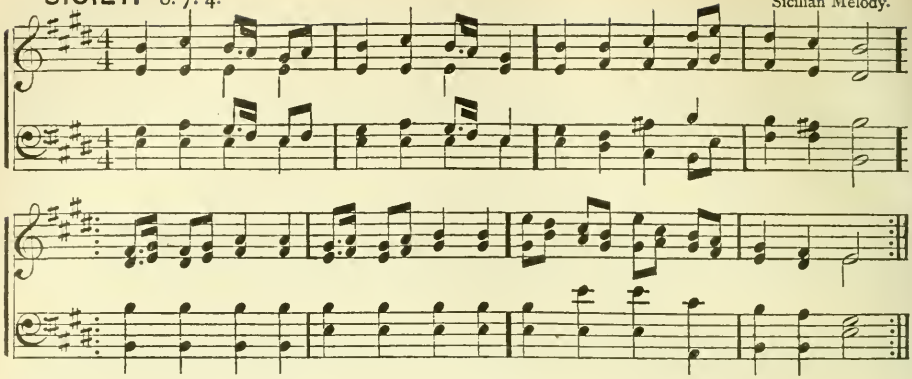
The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

John Milton. 1648

SICILY. 8. 7. 4.

Sicilian Melody.



466. *Upward and Onward.*

We the weak ones, we the sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may:
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing.
Onward, onward:
Why this faithless tarrying?

By each saving word unspoken;
By thy truth, as yet half won;
By each idol yet unbroken;
By thy will, yet poorly done;
Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty! help us on.

Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break,
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

Thomas H. Gill. 1869.

467. *Joy in God's Presence.*

Lord, thy presence dear delighteth,
While thine earth is our abode:
Heaven our pilgrim steps inviteth,
Yet thy glory fills the road;
Here we sweetly
Journey on with thee, our God.

If we love this beaming Nature,
'Tis that there our God doth shine:
In each gracious, glorious creature,
Lord, we love those beams of thine.
Earth reveals thee:
Her best glory is divine.

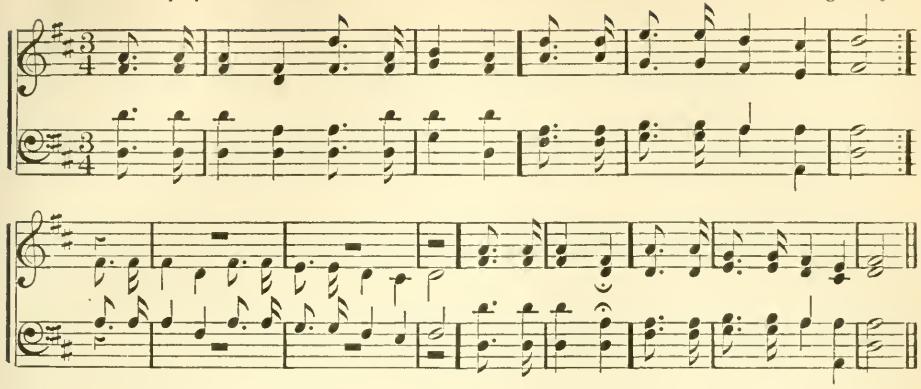
Ah, thy brightest dimly hail thee!
Oft thy presence doth remove:
Earth-born mists too often vail thee,
Sin is strong to hide thy love;
Yet it shineth,
Yet we bless the light above.

How thy saints rejoice before thee,
God of justice and of grace!
With what triumph they adore thee,
With what transport speak thy praise!
Hallelujah!
True and righteous are thy ways.

Thomas H. Gill. 1869.

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Thomas Hastings. 1830.



468. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Cleave the flood, and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams. 1773.

469. *"I am thy God."*

ON the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing, —
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

470. *Hallelujah, for the Lord reigneth.*

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

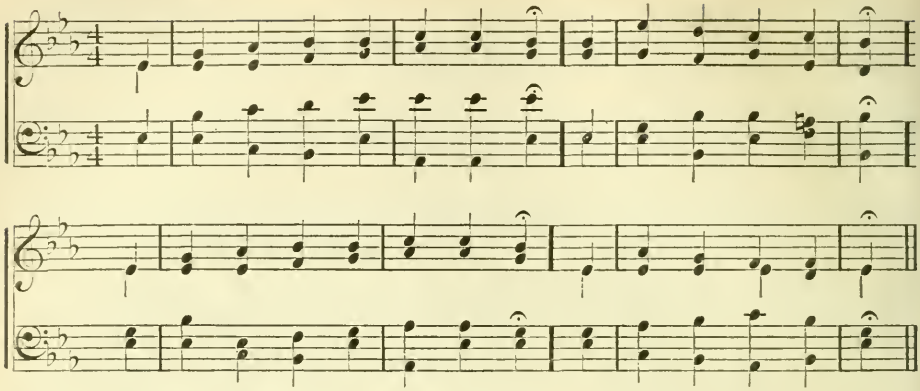
Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to thee.
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy peace to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

Latin Hymn. 13th cent.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837

TALLIS. C. M.

Thomas Tallis.



471. *Permanence of the Church.*

Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within her solemn voice,
And her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God: [her,
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
And tempests are abroad,—

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

A. C. Coxe.

472. *The River of Life.*

There is a river, deep and broad;
Its course no mortal knows:
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign:
The Lord himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.

Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Father know,
And all obey his will.

W. Hurn.

473. *Kindness and Constancy of Providence.*

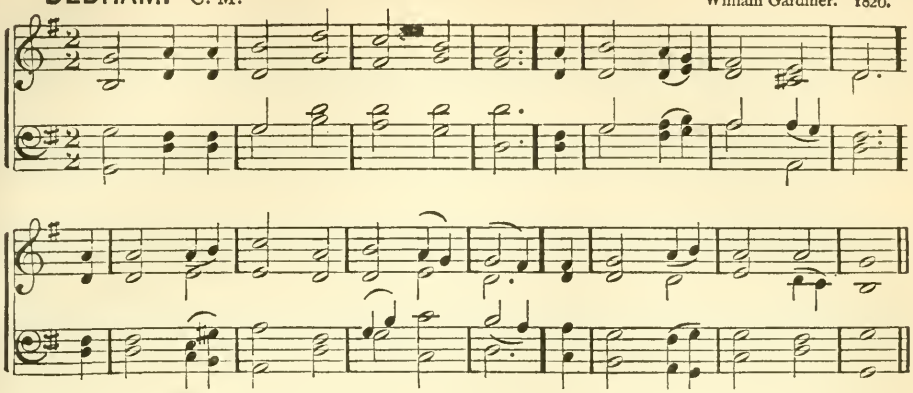
Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

Anne Steele.

DEDHAM. C. M.

William Gardiner. 1820.



474. *"Brightening unto the Perfect Day."*

GONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
Oh, shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun!

Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime;
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time.

Lo! on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

This is the dawn of infant faith:
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest-time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

Breviary.

475. *The Reign of Love.*

SUPREME Disposer of the heart,
Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain;
But, when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

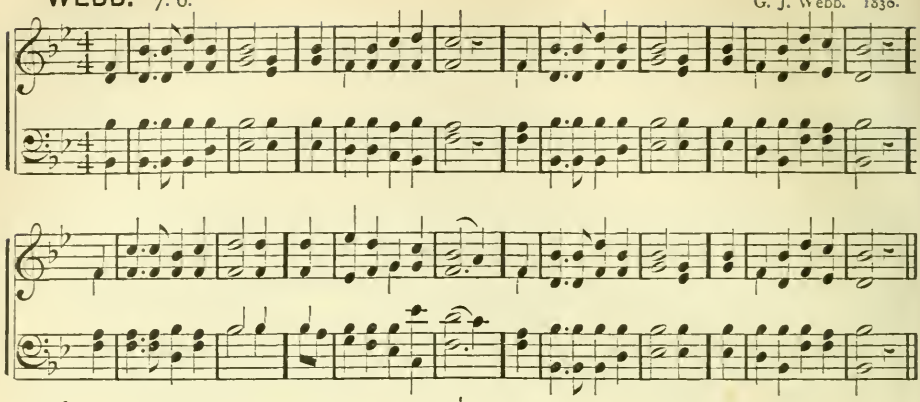
O love! O true and fadeless light!
And shall it ever be,
That, after all our toils and tears,
Thy sabbath we shall see?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now,
We sow our seed with prayer;
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power!
Our faith and hope increase;
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

Breviary.

WEBB. 7. 6. G. J. Webb. 1830.



476. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

Samuel F. Smith. 1831.

477. *Lo! He cometh.*

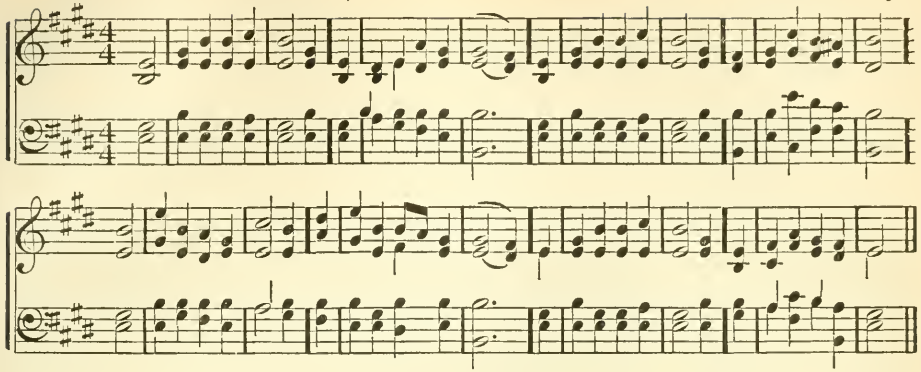
GOD comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love.

James Montgomery. 1822.†

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. Lowell Mason. 1823.



478. *Light for All.*

THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.

Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;
Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

Anon.

479. *Close of Worship.*

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live:
Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

William Gaskell. 1837.

480. *Missionary Hymn.*

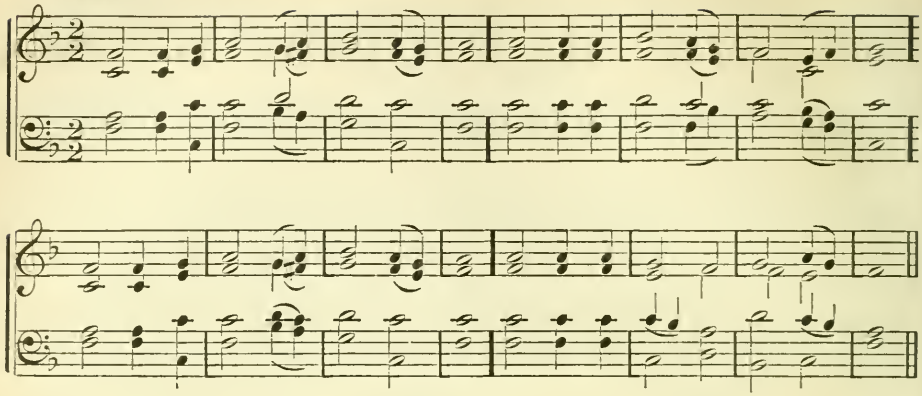
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1819.

HAMBURG. L. M.



481.

Old and New.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.

482.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world:—

Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

Sir John Bowring.

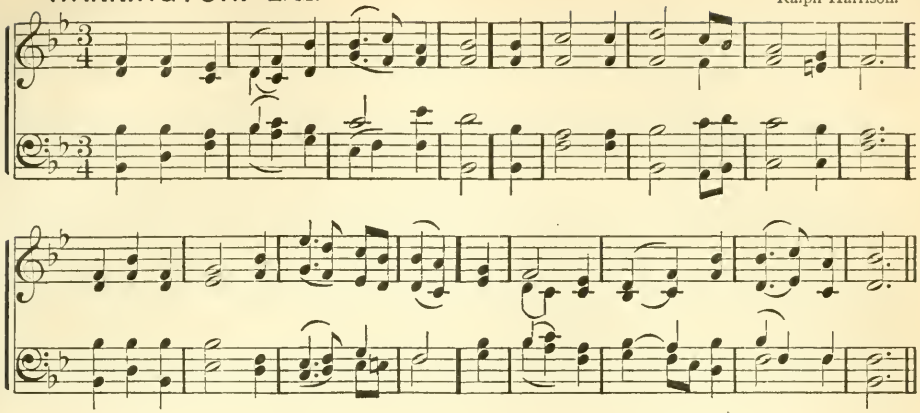
483.

The Hope of Man.

The past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

WARRINGTON. L. M. Ralph Harrison.



He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun:
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

484. *The Kingdom of God.*

O Spirit of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord.

James Montgomery. 1825.

485. *Lift up your Heads, ye Gates.*

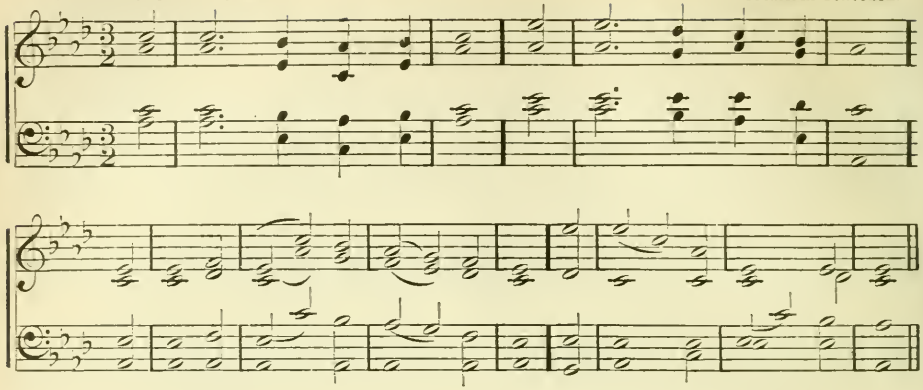
Oh, blest the souls, for ever blest,
Where God as Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the King of Glory comes!

Fling wide thy portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart,
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Deliverer, come! we open wide
Our hearts to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all thy glorious presence feel.
O King of souls, thyself reveal!

George Weissel.
Tr. C. Winkworth.

LEIGHTON. S. M. Greatorex Collection.



486. *"Thy Kingdom come."*

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family!

John Johns. 1837.

487. *"Thy Kingdom come."*

Thy kingdom come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch, as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

Thy kingdom come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

Hark! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
O God of grace and power!
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more!

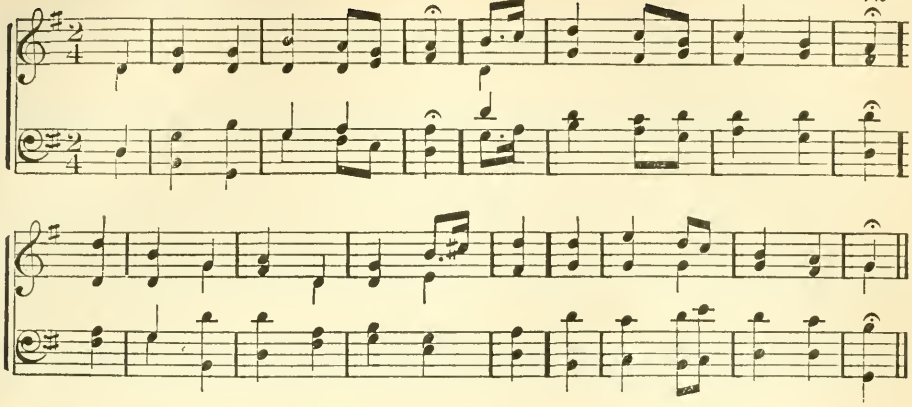
Harriet Martineau.

488. *Human Brotherhood.*

Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart,—
Sufferers are brothers all.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. William Tansur. 1743.



Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown, —
Christians are brothers all.

Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

John Johns. 1837.

489. *The New Life.*

How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And thro' thy Spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake!

With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share!
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

490. *Desire to find God.*

My Father bids me come:
Oh, why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stay.

Father, the hindrance show,
Which I have failed to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from thee.

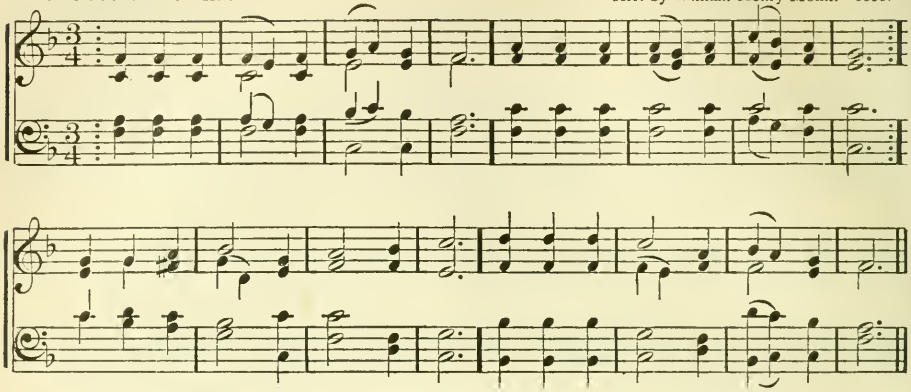
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
Take every veil away.

In me the hindrance lies:
The fatal bar remove;
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.



491.

Seeking after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.
Tr. John Wesley. 1738.

492.

Peace, Troubled Soul.

PEACE, troubled soul. Thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Protector still is near:
He who has fed, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will:
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all his children's needs supply.

Peace, doubting heart; distrust not God:
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon his staff and rod,
Still make his providence thy stay:
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill, —
'Tis God, who whispers, Peace; be still.

Samuel Ecking.

493.

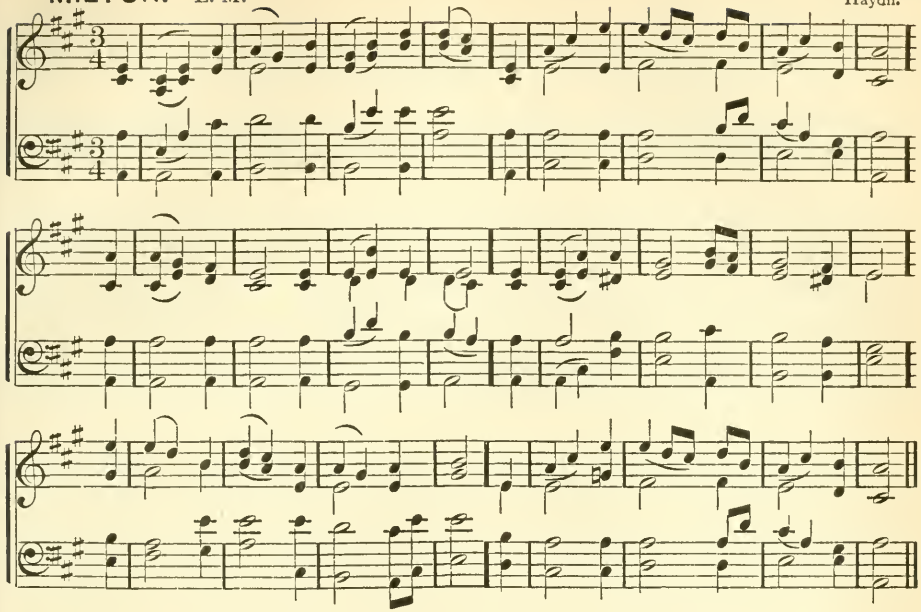
Spiritual Needs.

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

Oh that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Charles Wesley.

MILTON. L. M. Haydn.



494. *Living to God.*

Oh, draw me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me thro' death's whelming tide.

Moravian.

495. *God our All in All.*

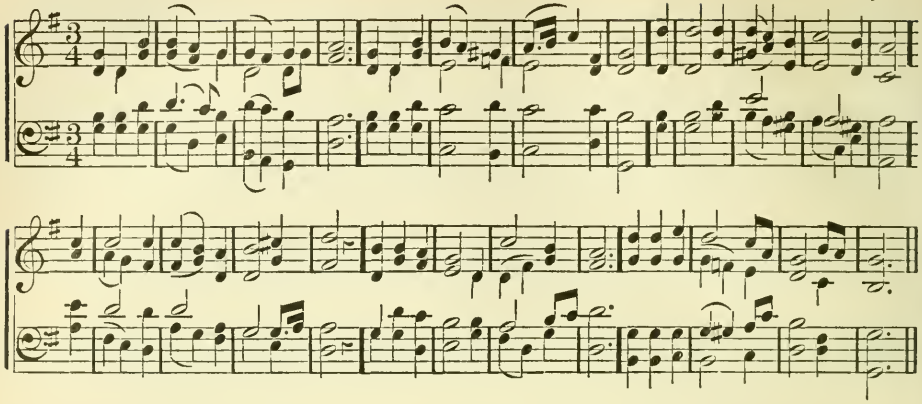
Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine.
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

Father, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the cold world's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in evil's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

SALISBURY. L. M. Johann Michael Haydn.



496. *Submission to God's Will.*

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful to the flower:
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine be done.

Sarah F. Adams.

497. *The Peace of God.*

O Father, lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in thy dear love;
And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to thy throne.

Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And, day and night, the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone from thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In thy deep peace for ever blest.

Anon.

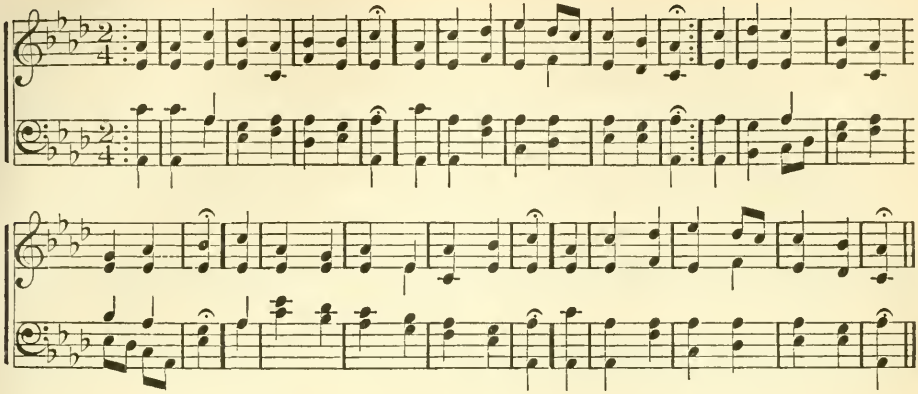
498. *I will come again.*

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy:
So shall your Saviour enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer, come; we open wide
Our hearts to thee: here, Lord, abide.
Let us thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in us reveal;
The Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.

George Weissel.
Tr. C. Winkworth.

LUTHER. L. M. Martin Luther.



499. *God our Guide.*

LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love, —
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.

Wesleyan.

500. *God a Refuge.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

501. *For Union with God.*

O LOVE, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Father, nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek, but thee!

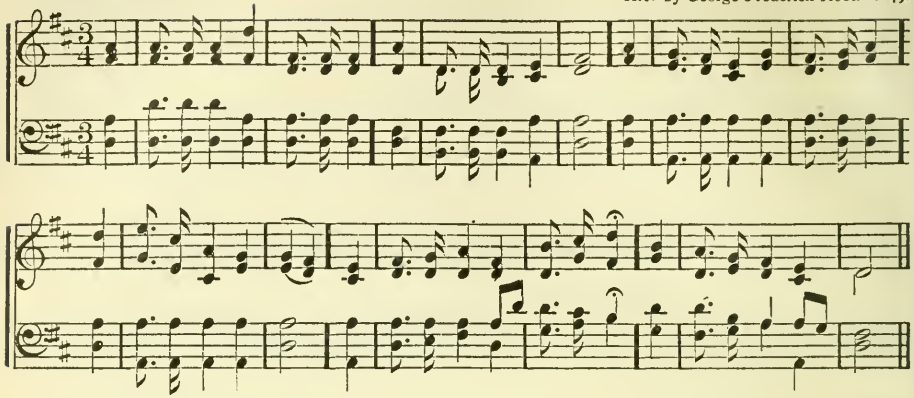
Unwearied may I this pursue,
Undaunted to this prize aspire;
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

Oh, that I as a little child
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become at one with thee.

Wesleyan.

VARINA. C. M.

Johann C. H. Rink.
Arr. by George Frederick Root. 1849.



502. "*My Times are in Thy Hand.*" Ps. xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize. .

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

Anna L. Waring.

503. *For Daily Strength.*

I ASK thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

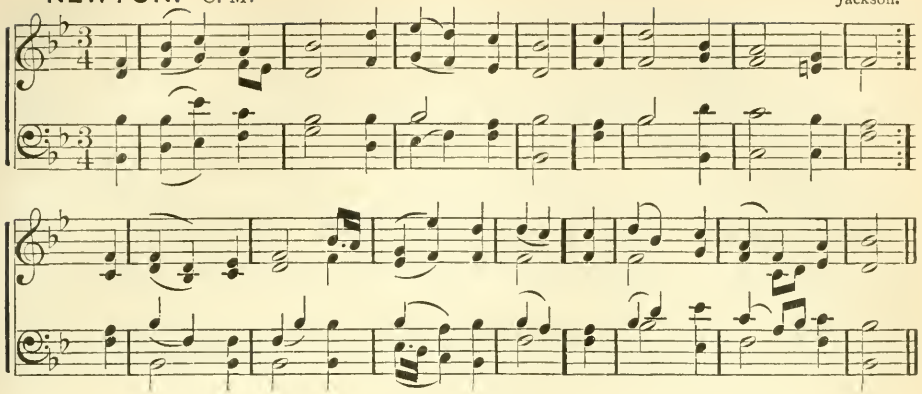
And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

Briars and thorns beset our path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But lowly hearts, that lean on thee,
Are happy anywhere.

In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

NEWTON. C. M. Jackson.



504.

Evening Prayer.

O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow:
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings;
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings, —
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies!

C. M. Packard.

505.

"*Trust in Him at All Times.*"

Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away, —
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

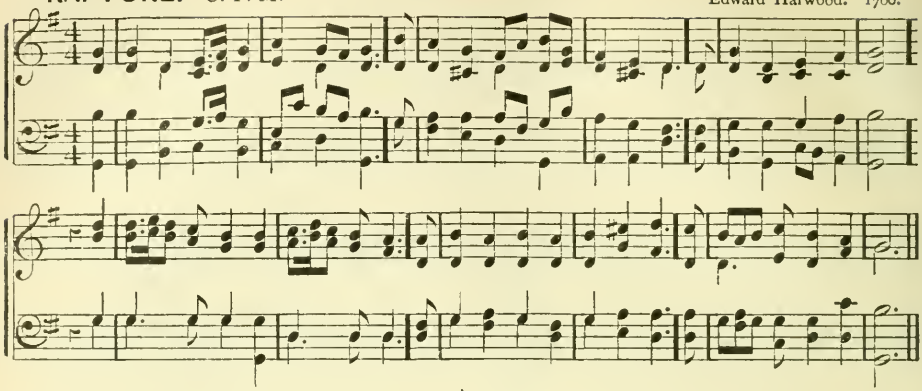
On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness!

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Anna Lætitia Waring. 1850.

RAPTURE. C. P. M. Edward Harwood. 1760.



506.

Praise.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies, —
Praise Him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed, —
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy. John Ogilvie.

507.

Providential Goodness of God.

GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health and friends and food
And peace and calm content,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise
For all thy blessings lent.

Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

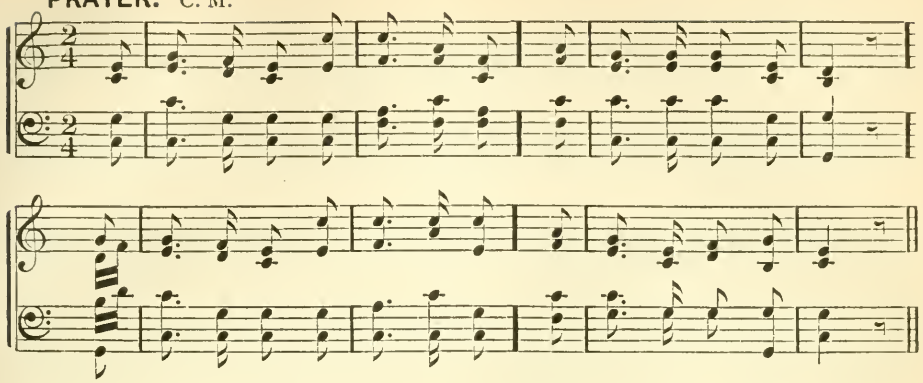
To thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love. Exeter Coll.

508.

Doxology.

To God whose glory fills the sky,
Whom all the blessed ones on high
And saints on earth adore, —
Be glory as in ages past,
So now, and long as earth shall last,
Till time shall be no more. Anon.

PRAYER. C. M.



509. *A Song of Trust.*

O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

But thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words,
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

John W. Chadwick. 1876.

510. *"The Garment thou seest him by."*

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not
From earnest hearts and true:
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.
And on its flowing hem we read,
As thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thy order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.
These are thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace:
We cannot wish for more.

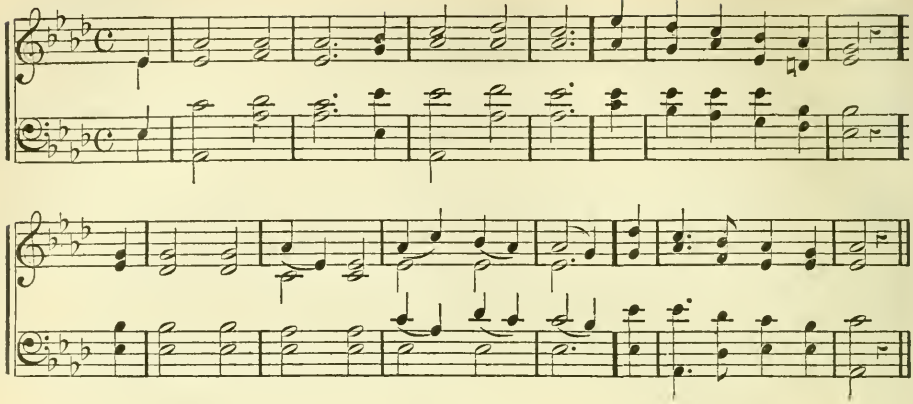
John W. Chadwick. 1876.

511. *God ever near.*

God hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed.
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long,
We lose him not, unsought.

William C. Gannett.

HUMMEL. C. M. Charles Zeuner. 1832.



512. *The Mysteries of Providence.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1779.

513. *Working with God.*

Workman of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

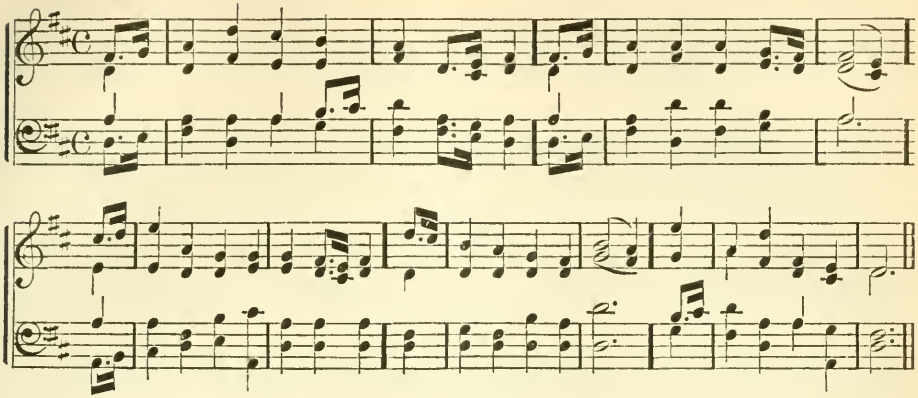
Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. George Frederick Handel.



514. *The Right must win.*

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

515. *The Christian's Life.*

A soldier's course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun,—
Behold the Christian's life!

Oh, let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

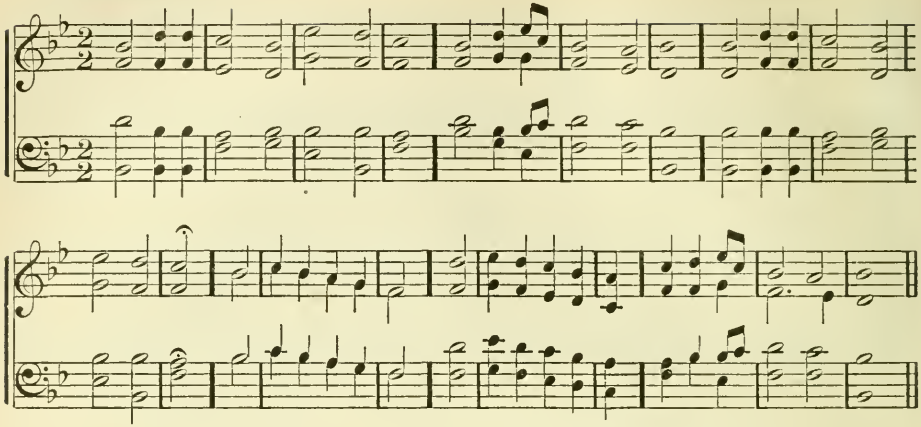
Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

The land where, suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man!

Gisborne.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. Dr. John Randall. 1790.



516. *For Devout Fervor.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

517. *For Holiness.*

FATHER, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

I hold thee with a trembling hand;
I will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour
When God shall reign in me, —
Spirit of health, and life and power
And perfect liberty!

Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

Charles Wesley.

518. *God is Love.*

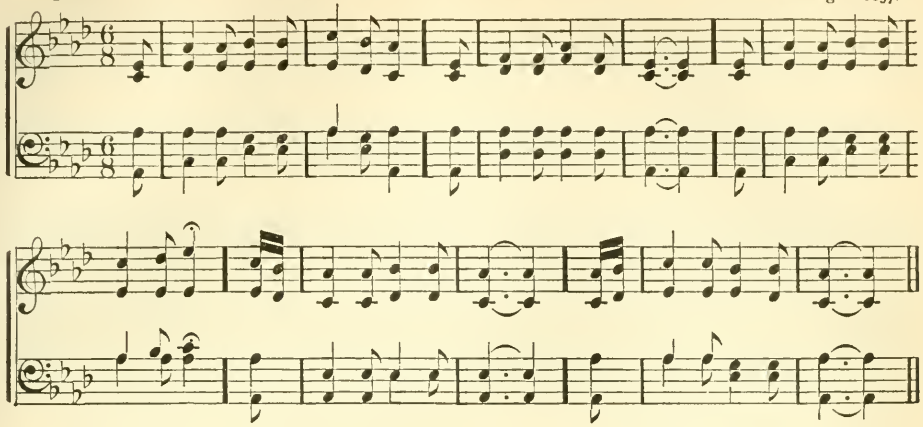
COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your soul above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

Behold! his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love!

George Burder. 1779.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. Thomas Hastings. 1837.



519. *The Whole Armor.*

Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey,
That grace and mercy bring!

There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run;
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

Oh, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne:
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon.

520. *"Quicken me, O Lord."*

Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

Horatius Bonar. 1857.

521. *God's Condescending Love.*

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

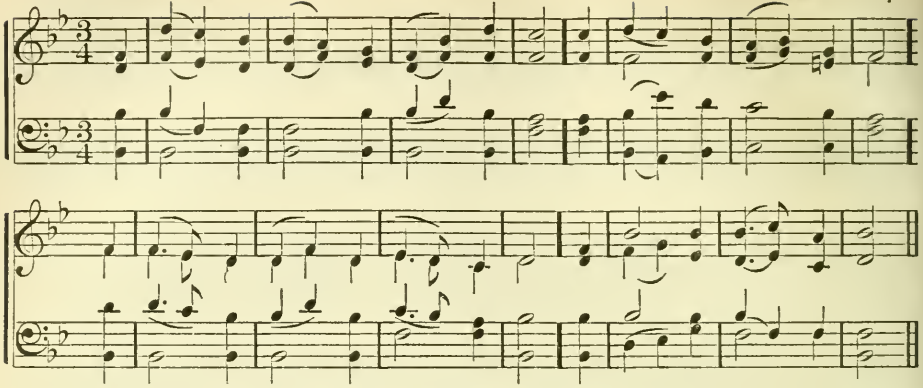
Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

F. W. Faber. 1850.

LOGAN. C. M.

Modern Harp.



522. *For a Tender Conscience.*

I WANT a principle within
  Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
  A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
  Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
  And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
  No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
  The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
  O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
  And keep it still awake.

Charles Wesley.

523. *Prayer for Supplies of Grace.*

THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
  To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove
  And gladly sing thy praise.

Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
  Our sacrifice receive:
Made and preserved and saved by thee,
  To thee ourselves we give.

To thee our every wish aspires:
  For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
  Is that we ask for more.

For more we ask; we open, Lord,
  Our hearts to embrace thy will:
Renew us by thy quickening word,
  And from thy fulness fill.

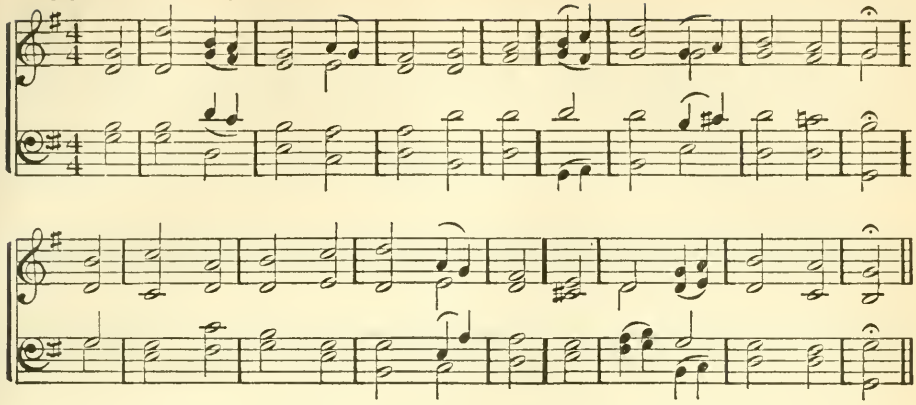
Charles Wesley.

524. *Preparation of the Heart.*

GOD of all grace, we come to thee,
  With broken, contrite hearts:
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
  Truth in the inward parts.

Give deep humility; the sense
  Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
  To hear thy voice, and live;

STEPHENS. C. M. William Jones. 1784.



Patience, to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

Give these; and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery.

525. *The Divine Will.*

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine:
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

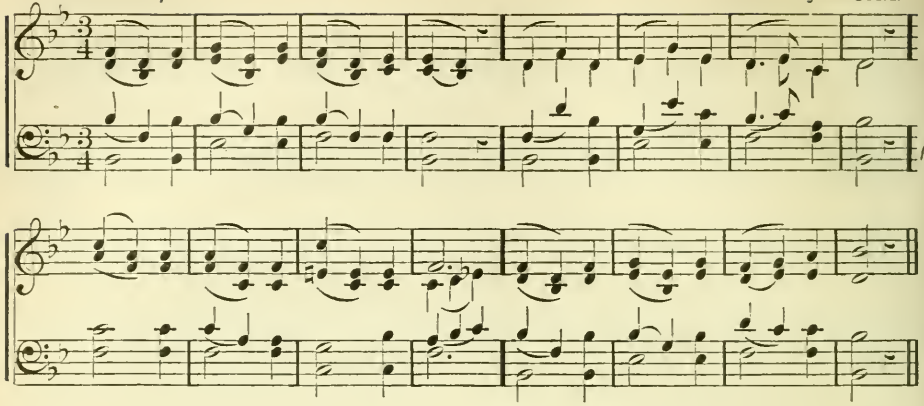
526. *Trust in God.*

THOUGH dark our present prospects be,
And sorrows round us dwell,
Yet hope doth whisper to the soul
That all shall issue well.

Full in the presence of our God,
Through every scene we go;
And, fearing him, no other fear
Our steadfast hearts shall know.

Anon.

FAYAT. 7. J. E. Gould.



527. *"Forgive us our Trespasses."*

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs:
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

John Taylor.

528. *Seeking a Clean Heart.*

Blest Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

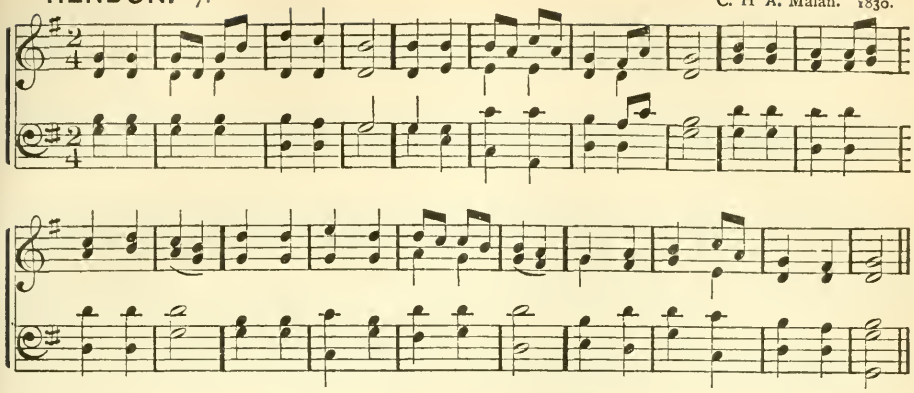
James Merrick.

529. *The Decision.*

O my Father never more,
From thy ways that I depart,
Now my failing will restore,
Fix the purpose of my heart.

Ere another step I take
In my wilful, wandering way,
Still I have a choice to make:
Oh, decide my will to-day!

HENDON. 7. C. H A. Malan. 1830.



Patient love is waiting still
In my Father's heart for me,
Love to bend my froward will,
Love to make me really free.

Father, fast the moments flee:
Oh, decide my will to-day!
Bind my heart to follow thee,
Ere the song has died away.

Hymns of the Spirit.

530. *To the Prodigal Son.*

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother: homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother: God can save.

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee: God will make thee whole.

Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him, — he is near.

James F. Clarke.

531. "*The Spirit also helpeth our Infirmities.*"

When across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife;

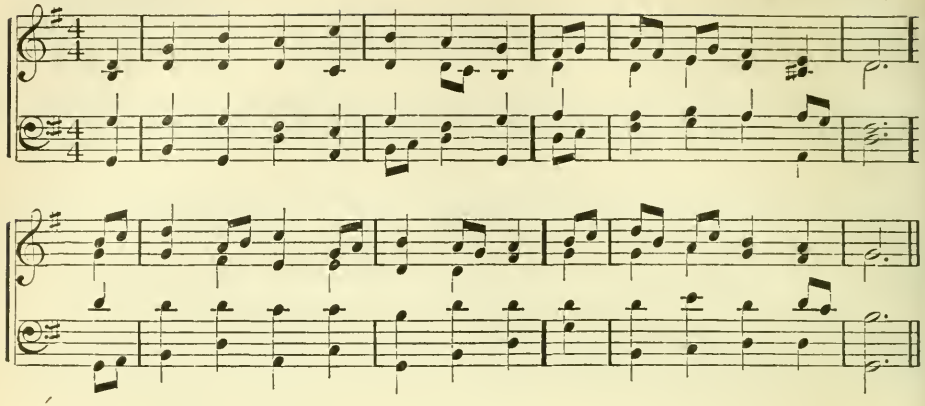
All to do, and nothing done;
Useless days fast fleeting by;
Wanderings many, progress none;
Faltering steps by fountains dry, —

Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting, fall beside the way?
Help us, Giver of all good;
Teach thy weary ones to pray.

Oh, forgive our faithless mind;
Raise us from our low estate;
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great!

H. G. Tomkins.

MEDFIELD. C. M. William Mather. 1790.



532. *For Purity of Heart.*

Oh for a heart to praise my God,—
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me!

Oh for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within,—

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to thine!

Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Oh, write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

533. *Joy in the Presence of God.* Ps. liii.

Shine on our souls, eternal God;
With rays of beauty shine:
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

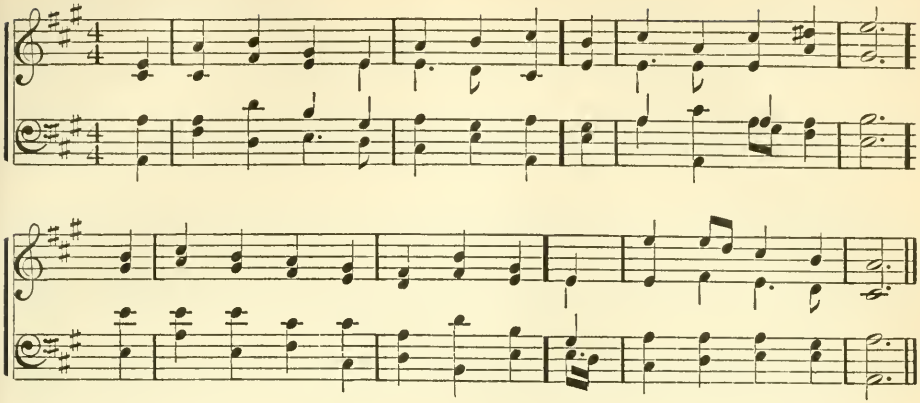
Philip Doddridge. 1755.

534. *Thy Kingdom come.*

Father of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign,—

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. Jeremiah Clarke.



The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

535. *Invoking Compassion.*

O God, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook!
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look;

For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace,
Our truest bliss to find;
In mercy view our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

William C. Bryant.

536. *For Guidance and Protection.*

God of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

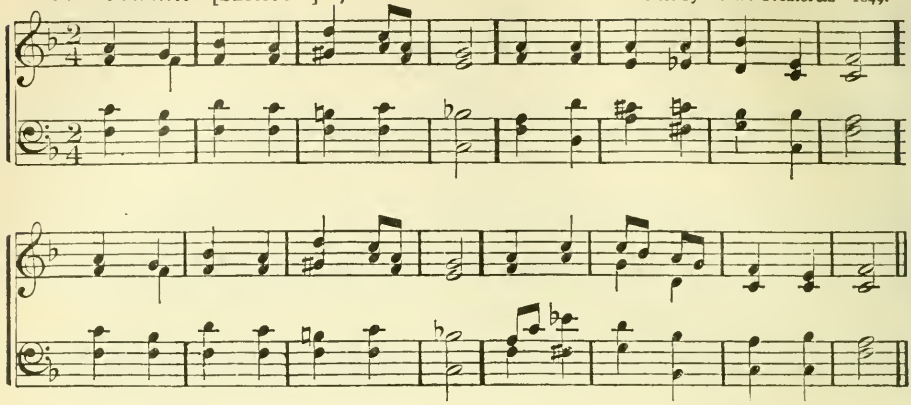
Oh, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge. 1736.

CHATHAM. [SEYMOUR.] 7.

From C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by H. W. Greatorex. 1849.



537. *"Father, I have sinned."*

LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw:
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands;
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me,—even me.

Samuel Longfellow.

538. *Rest in God.*

OH, how safe, how happy he,
Lord of Hosts, who dwells with thee!
Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
Guarded by the King of kings!

How to him should evil come
Who has found in thee a home?
In the refuge of thy breast,
Give me, Lord, eternal rest!

Hark! the voice of love divine:
"Fear not, trembler,—thou art mine!
Fear not! I am at thy side,
Strong to succor, sure to guide.

Call on me in want and woe:
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to myself at last."

Henry F. Lyte. 1834.

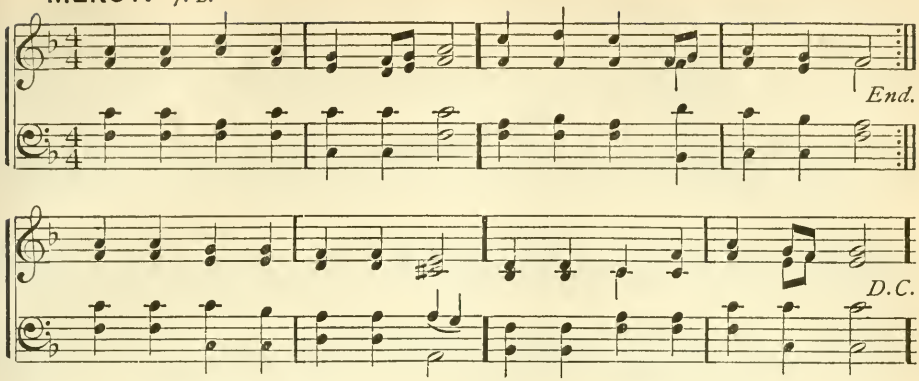
539. *The Supreme Good.*

LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Thee to see and thee to love
Perfects bliss below, above.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1774.

MERCY. 7. D.



540. *The Spirit of God invoked.*

SOURCE of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move, —
Come! thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love thee from the heart!

As the hart, with longing, looks
For refreshing water-brooks,
Heated in the burning chase,
So my soul desires thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy cooling streams to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God, whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire!
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
And surrender all to thee, —
Comforting and strengthening me!

Johann Frank. 1653.
Tr. Richard Massie. 1854.

541. *Prayer for Mercy.*

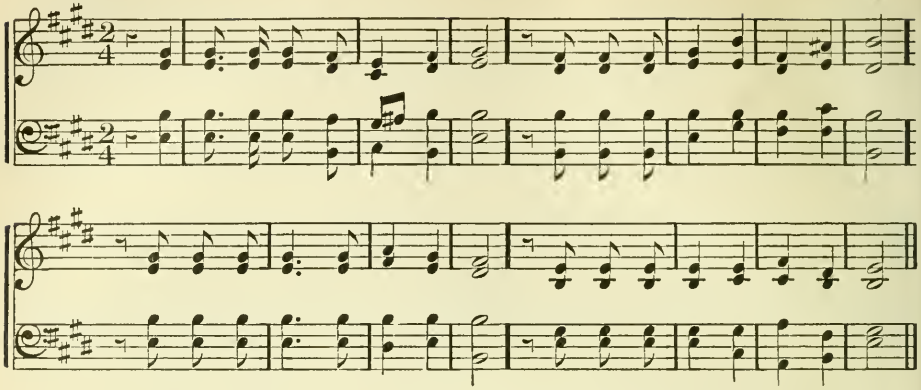
LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way:
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word, —
Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord!

Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh, —
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour has come;
When is loosed the silver cord, —
Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord!

Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven, —
Then thy fostering grace afford;
Then, oh, then, have mercy, Lord!

Henry H. Milman.

DEDICATION CHANT. L. M. L. Marshall.



542. *Watchfulness.*

GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal:
Sin and its snares are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

Oh that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

Oh that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

Exeter Coll.

543. *Faith in God's Love.*

O FATHER, humbly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above;
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

Though clouds may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

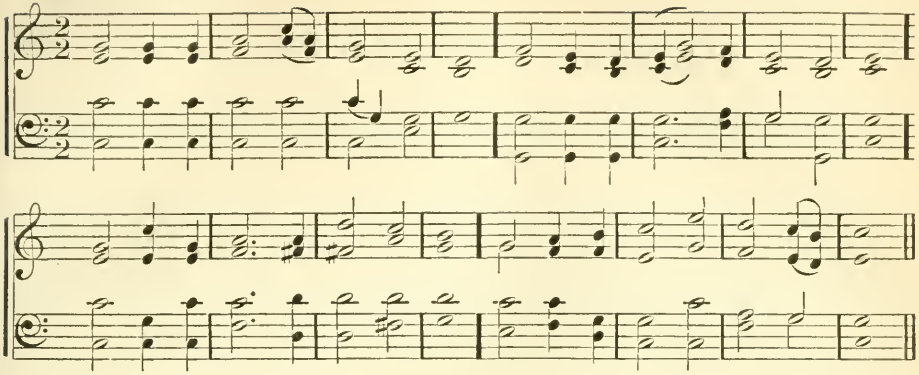
William Gaskell.

544. *For Steadiness of Principle.*

AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares and toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat;

Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. Bradbury. 1844.



Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside!
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

Henry Moore.

545. *Our Guide.*

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness, — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, — the living way, —
Nor let us from his pastures stray;

Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Simon Browne.

546. *Prayer the Way to God.*

Prayer is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray:
They learn to pray when first they live.

If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every need still watch and pray.

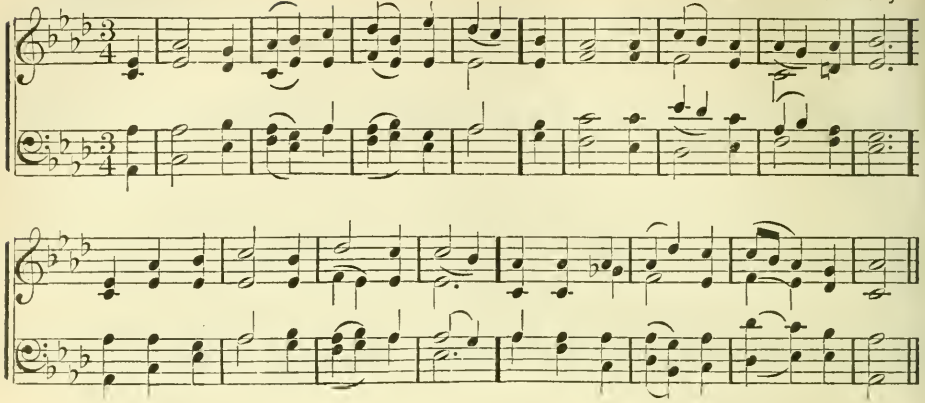
'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word:
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
The breathings of the soul are heard.

Depend on him; thou shalt prevail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

OBERLIN. L. M.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



547. *For Guardianship and Guidance.*

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence, I fear;
No ill, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.
Tr. John Wesley. 1738.

548. *The Christian Warfare.*

Awake, my soul: lift up thine eyes, —
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host!
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul: now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell:
The Man of Calvary triumphed here, —
Why should his faithful followers fear?

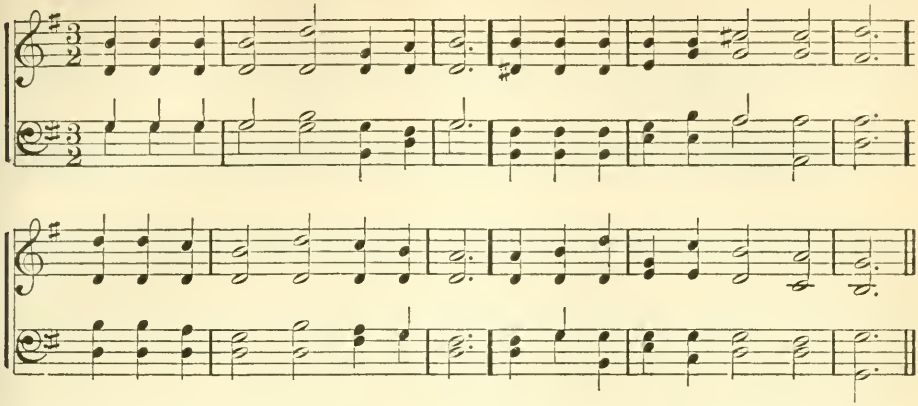
Anna L. Barbauld.

549. *Religion the One Thing Needful.*

Why do we waste, in trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares:
While, thro' the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

Our Father calls us from above,
Our Saviour pleads his dying love;
Awakened conscience gives us pain:
Shall all these pleas unite in vain?

HARMONY GROVE. L. M. H. K. Oliver.



Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

Then wake, my soul; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care:
With steady step that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

550. *Choosing the Better Part.*

Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

551. *Retirement and Meditation.*

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

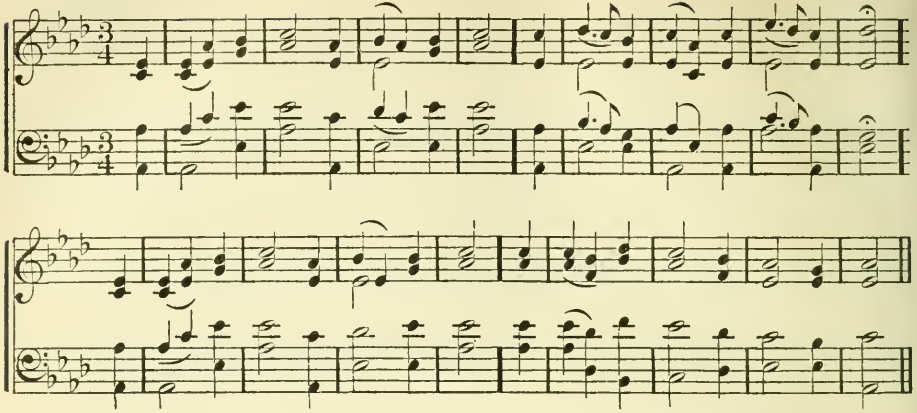
Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,—
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. Taylor. 1847.



552. *Devotion to God.*

My gracious God, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

Thy work my feeble age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

553. *Self-Consecration.*

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

Jean Frederic Oberlin. 1820.
Tr. Mrs. Daniel Wilson. 1830.

554. *Christian Resolves.*

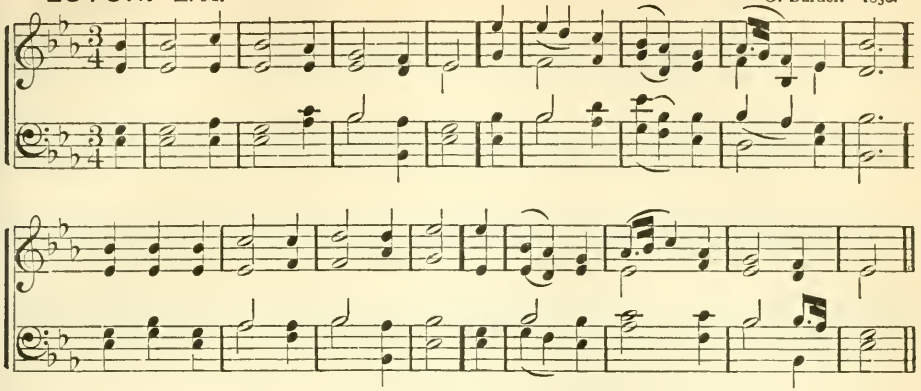
May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward!

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Anne Steele.

LUTON. L. M. G. Burder. 1830.



555. *The Soldiers of the Cross.*

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face!
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourish'd ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham. 1847.

556. *Prayer for Guidance.*

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

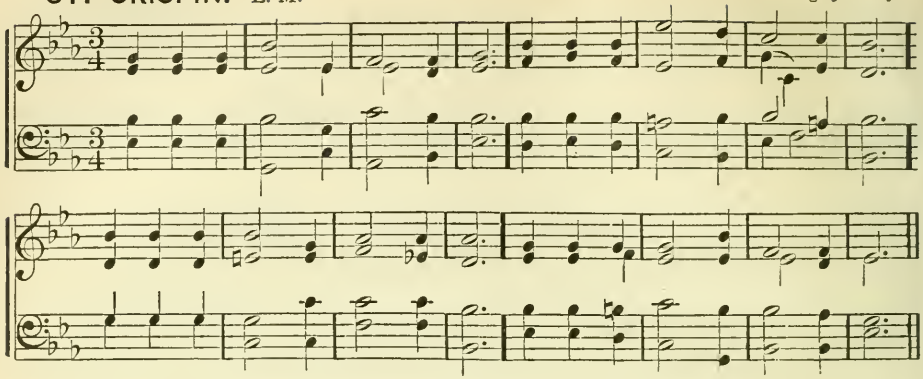
I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God! my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

ST. CRISPIN. L. M. Sir George J. Elvey.



(In singing Hymn 559, repeat the last two words of each verse.)

557. *Walking with God.*

THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
And find thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.

And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.

William Gaskell.

558. *All Things work for Good.*

WE all, O Father! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant love we share.

And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,—
All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer thee.

George Dyer.

559. "*I will go unto my Father.*"

JUST as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,—
O loving God! I come.

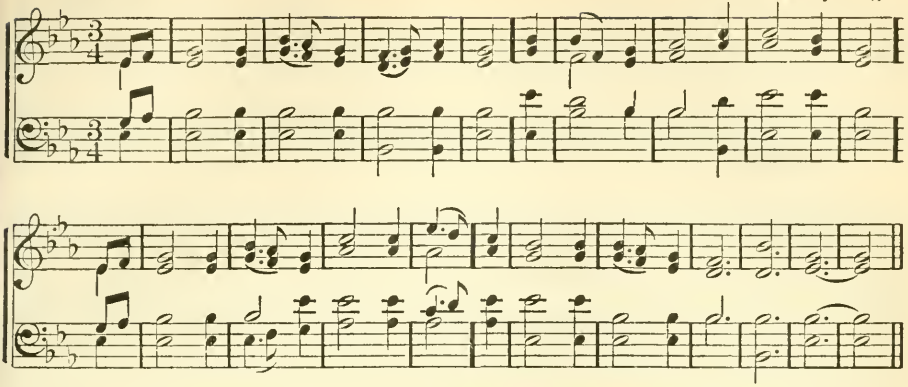
Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O loving God! I come.

Charlotte Elliott and Samuel Longfellow.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. Bradbury. 1849.



560. *Trust in God.*

Be still, my heart: these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

J. Newton.

561. *Worship.*

Father of all, with song and prayer,
We worship at thy sacred shrine;
And feel how blest thy temples are,
How infinite thy love divine.

Thy Holy Spirit here impart,
Thy wisdom teach us to adore;
On every longing, faithful heart
Send down thy grace for evermore.

Give to thy people willing minds
Thy righteous purpose to fulfil,
The holy love whose influence binds
Their hearts to know and do thy will.

J. G. Forman.

562. *Manna.*

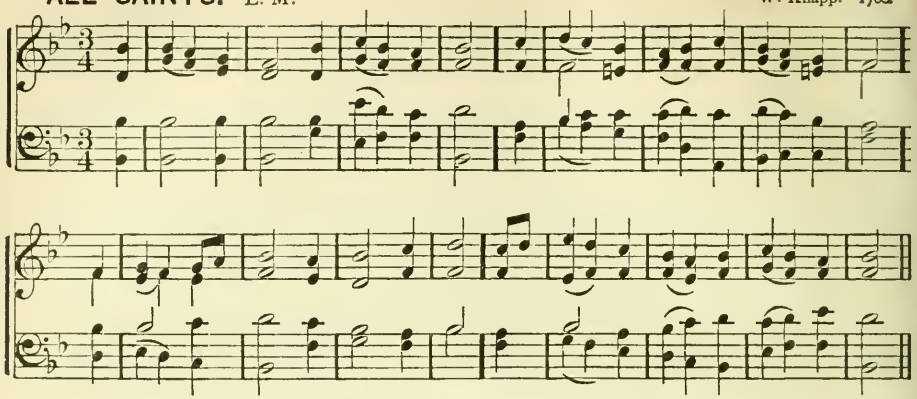
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And, oh, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow, —

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

ALL SAINTS. L. M. W. Knapp. 1768.



563. *For Manliness and Freedom.*

SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, — an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Henry Moore.

564. *An Independent and Happy Life.*

How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

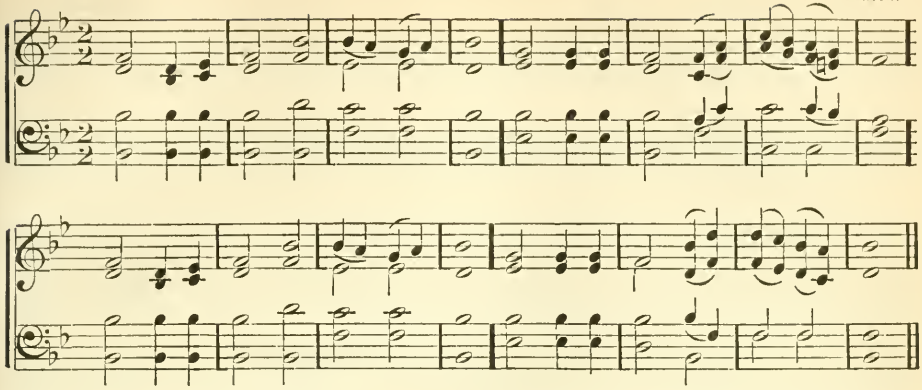
Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

ERNAN. L. M. Lowell Mason.



565. *A Prayer for Faith.*

I ASK not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

Phœbe Cary.

566. *The Sacrifice of Love.*

THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites and forms and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile!

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

Love God and man: this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

Thomas Scott. 1772.

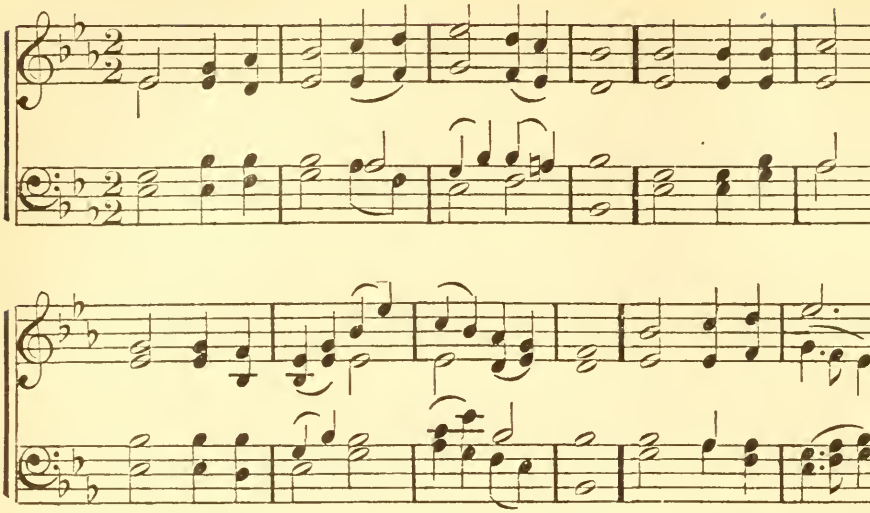
567. *For New Life.*

O THOU who all things dost control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law!

Oh, let a ray from thy pure light
Pierce thro' the gathering shades of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy, conquering faith inspire!

Anon.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



568. *Living to God.*

O Thou who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

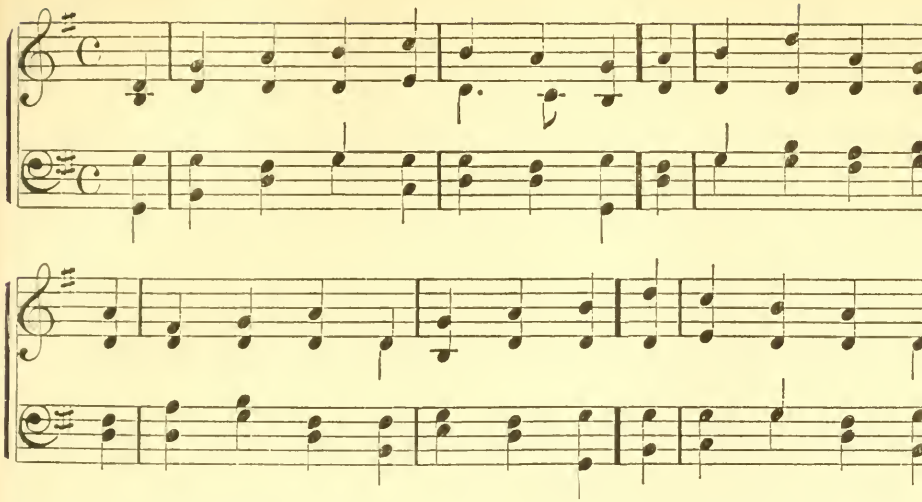
Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

Plenteous in grace,
Rich in thy matchle
From sin and sorro
And make us templ

Cleanse and refine
Inflame and sanctif
Our frailties help, o
Submit the senses t

Thrice holy Fount!
Our hearts with hea
Make us eternal tru
Aid us to live as we

NORFOLK. L. M.



The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

William H. Burleigh.

571. *Before Work.*

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

Fain would I still for th
Whate'er thy bounteous
And run my course with
And closely walk with t

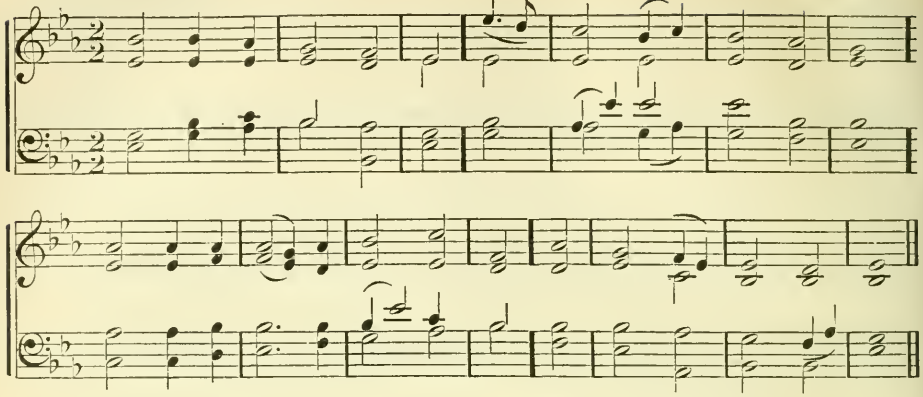
572. *The Christian*

AWAKE, our souls; awa
Let every trembling tho
Awake, and run the hea
And put a cheerful cou

True, 'tis a strait and th
And mortal spirits tire
But they forget the mig
That feeds the strength

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Mornington.



573. *For Christian Principles.*

My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do, —
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley. 1742

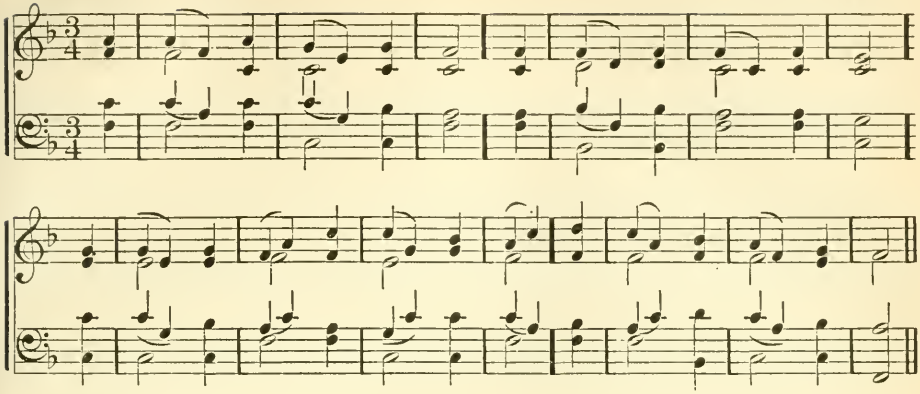
574. *For a Holy Heart.*

Great Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy Holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my heart.

My soul would cleave to thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!

Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

Wesleyan.

575. *"My Times are in thy Hand."*

"My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I'd have them there:
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

"My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
May I for ever be.

William F. Lloyd

576. *"Do all to the Glory of God."*

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

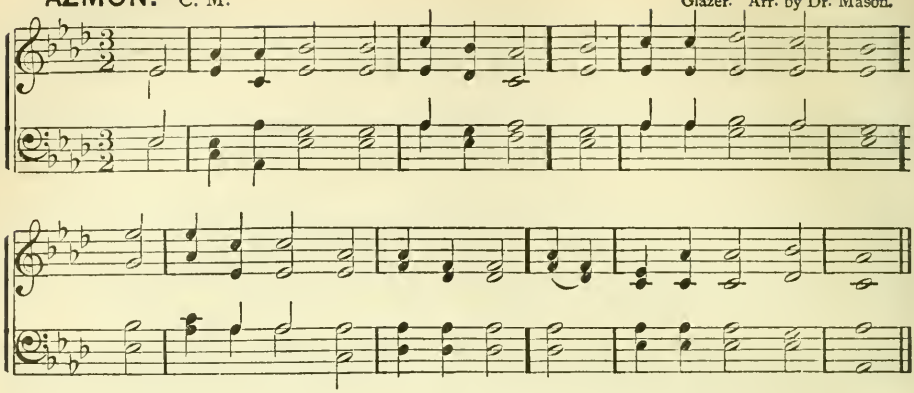
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert.†

AZMON. C. M. Glazer. Arr. by Dr. Mason.



577. *Man's Need of God's Help.*

Weak and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part:
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

Bound on a voyage of fearful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast:
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

William Cowper.

578. *My God, remember me.*

Oh, from these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free!
I struggle yet with darkness here:
My God, remember me.

Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race:
My God, remember me.

Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart:
My God, remember me.

For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings, I flee;
With sins and doubts and fears I fight:
My God, remember me.

Bartrum.

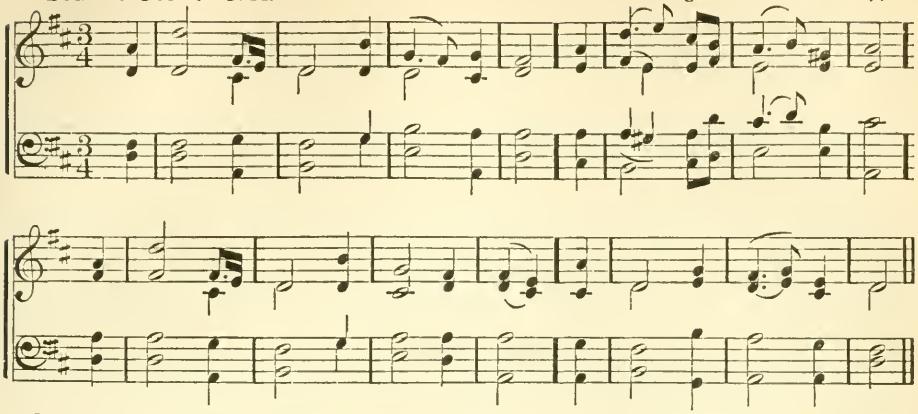
579. *Seeking God's Help.*

O Light and Power! O Life and Love!
Of every good the Source!
Send me sweet succor from above,
To speed me on my course.

Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
My every thought control:
Now, Holiest, thy work complete;
Possess and keep my soul.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

BRADFORD. C. M. George Frederick Handel. 1741.



580. *The Penitent Son.*

Oh, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee!
And morning, noon, and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

And yet the love which thou shouldst claim
To idols I have given;
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father!—oh, more than Father thou
Hast always been to me!

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—
Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

William H. Furness.

581. *Praying for Divine Help.*

Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

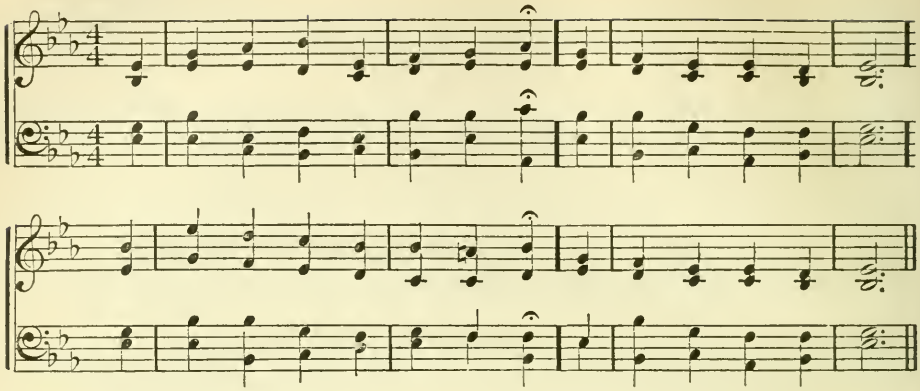
Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore!
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, Father, from on high!
We know no help but thee:
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

Henry H. Milman.

DUNDEE. C. M.



582. *Breathing after Holiness.*

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Isaac Watts.

583. *"He knoweth what ye have need of."*

Author of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide:
Oh, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

Not what we wish, but what we want;
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

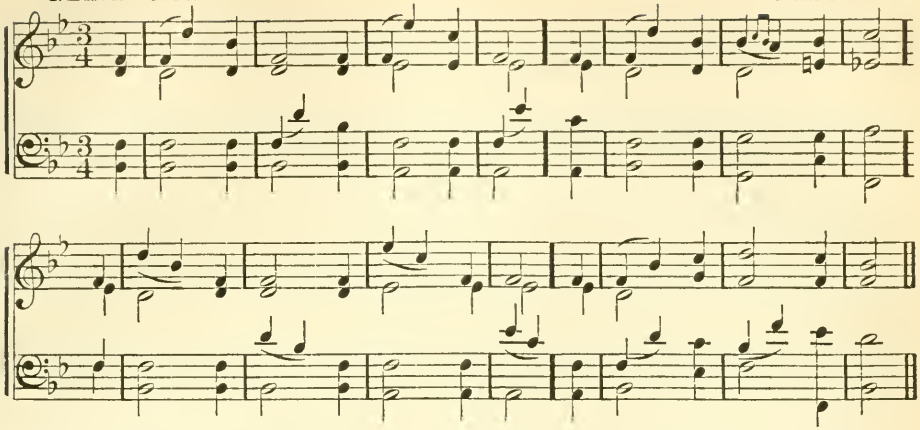
James Merrick.

584. *Cleanse thou me from Secret Faults.*

Searcher of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
Oh, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!

GEER. C. M. Greatorex's Coll.



If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

Philip Doddridge.

585. *Resignation.*

One prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

James Montgomery.

586. *The Saint's Rest.*

Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above, —
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

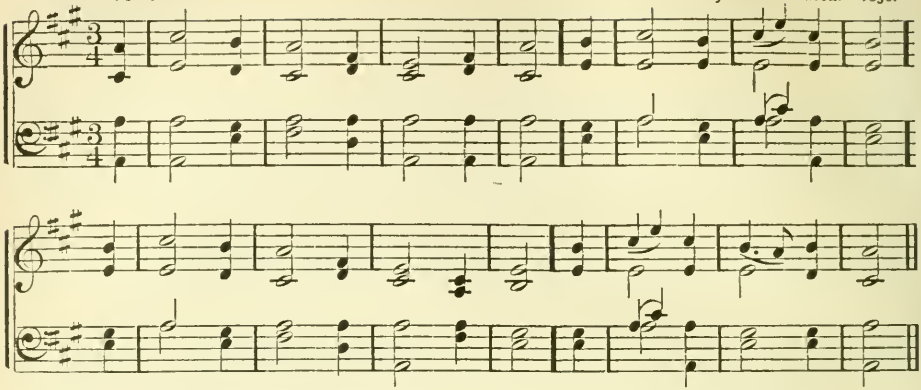
Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Wesley's Coll.

BALERMA. C. M.

Hugh Wilson.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



587. *Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.* 2 Chron. i.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;

We ask not honors which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

James Montgomery.

588. *Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.*

FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven eyed prudence be my guide;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart,
And let it guard and guide and warm
And penetrate my heart,

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love;
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

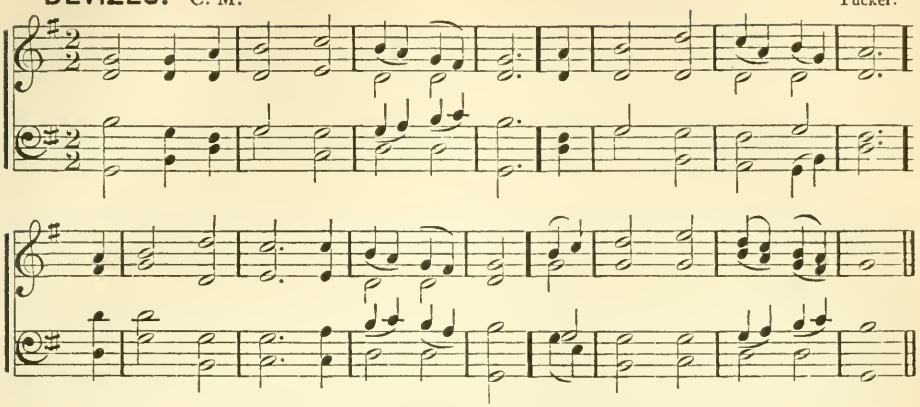
Smart.

589. *The Ways of Wisdom.*

WISDOM has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

DEVIZES. C. M. Tucker.



She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrases.

590. *Words and Deeds.*

BENEATH the thick but struggling cloud,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

Traditions, forms, and selfish aims
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.

Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.

We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake,—
Do the divine behest.

Anon.

591. *Kindly Judgment.*

THINK gently of the erring one;
Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

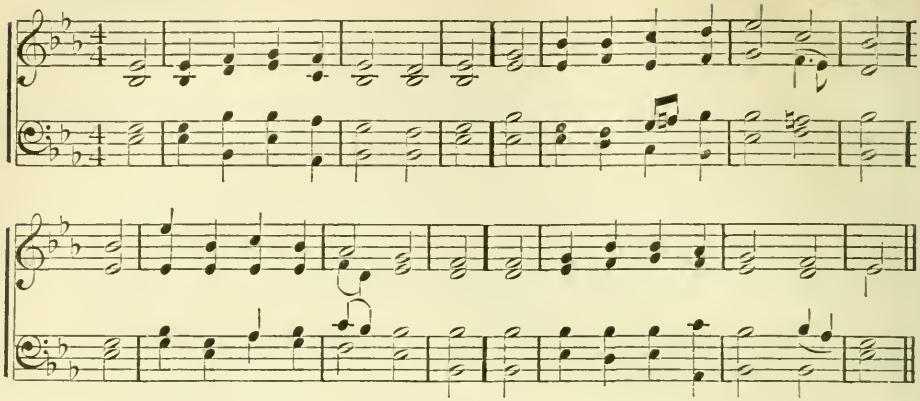
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. Lowell Mason.



592. *Holiness and Grace.*

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope, —
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

593. *Charitable Judgment.*

All-seeing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call, —
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light, —
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

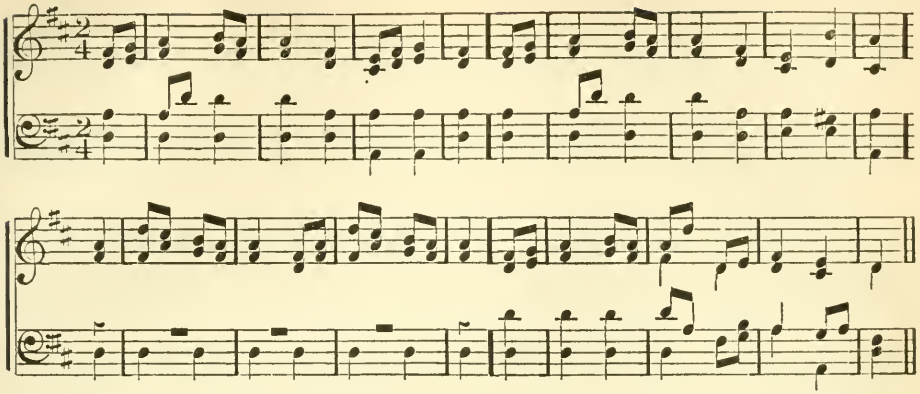
Thomas Scott

594. *Faith without Works is dead.*

As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

ORFORD. L. M. Lowell Mason.



In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace:
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

William Drummond.

595. *Christian Fellowship.*

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

In glad accord they seek the place
Where God reveals his gracious face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When droops at length frail nature's fire;
For they shall meet in realms above, —
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Anna L. Barbauld.

596. *Mutual Kindness.*

Dear ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race;
And, if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

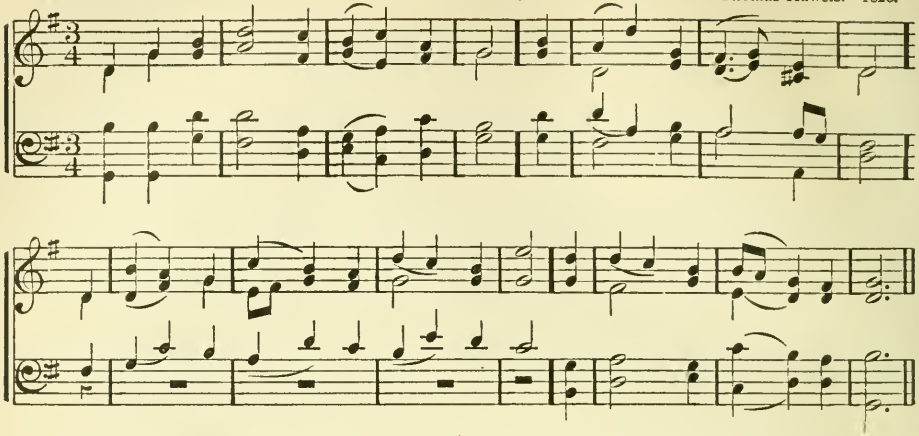
We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn,
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays,
Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who fall;

Till, taught by Him who, for our sake,
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrows less.

William Cullen Bryant.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. Thomas Haweis. 1820.



597. *Doing Good for Christ's Sake.*

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell.

598. *All Equal before God.*

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move!

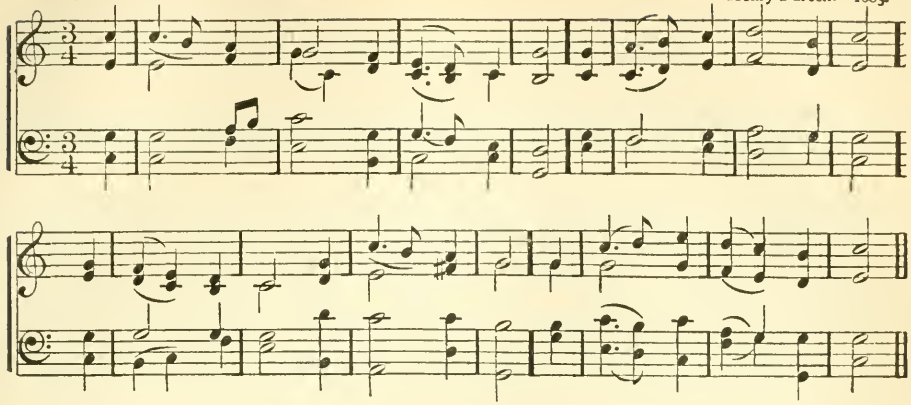
Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

Harriet Martineau.

599. *The Law of Love.* 2 Kings iv. 3.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

COLCHESTER. C. M. Henry Purcell. 1685.



But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

Richard C. Trench.

600. *For a Charitable Occasion.*

What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed;
In others' griefs our own to find,
In others' blessings blessed.

To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be fed;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

James Boden.

601. *Who is thy Neighbor?*

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

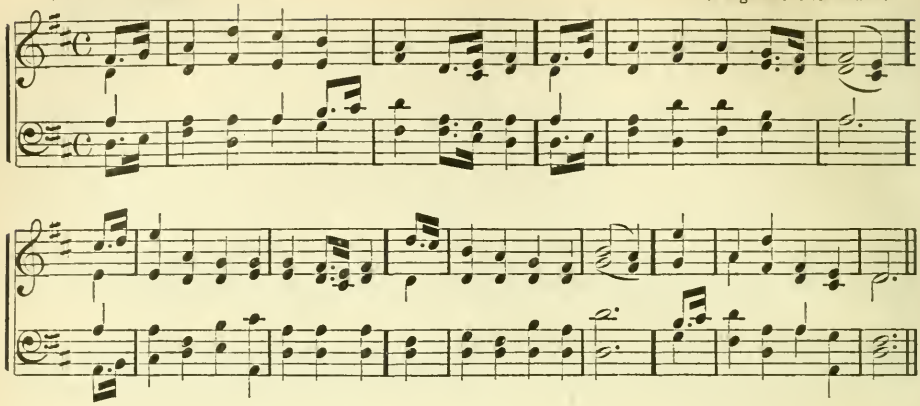
Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him!

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

William B. O. Peabody.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. George Frederick Handel.



602. *Holy Fortitude.*

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

603. *Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.*

Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

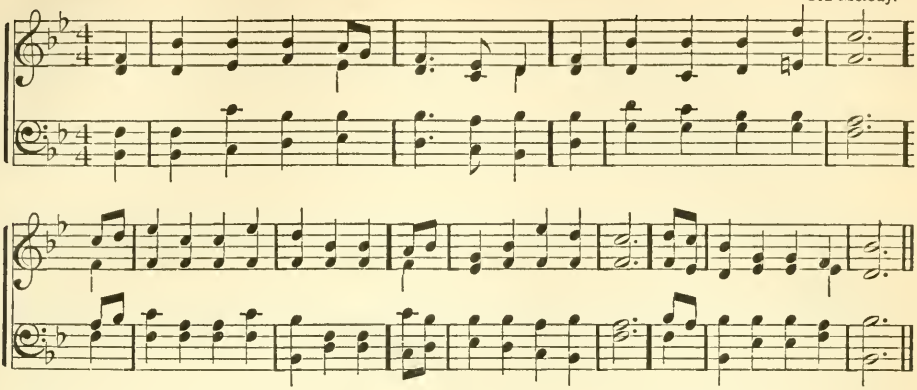
'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

GROTIUS. C. M.

Old Melody.



604. *On the Lord's Side.*

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled:
Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —
He joins the sacred host!

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host!

Samuel Longfellow.

605. *The Reformers.*

O pure Reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

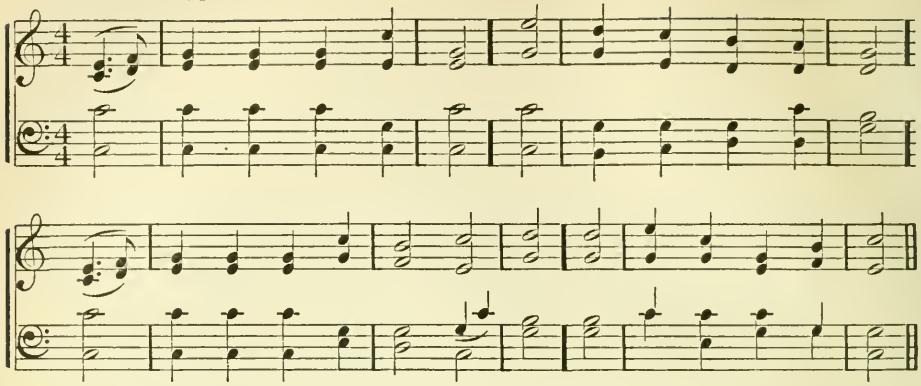
The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of Thought.

Oh, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
No lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man!

Press on! and, if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

John G. Whittier.

LABAN. S. M. Lowell Mason. 1830.



606. *"Watch and pray."*

My soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath. 1781.

607. *Christian Watchfulness.*

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
For awful is his name.

Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

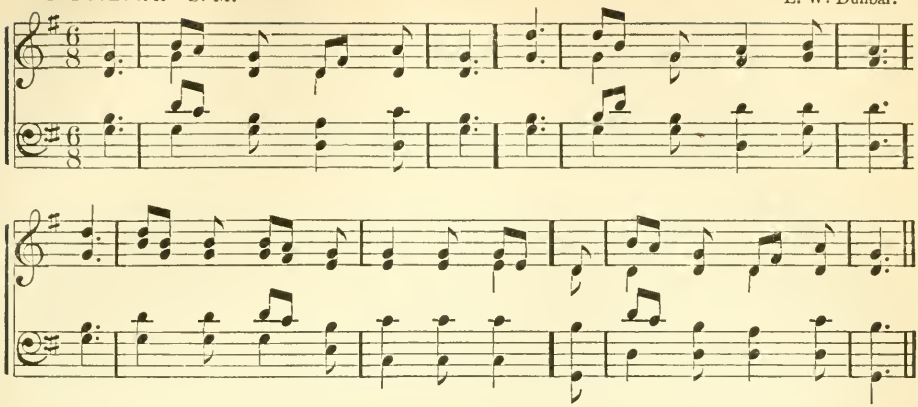
Philip Doddridge.

608. *The Whole Armor of God.*

Soldiers of God, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
To each obedient son.

Stand forth in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

DUNBAR. S. M. E. W. Dunbar.



And, above all, lay hold
Of faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye cannot lose the field.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And consecrate the whole.

That having all things done,
And conquered in the strife,
To nobler service ye pass on,
And an undying life!

Charles Wesley. 1749.

609. *"Lead on."*

Lead on, almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory!
Encouraged by the bright reward
With joy to follow thee.

We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight;

Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And — O sweet thought! — for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

610. *For a Meeting of Reformers.*

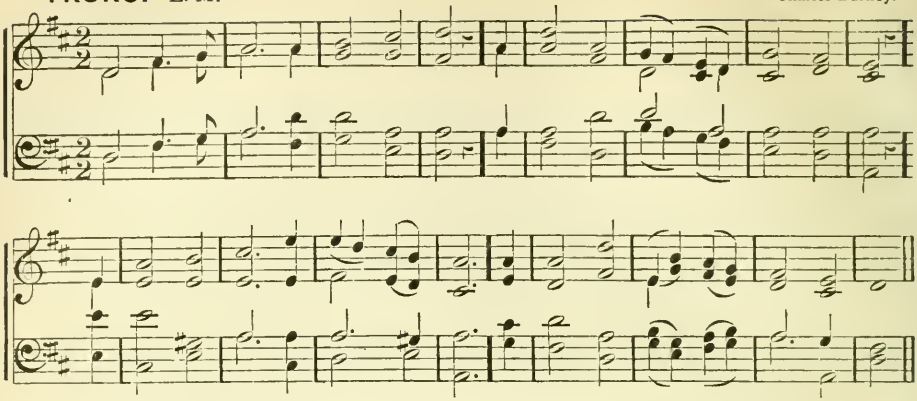
Grant thou thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour,
Through speech and deed the living word
Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth!

That, in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in its storm.

Samuel Johnson

TRURO. L. M. Charles Burney.



611. *The Christian Soldier.*

THE Christian warrior, — see him stand
In the whole armor of his God!
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread:

With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through God, who gives him victory.

James Montgomery.

612. *Greeting.*

O LIFE that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God; —

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

613. *Press on!*

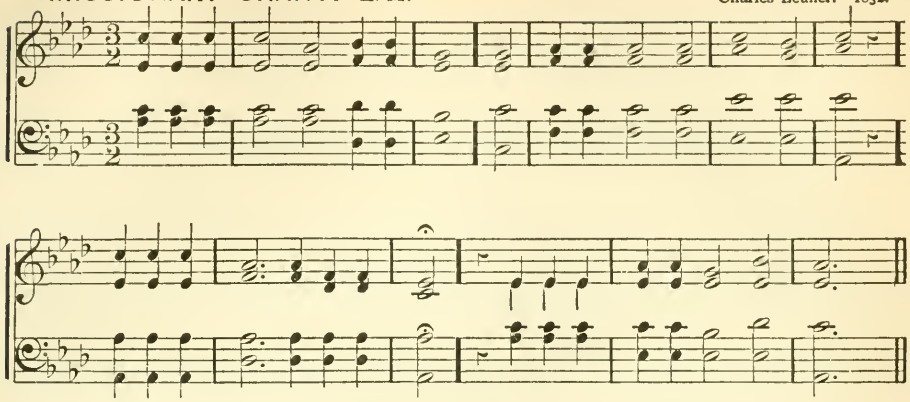
PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death:
Then shall ye hear his word, "Well done."
True to the last, press on, press on!

William Gaskell.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. Charles Zeuner. 1832.



614. *Life's Mission.*

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

Samuel Longfellow.

615. *Seeking God.*

My soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
Oh, let thy presence set me free!

Take full possession of my heart,
The lowly mind of Christ impart;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

Christian F. Richter. 1704.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

616. *Mercy and not Sacrifice.*

O Thou, at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy above
A brother's face of tenderest love;

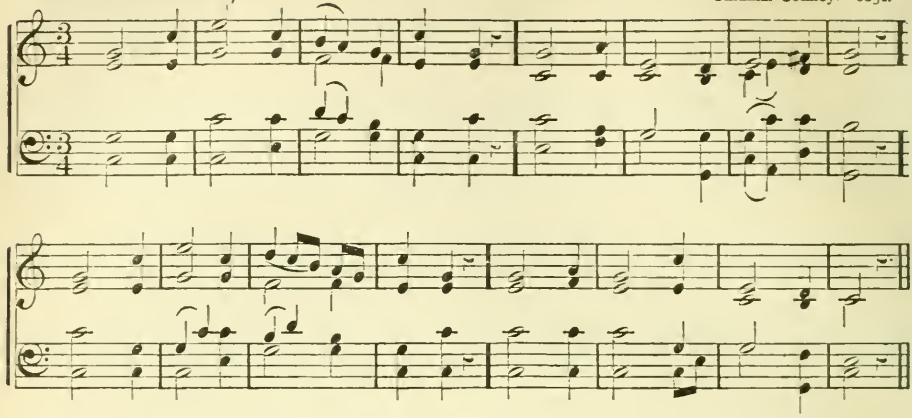
Thou unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick, came!
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death.

Oh, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought!

Oh, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them learn that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice!

John G. Whittier.

RATHBUN. 8. 7. Ithamar Conkey. 1851.



617. *Life's Work.*

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Book of Hymns.

618. *Psalm of Life.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

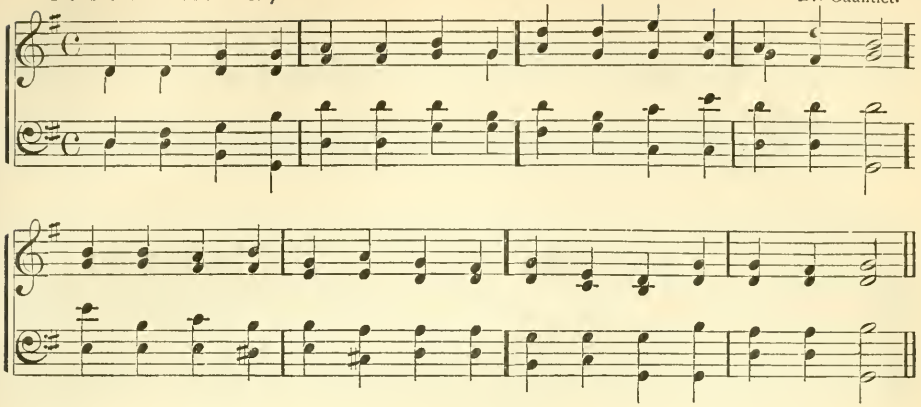
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

STUTTGART. 8. 7. Dr. Gauntlet.



619. *One by One.*

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.

620. *"We all do fade as a Leaf."*

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread!
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

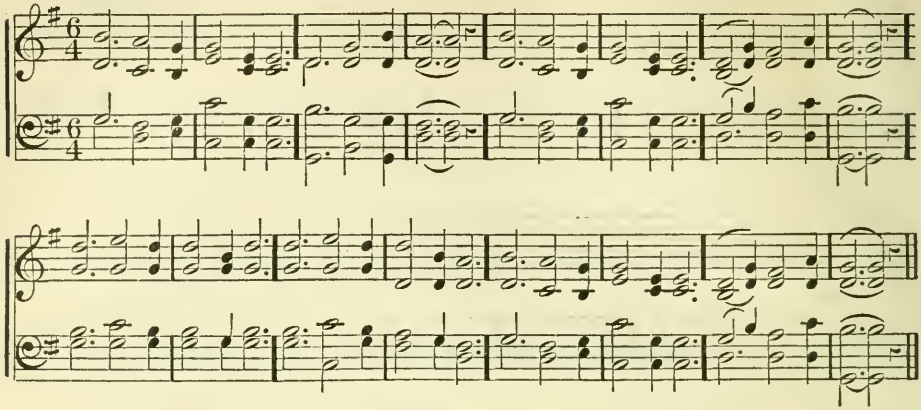
What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace?—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
We proclaim the solemn warning,
'Heaven and earth shall pass away.'"

On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Bishop George Horne. 1795.

BETHANY. 6. 4. Lowell Mason.



621.

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

NEARER, my God, to thee, nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖ nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖ nearer to thee.

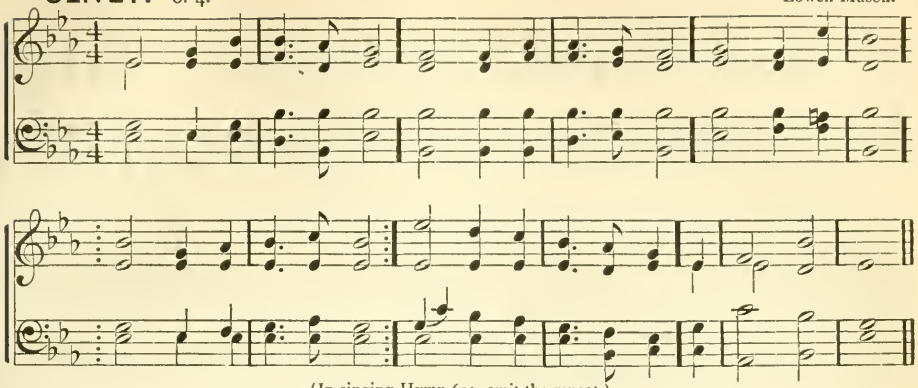
There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖ nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖ nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖ nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams. 1841.

OLIVET. 6. 4. Lowell Mason.



(In singing Hymn 622, omit the repeat.)

622. *"Forsake me not when my Strength faileth"*

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,—
Sustain us thou.

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God!

Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

Felicia D. Hemans.

623. *Supplication.*

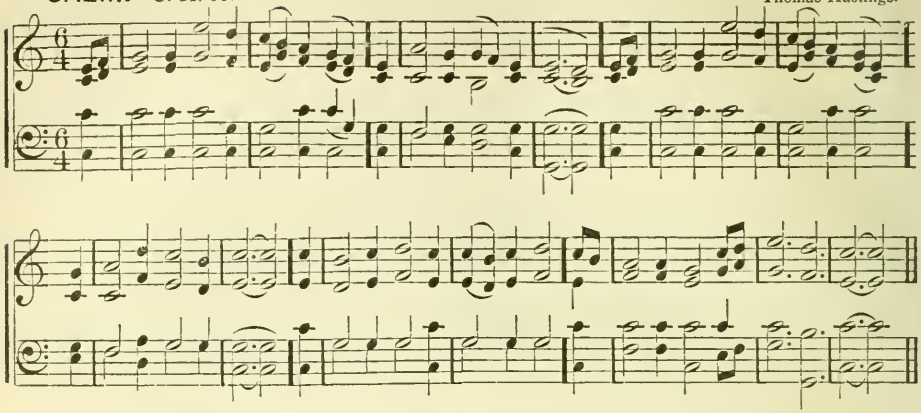
Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all nature still
Life, light, and bloom!
Come with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
All souls illume!

Spirit, in whom we live!
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts thy rest!
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest!

And when the eternal morn,
From death's deep night shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father, thy word, thy breath,
Thy Christ who conquereth
Sorrow and sin and death,
Our trust shall be!

Charles T. Brooks. 1873.

CALM. C. H. M. Thomas Hastings.



624. *Looking unto God.*

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

625. "*Blessed are ye that sow beside all Waters.*"

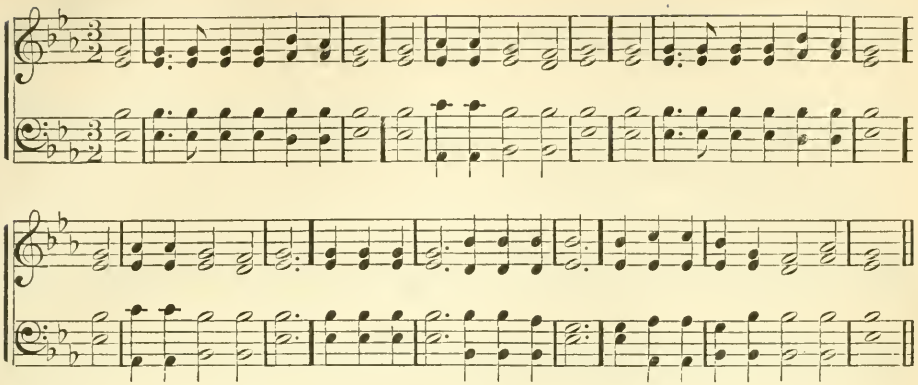
OH, be not faithless! with the morn
Cast thou abroad thy grain!
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
At evening sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die or live;
In faith and hope and patience, sow!
The increase God shall give,
According to his gracious will,—
As best his purpose may fulfil.

Oh, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith and love and hope can do,
By their celestial might,
We should not say, till these be dead,
The power of miracle is fled!

Bernard Barton.

CALANUS. C. H. M. The Shawm.



626. *Lord, I am thine.*

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow:
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path thy saints have trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart thy love to see;
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity.

Anon. 1838.

627. *Peace with God.*

To all thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart;
And be thy spirit shed abroad,
Thy love in every heart; [clean,
That they, from conscious guilt made
May serve thee with a mind serene.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

628. *Gethsemane.*

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Sufferer cried with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

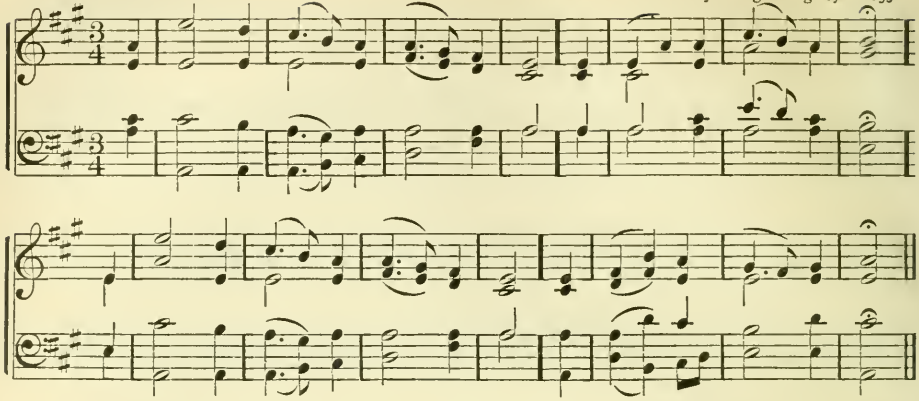
He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way? [trod,
Through him, through him that path who
The Man of grief, — the Son of God!

Felicia D. Hemans. 1834.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

Devereux.
Arr. by George Kingsley. 1853.



629. *Submission to Trial.*

GREAT Author of the world, I bow
Beneath thy chastening rod;
And at thy feet I lay me low,
My Father and my God.

From the same hand, all merciful,
Are blessings day by day:
Fill thou my cup of misery full;
I will not turn away.

But, oh, this vain, this frantic hope,
That burns within my breast,
That fills my soul's extremest scope,
And will not let me rest! —

Grant thou the power to overcome,
The patience to subdue;
Oh, call my wandering spirit home,
My feeble faith renew!

And pardon thou my bosom's guilt,
That idols there should be;
Make me, O Lord, whate'er thou wilt,
So I forsake not thee.

Anon.

630. *All my Springs are in Thee.*

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret Source
Of every precious thing.

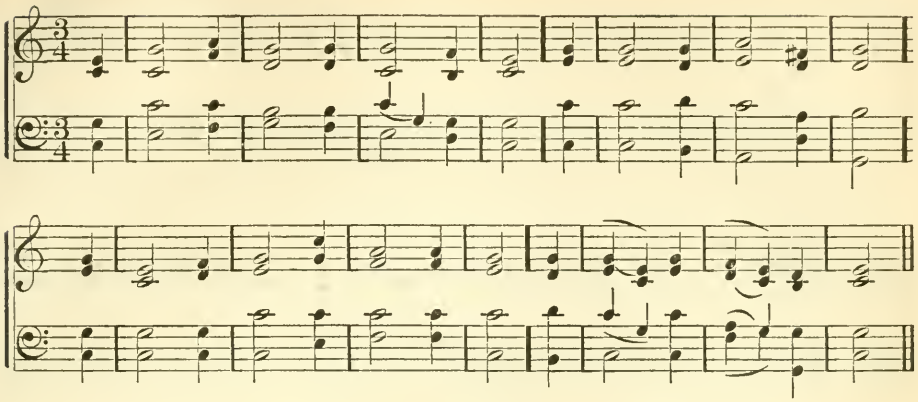
I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

FRUIT STREET. C.M. L. Marshall.



My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

631. *Shepherd of Israel.*

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
And to my cry give heed;
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.

Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.

The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land;
And heavenly dews fall on the flock,
Protected by thy hand.

Lead me, oh! lead me to thy fold;
Earth has no rest beside:
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be thou my only guide.

Sarah Ellis. 1833.

632. *The Inner Calm.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

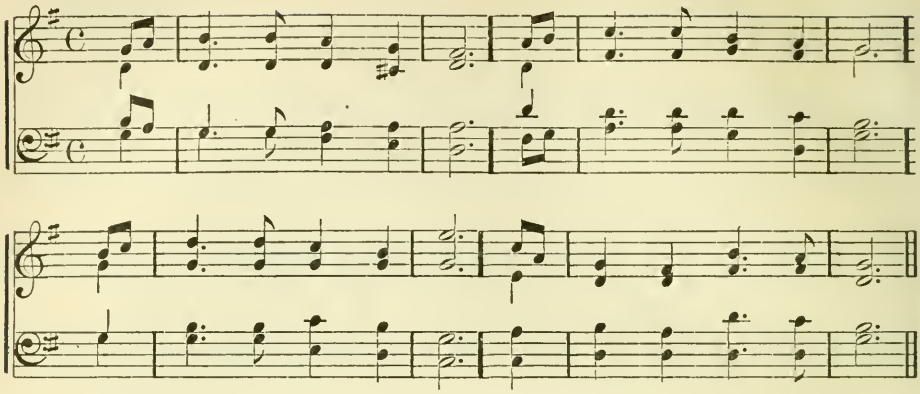
Calm in my hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar.

MEADVILLE. 6.



633. *"My Soul longeth for thee."*

My spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest:

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee:

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around:
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in thy blessed love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

John Byrom. 1763.

634. *The Want within.*

I FEEL within a want
For ever burning there:
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer!

This is the thing I crave,—
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

'Tis my most fervent prayer;
Be it more fervent still:
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

William H. Furness.

635. *Sursum corda.*

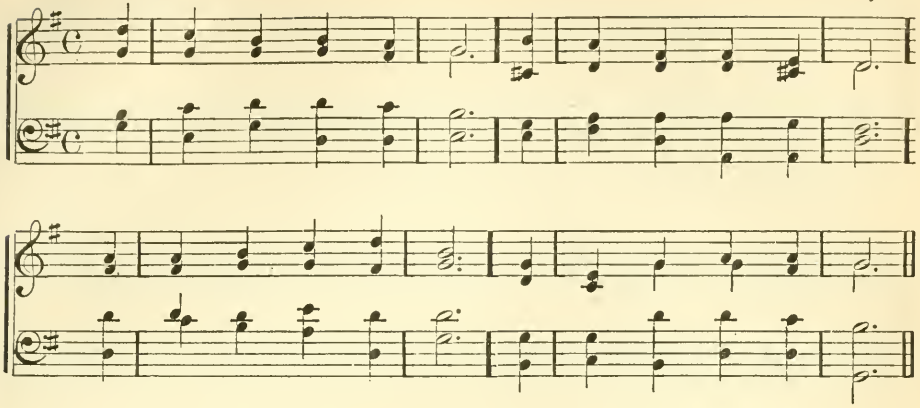
Go up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give all thy love.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim:
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to him.

Go up, reluctant heart;
Take up thy rest above:
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

ST. CECILIA. 6. L. G. Hayne.



636. *Prayer for Mercy.*

My God, thy suppliant hear;
Afford a gentle ear;
For I am comfortless,
And labor in distress.

Thy servant, Lord, defend,
Whose hopes on thee depend:
From wasting sorrow free
The heart long vowed to thee.

For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all
Who on thy mercy call.

But, O thou King of kings,
From whom sweet mercy springs, —
Then ready to be found
When troubles most abound, —

Oh, hear my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care!
Direct me in thy way,
So shall I never stray.

George Sandys. 1636.

637. *Thy Kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy rule, O Lord, begin;
Break with thy righteous rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Oh, let all hatred cease,
As in the realms above,
And bring thy rule of peace
And purity and love!

Oh, bring the promised time
When war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before!

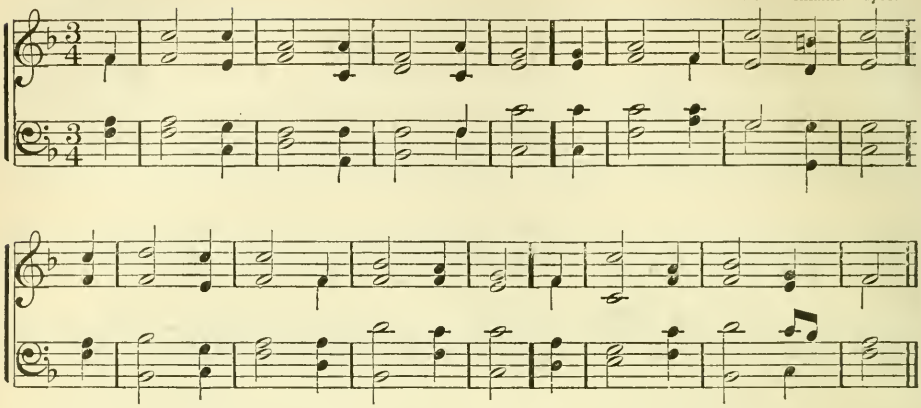
We pray thee, Lord, arise
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes
Which languish for the sight.

O'er heathen lands afar,
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning star, —
Arise, and never set!

L. Hensley.

MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air.
Aaron Williams. 1760.



638. *I will sing of thy Power and thy Mercy.*

Our Father, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see:
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean depths,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend!

James Thomson.

639. *Walking with God.*

Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

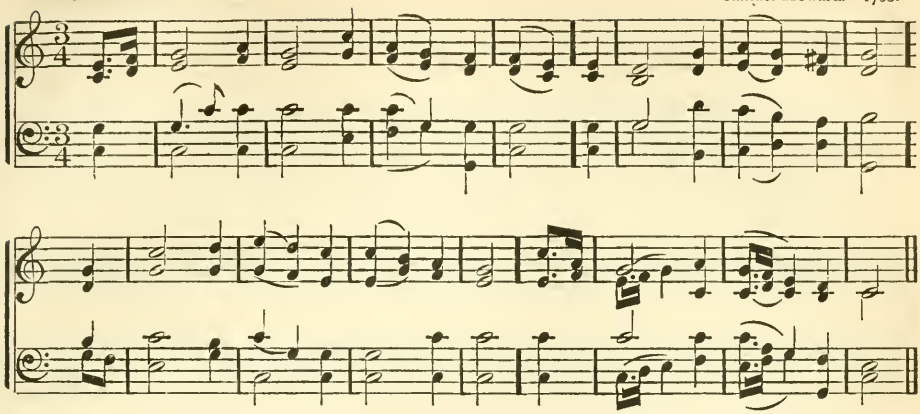
As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band;
In solitude, with thee.

In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

Philip Doddridge. 1737.

HOWARD. C. M.

Samuel Howard. 1760.



640.

Faith waiting on God.

My God, in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on thee hath peace and power,
Thou present help of faith!

Help me, O God, to seek, to win,
Through struggles and through prayer,
The faith which frees my soul from sin,
And brings thy blessing there.

So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise,
So thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise.

And earth, with all its pain and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

William H. Hurlbut.

641.

"Help Thou my Unbelief."

Lord, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey:
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight:
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief.

John R. Wreford. 1837.

642.

Trust in the Lord.

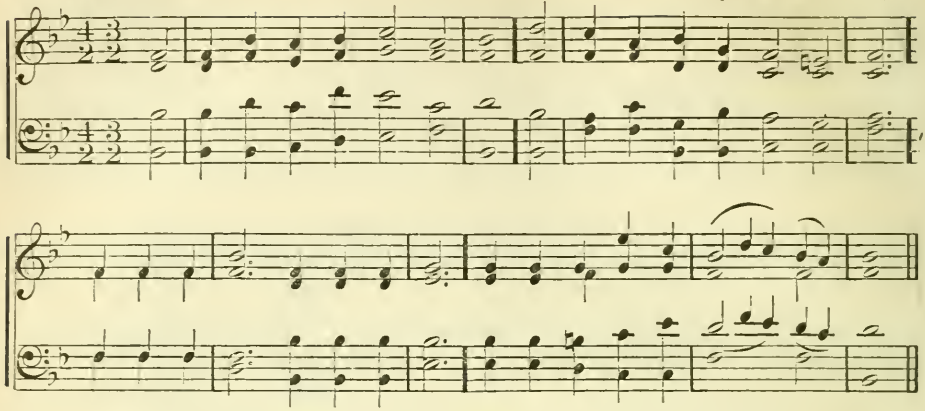
When grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

Anon.

AMES. L. M.

Sigismund Neukomm. 1837.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1840.



643. *The Soul returning to God.*

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought,
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife:
Sin's works and ways and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

Christ is thy rest, — with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive;
God is thy rest, — with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe.

James Montgomery.

644. *Trust in Providence.*

Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

They neither know nor trace the way,
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

Ambrose Serle. 1787.

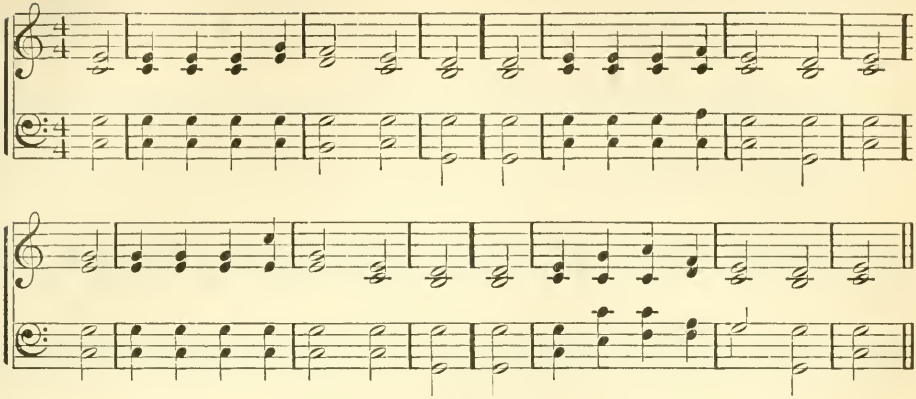
645. *The Love of God, the End of Life.*

If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it, — I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

RELIANCE. L. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



Our days are numbered, — let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

Faith is our only business here, —
Faith simple, constant, and sincere:
Oh, blessed days thy servants see,
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing thee!

Madame Guion. 1689.
Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

646. *The Voice of God in the Heart.*

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

647. *Humility.*

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
Oh, why should mortal man be proud?

His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

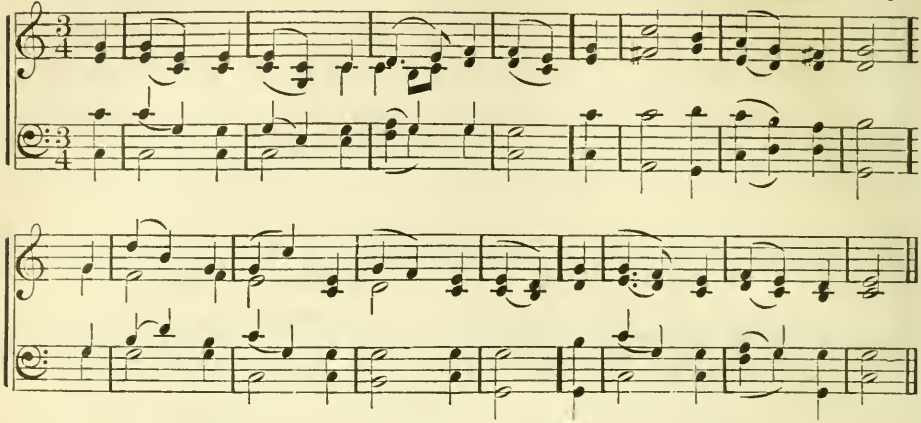
Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, oh, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find!

William Enfield.

MOZART. C. M.

Modern Harp.



648.

Heaven desired.

THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam:

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee;

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs, —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

Thomas Moore.

649.

For the Spirit of Truth.

THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find, —

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now;
Angel of God, come in.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

650.

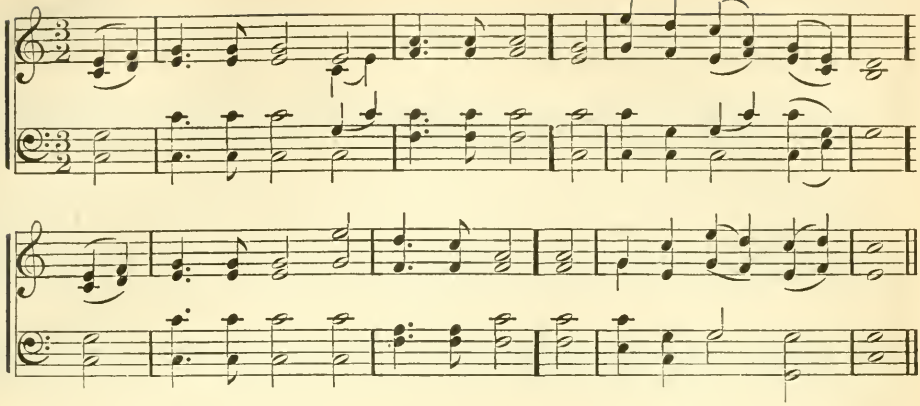
One Fellowship.

IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

James Montgomery.

HEBER. C. M. George Kingsley.



651. *The Uses of Affliction.*

I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
Oh, had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

James Montgomery.

652. *Prayer for Strong Faith.*

OH for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

William H. Bathurst. 1831.

653. *I humbled my Soul with Fasting.* Ps. xxxv. 13.

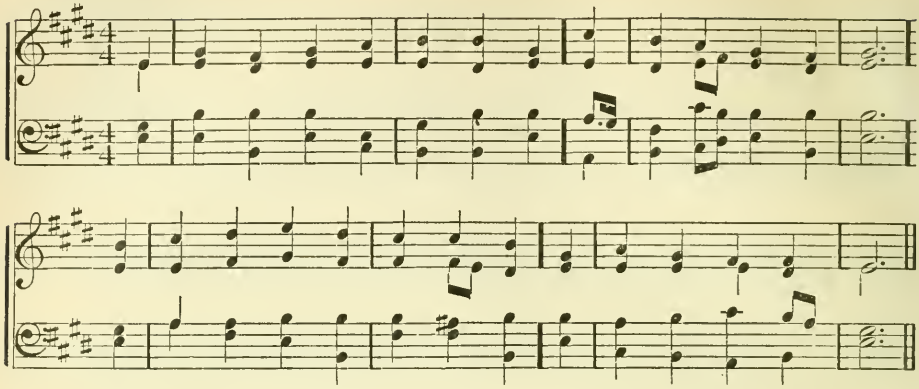
OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God: oh, hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.

My hope I rest on thee, O Lord!
My works I count but dust:
I build not there, but on thy word,
And in thy goodness trust.

Tho' great my sins, and sore my wounds,
And deep and dark my fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds;
Thy love surpasseth all.

Martin Luther.

PHUVAH. C. M.



654. *Praising God in Life and Death.*

My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

Ottiwell Heginbotham. 1765.

655. *Days of the Upright known to God.* Ps. xxxvii.

To thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought:
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

Philip Doddridge.

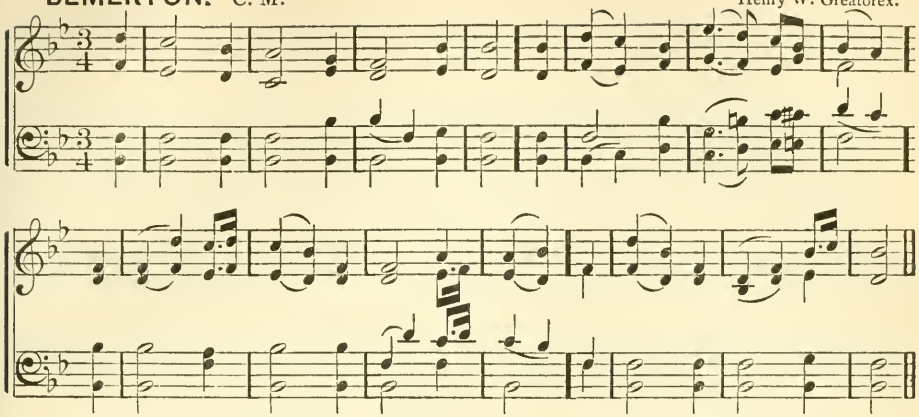
656. *The City of God.*

In thee my powers, my treasures, live;
To thee my life must tend:
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
The city in the sky?—
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie.

BEMERTON. C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex.



Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified, —
There, only there, is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

657. *The Anvil of Affliction.*

Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
Oh, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord: thine hammer's needful [wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

Frederic H. Hedge.

658. *Through Cross to Light.*

Bear on, my soul! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

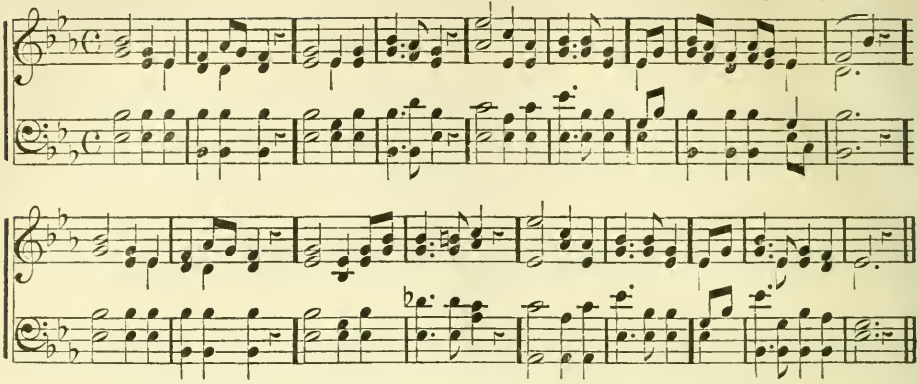
Bear on, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance will come:
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring his children home.

And thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on, —
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon thy heart alone.

So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All messengers of love.

Hymns of the Spirit.

ST. FRANCES. 6. Arr. from C. M. von Weber.



659. *Thy Will be done.*

My Father, as thou wilt:
Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Father, as thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure;
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And, if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Father, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke. 1716.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.

660. *Choose Thou my Path.*

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose thou the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

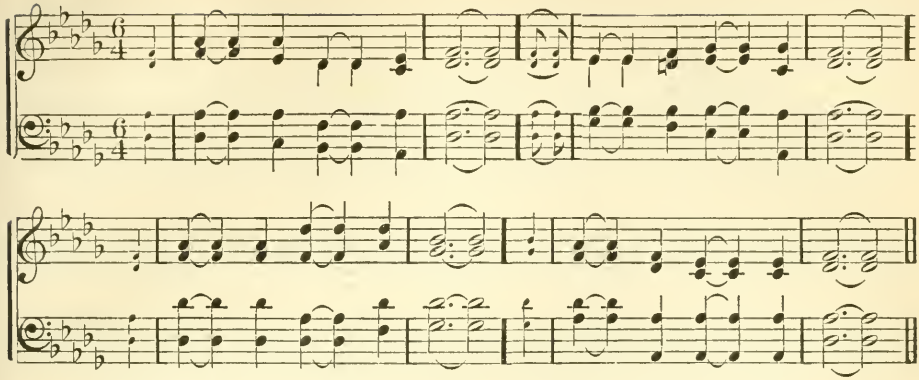
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small:
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

CARY. 6.

By per. E. Tourjee.



(In singing Hymn 661, omit the small notes and the slurs where the words require it.)

661. *Nearer Home.*

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than ever I've been before;

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day, than I think, —

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Phœbe Cary. 1854.

662. *The Blessed Life.*

THERE is a blessed home,
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

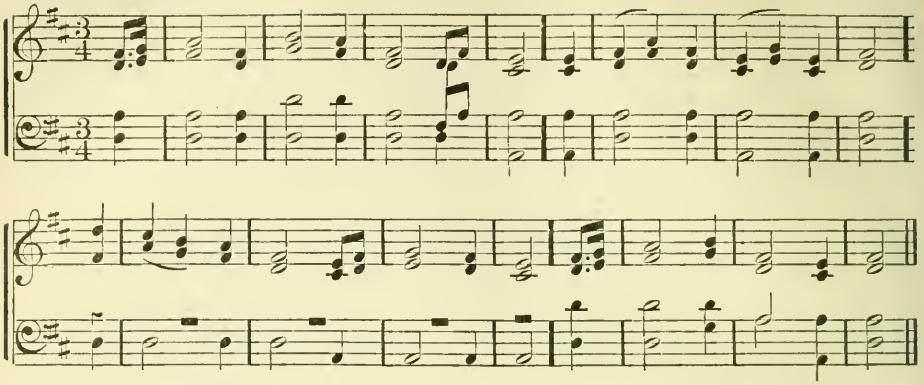
There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod,
Of daily toil and woe.

Wait but a little while,
In uncomplaining love;
The Father's gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker. 1861.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. Woodbury. 1842.



663. *Faith in Providence.*

Thy way is on the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee;
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet should go.

A moment may his hand be lost, —
Drear moment of delay, —
We cry, Lord, help the tempest-tost!
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul! of faith divine,
Thy victory, how sure!
The love that conquers all is thine,
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
And drive our fears away:
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

Martineau's Coll. 1840.

664. *Resignation.*

In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

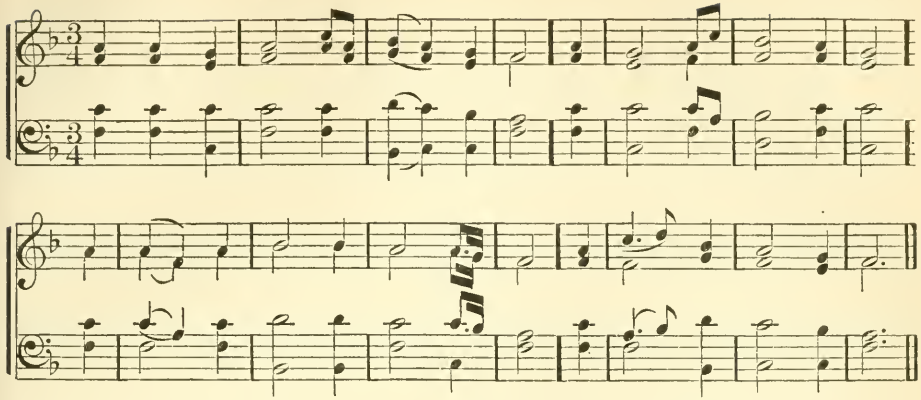
The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

Anon.

FLETCHER. C. M. W. Arnold.



665. *The Image of the Earthy.*

Oh, mean may seem this house of clay,—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die:
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!

O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emanuel!

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven:
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Thomas H. Gill. 1860.

666. *The Image of the Heavenly.*

'Tis not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

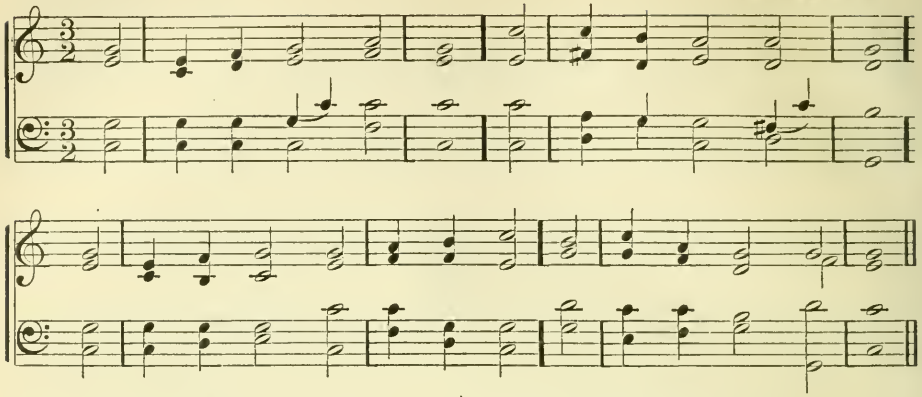
Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear!

O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!

Oh, strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive thy heaven.

Thomas H. Gill. 1860.

BOYLSTON. S. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



667. *Praise to the Merciful God.* Ps. ciii.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour:

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

668. *God our Safety.*

God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

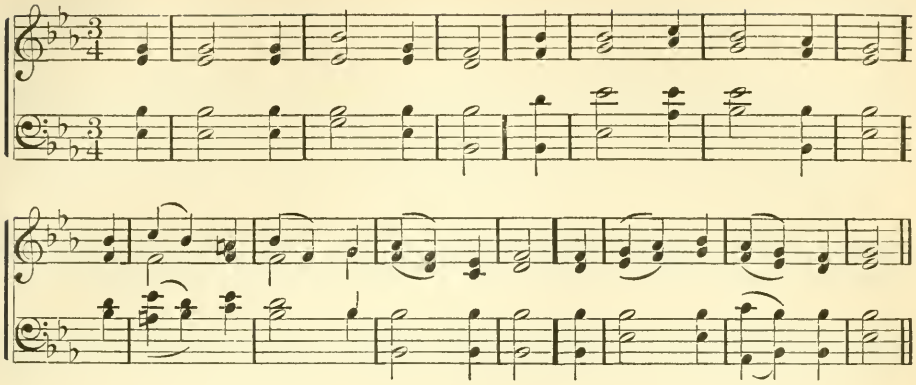
The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

Give me the tender heart
That mingles fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

Oh, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

John Patrick

UTICA. S. M. Charles Zeuner.



669. *God our True Life.*

Oh, where shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

670. *The Hopes of Faith.*

How dark, how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring, on hope's bright wing,
O God, to heaven and thee!

And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see; [night,
They shine so bright through sorrow's
They needs must come from thee.

So shall a morning dawn,
When earthly shades are o'er,
Whose smiling ray shall wake a day
That night shall cloud no more.

Blest hope! and sure as blest!
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past, and joy at last
Give us to heaven and thee!

Sir John Bowring. 1823.

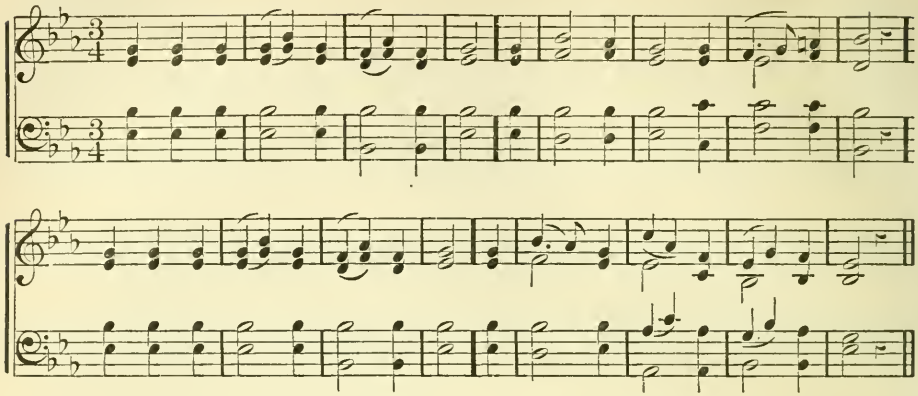
671. *Safety in God.*

Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Isaac Watts.

ROSEDALE. L. M. George Frederick Root. 1843.



672. *Paternal Providence of God.*

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

Samuel Collett.

673. *God the Eternal Dwelling-place.*

THOU, Lord, thro' every changing scene
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

In thee our fathers sought their rest,
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

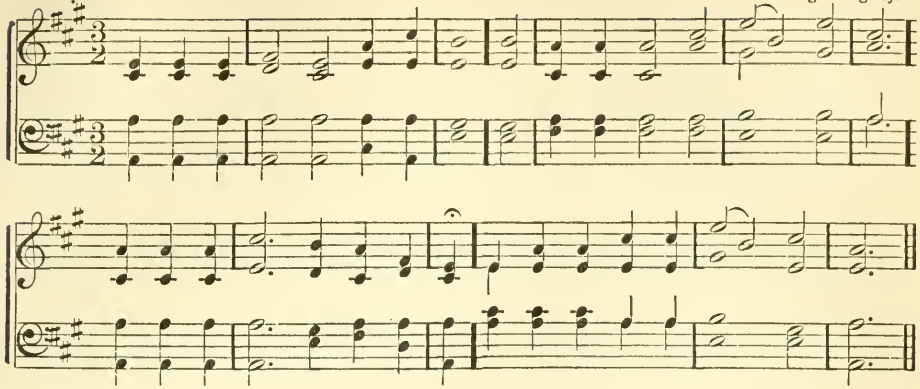
Philip Doddridge.

674. *"Under his Wings shalt thou trust."*

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine which all things sways.

WARE. L. M. George Kingsley.



And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from that, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves, to guide:
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

675. *Why seek ye the Living among the Dead?*

Ah! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.

Let living faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And death can have no terrors more;
But holy joy shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh.

676. *The Future World.*

There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

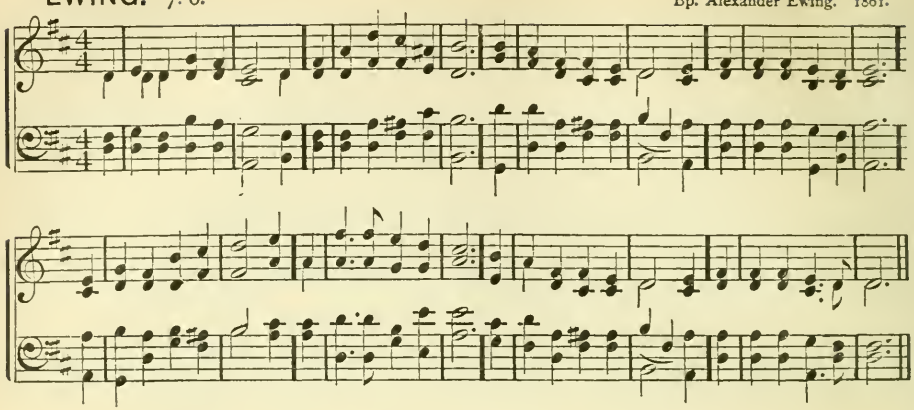
There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre, shine;
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies!

Anne Steele.

EWING. 7. 6. Bp. Alexander Ewing. 1861.



677. *Jerusalem, the Golden.*

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest:
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of glory;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, strong and faithful,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that sees no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Bernard of Cluny. 1145.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

678. *Heavenly Love.*

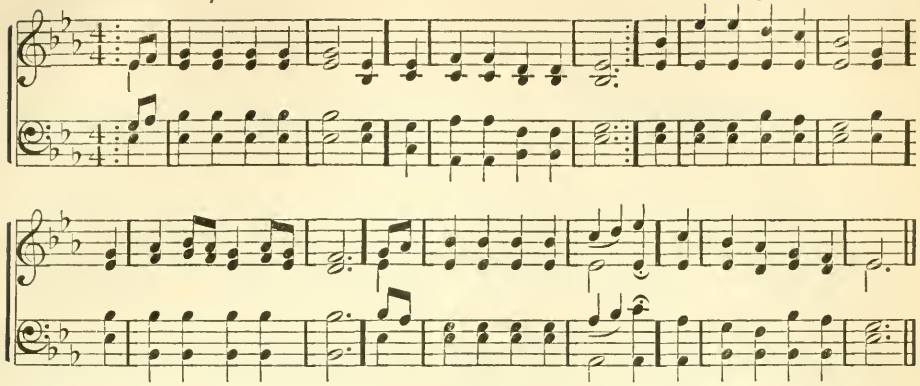
IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Father has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

CRUCIFIX. 7. 6. D. Bp. Reginald Heber.



679. *In Time of Tribulation.* Ps. lxxvii.

In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries;
With humble supplication
To thee the spirit flies.
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deepest sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall we presume to share?
Hath he his loving-kindness
Shut up in bitter wrath?
No! it is human blindness,
That cannot see his path.

We'll call to recollection
The years of thy right hand,
And, strong in thy protection,
Again through faith we stand.
Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
But let earth's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone!

James Montgomery.

680. "*He turneth the shadow of death into morning.*"

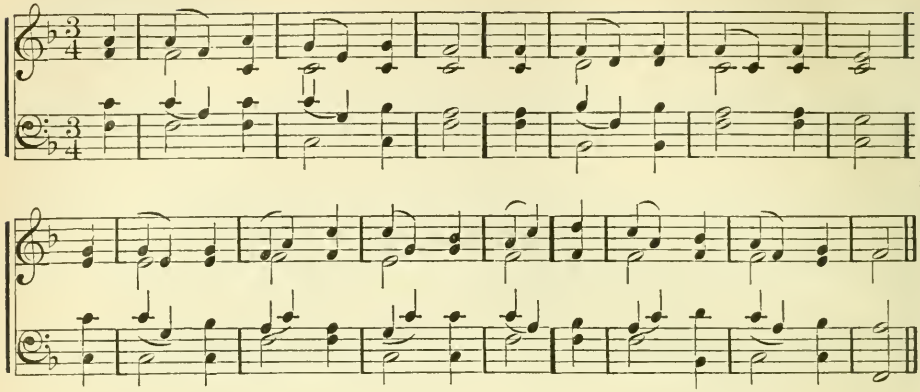
Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.
Yet still amid the darkness
I feel the light is near;
And in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear.

O God, the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee:
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.
That great unending future!
I cannot pierce its shroud;
But I nothing doubt nor tremble,—
God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit;
On him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.
Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call;
Seeing, fearing, nothing;
Hoping, trusting, all!

Samuel Greg. 1868.

DENNIS. S. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



681. *God's Care a Remedy for ours.*

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell:
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

682. *Safety in God.*

My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Father, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

683. *Trust.*

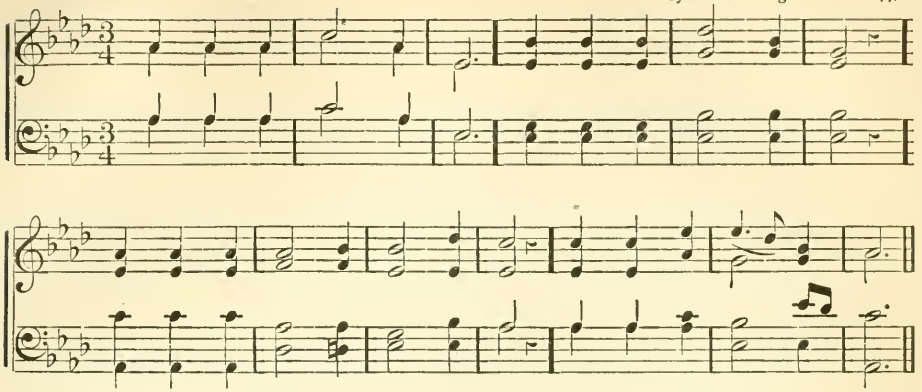
Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt.

SYLVANUS. S. M.

Sylvanus Billings Pond. 1844.



684.

The Christian encouraged.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

685.

Trust in Providence.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

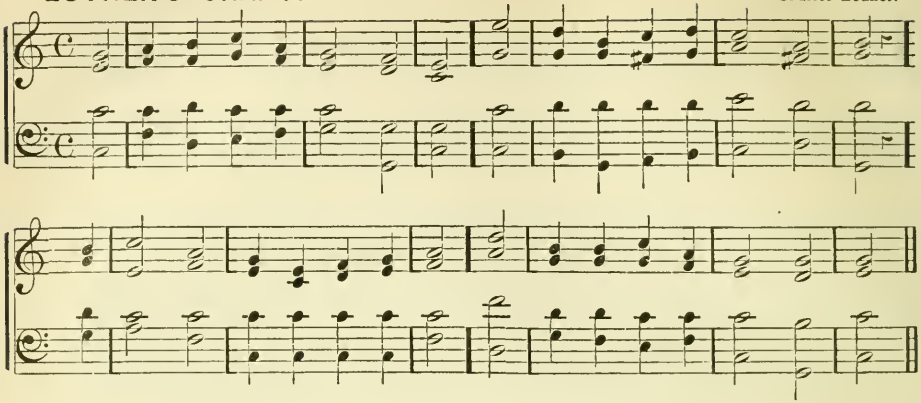
Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M. Charles Zeuner.



686. *True Length of Life.*

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And, while we gaze, their forms are gone.

"He lived,—he died:" behold the sum,
The abstract, of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

J. Taylor.

687. *Eternity of God.*

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time;
From everlasting,—thou art God.

A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day:
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and love shall never end.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

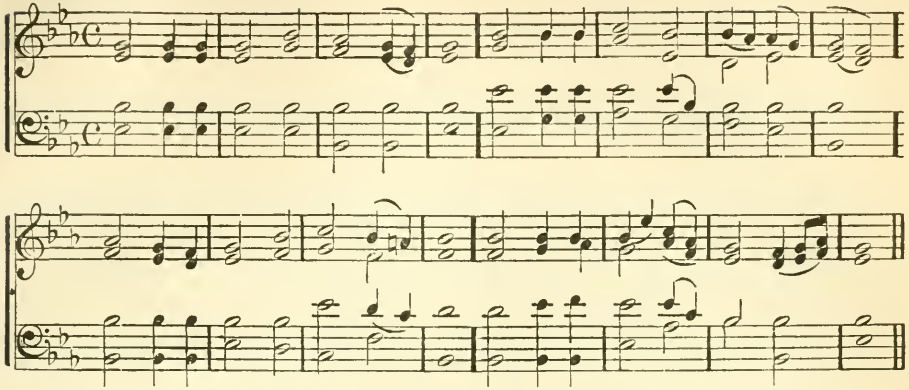
688. *Heaven's Harvest.*

Now is the seed-time: God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

Anon.

BRISTOL. L. M. E. L. White.



689. *The March of Life.*

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win:
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest:
Finished the toil,—the race is run!
The battle fought,—the field is won!

Horatius Bonar. 1861.

690. *The Wisdom of Redeeming Time.*

GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant Time his being draw:
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

Silent and swift they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

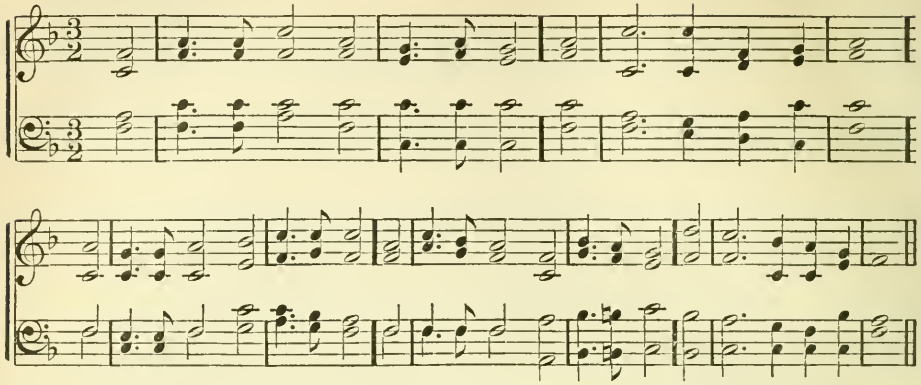
With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

Philip Doddridge.

WOODLAND. C. M. P. N. D. Gould.



691. *The Pure and Peaceful Mind.*

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier.

692. *The Garden of Gethsemane.*

O'ER Kedron's stream and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep;—

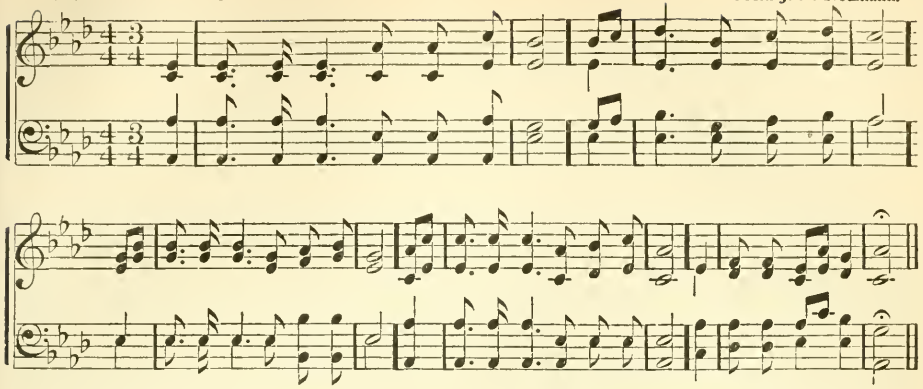
All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
There's a composing power,
That meets them, on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour; for he
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.

CONSOLATION. C. M. P.

From J. A. Neumann.



O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

John Pierpont. 1840.

693. *The Paths of Death.*

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow,
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old
Smile when their slumbrous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb;
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's home;
All loss were gain that gained us this, —
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

Frederick W. Faber. 1861.

694. *Heaven a Rest.*

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heaven.

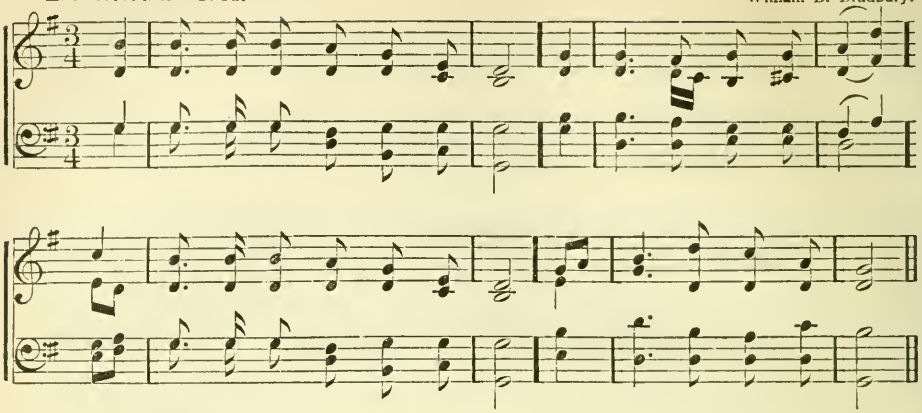
There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

William B. Tappan. 1829.

LA MIRA. C. M.

William B. Bradbury.



695. *The Communion of Saints.*

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make:
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O God! be thou our constant guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

696. *Singing the Song of the Redeemed.*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,—
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.

Now hallelujah, power and praise,
To God in Christ be given,
By all who tread these earthly ways,
And all the blest in heaven.

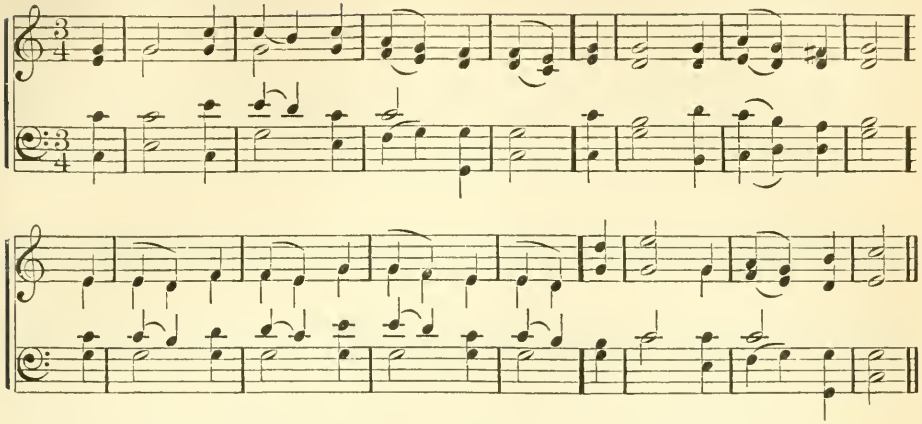
James Montgomery.

697. *The Whole Family in Heaven and Earth.*

So heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent
And beautiful and blest.

The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart:
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

COVENTRY. C. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete;
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ;
One everlasting home,
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

Elim.

698. *Immortal Joys.*

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above earth's gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise, [spring
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies.

Anne Steele.

699. *Perishable and Eternal Treasures.*

These mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

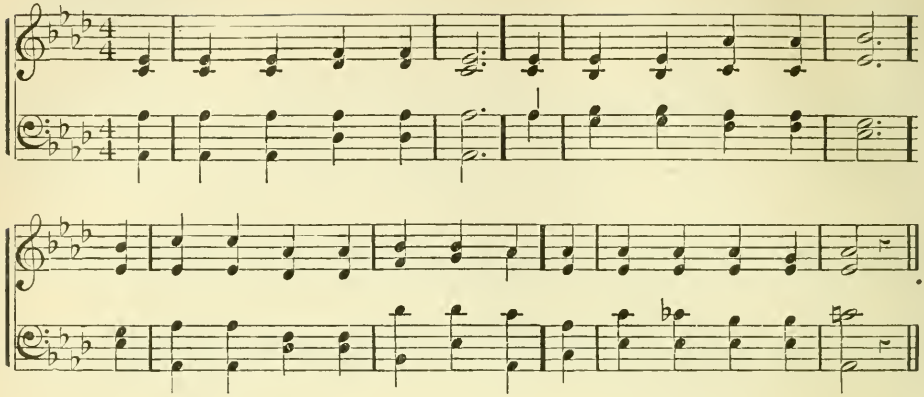
Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

GORTON. S. M. Ludwig von Beethoven. 1770–1827.



700. *For ever with the Lord.*

For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

James Montgomery.

701. *For ever with the Lord.*

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Help, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

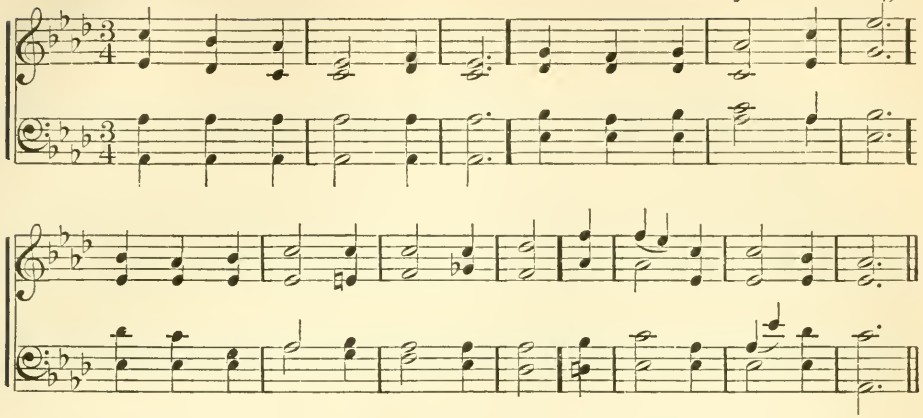
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. 1835.

702. *Resting in Hope.*

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. Sweetzer. 1849.



Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

'Twas sown in weakness here,
Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar. 1857.

703. *Life in Death.*

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The stroke that sets us free
From earthly chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this mortal dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To dwell with thee on high.

A. H. C. Malan.
Tr. George W. Bethune. 1847.

704. *Heaven Everywhere.*

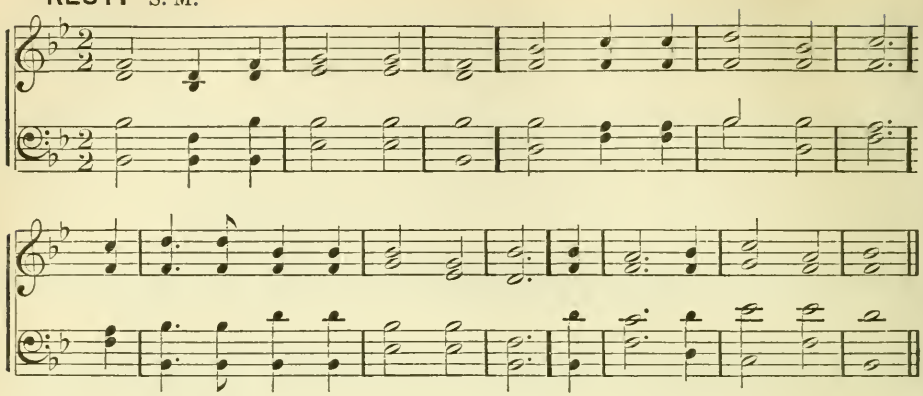
Our heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there:
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

Miss Fletcher.

REST. S. M.



705.

"Thy Will be mine."

It is thy hand, my God,
My sorrow comes from thee:
I bow beneath thy chastening rod;
'Tis love that chastens me.

I would not murmur, Lord,
Before thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murm'ring word,
To thee for help I come.

My God, thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is best;
All work for good to me.

James George Deck. 1843.

706.

He is risen.

O SPIRIT freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun.

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemèd win:
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within.

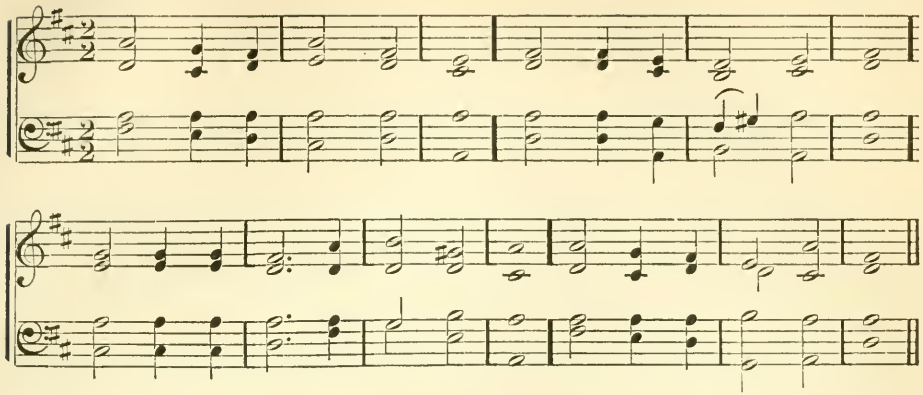
Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime;
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time.

Awake, lift up thine eyes;
See! all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly, —
Thou who hast done with tears.

Ascend; thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth.

Hymns of the Spirit.

PRAYER. S. M. L. Marshall.



707. *Heaven.*

FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

Anne Steele.

708. *Vision of St. John.*

REJOICE, O weary soul!
The day will surely rise,
When this thy earth new-born shall roll
Through new-created skies.

The glory of God's throne
Shall then make all things new;
Eternal love shall reign alone,
And heaven be full in view.

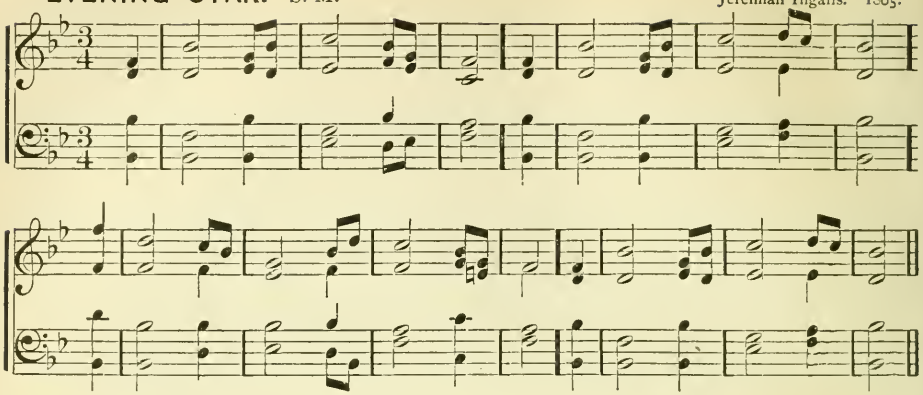
The city of our God
Her gates shall open wide,
And through her streets and portals broad
Shall pour a living tide.

There no more night shall be,
And death shall reign no more;
There shall be ‖: no more :‖ sea,
No partings on the shore.

God's love shall end all fears:
From every weeping eye
His hand shall wipe away the tears,
And death itself shall die.

Charles T. Brooks.

EVENING STAR. S. M. Jeremiah Ingalls. 1805.



709. "*Keep the Charge of the Lord.*" Lev. viii. 35.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

710. "*The Pure in Heart shall see God.*"

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

Rev. John Keble. 1819.

711. *On the Death of an Aged Christian.*

SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

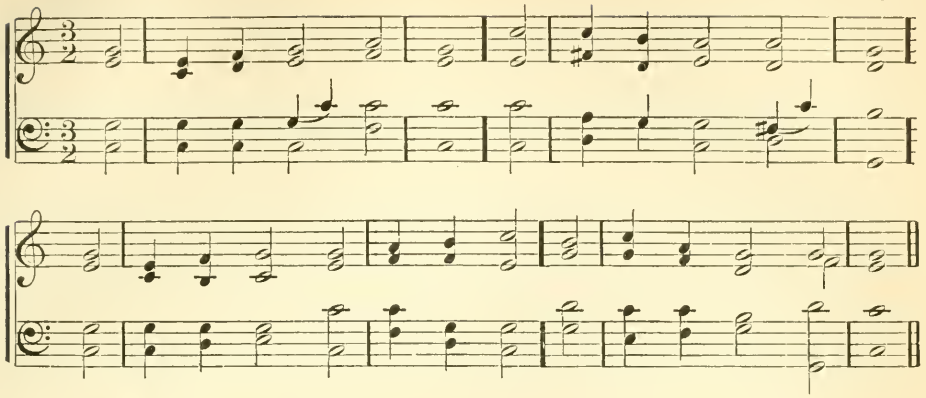
Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

BOYLSTON. S. M. Lowell Mason. 1832.



712. *"My Soul panteth after thee, O God."*

HERE in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
Oh, how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!

As for the water-brooks
The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

I know thy joys, O earth!
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

But ah! how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

What have I then below,
Or what but thee on high!
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
And in thee live and die!

William Henry Furness. 1840.

713. *"My Soul thirsteth for God."*

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!"

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How shall I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?

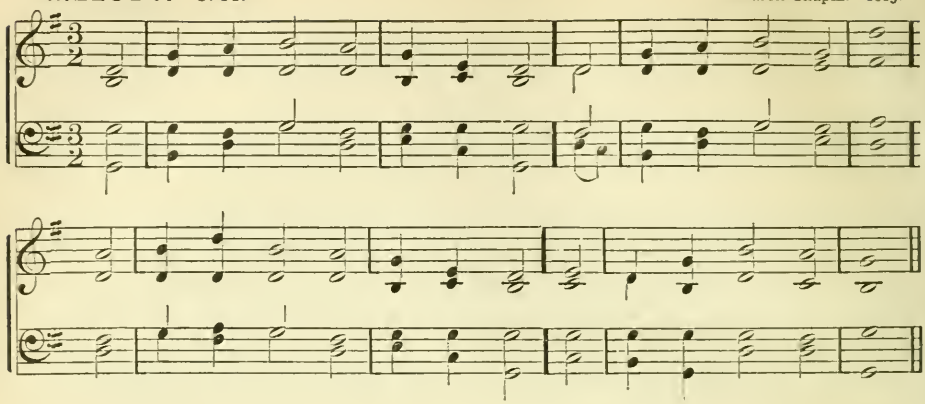
My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!
On thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

MELODY. C. M. Aaron Chapin. 1813.



714. *Angels.*

Oh, not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening through the gloom.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came:
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Father's name!

This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy:
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come:
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home!

John Wilson. 1816.

715. *Burial of the Young.*

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its home on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy dear form is gone;
But, oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

Felicia D. Hemans. 1822.

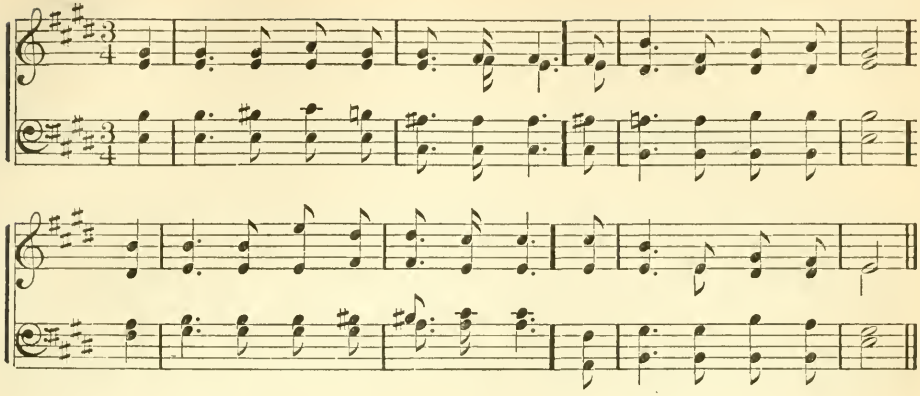
716. *In Time of Trouble.*

O God, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Be near to this thy family,
And help us as we pray.

For wide the waves of bitter grief
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore.

SERENITY. C. M.

William Vincent Wallace.



The cross that's laid upon us now
We fain would bravely bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

Have mercy on our failings, Lord,
Our sinking faith renew;
And when these sorrows visit us,
Oh, send us patience too!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

717. *Alone in Death.*

Thou must go forth alone, my soul, —
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He whose word is sure hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not, — he hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.

His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

Mary A. Jevons.

718. *"Blessed are they that mourn."*

From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

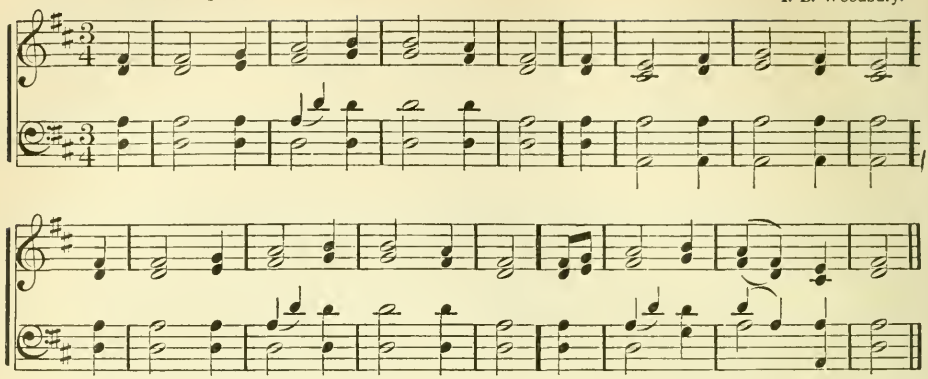
Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer.

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn,
They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh.

PHILLIPS. C. M. I. B. Woodbury.



719. *All as God wills.*

All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

John G. Whittier.

720. *Not lost, but gone before.*

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

Oh, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here!

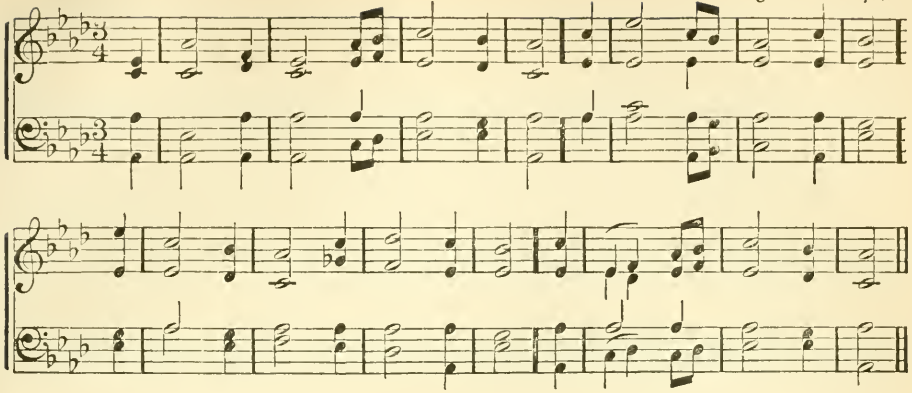
Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled, —
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

John G. Whittier.

AVON. C. M. Hugh Wilson. 1763.



721. *Death of the Righteous.*

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls; but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore:
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody.

722. *Close of Life.*

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of death give way.

My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

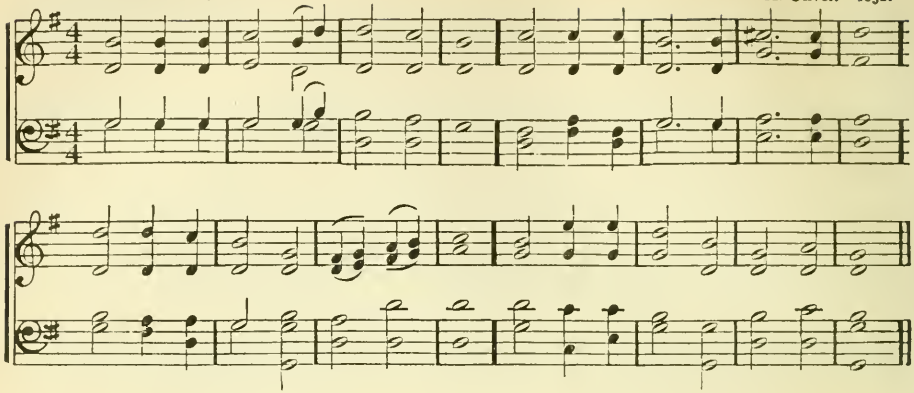
The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King:
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

Alice Cary. 1870.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver. 1832.



723. *Blessed are they that mourn.*

Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest;
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

William C. Bryant. 1836.

724. *Trust and Submission.*

My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

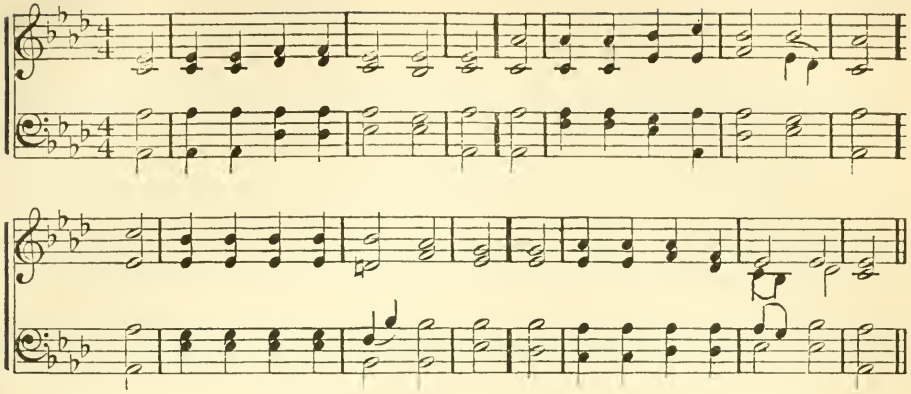
Andrews Norton.

725. *Trust in God.*

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. Bradbury. 1853.



When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

726. *God our Father*

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father, let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father, still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

Caroline Gilman.

727. *Blessedness of the Pious Dead.*

Oh, stay thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

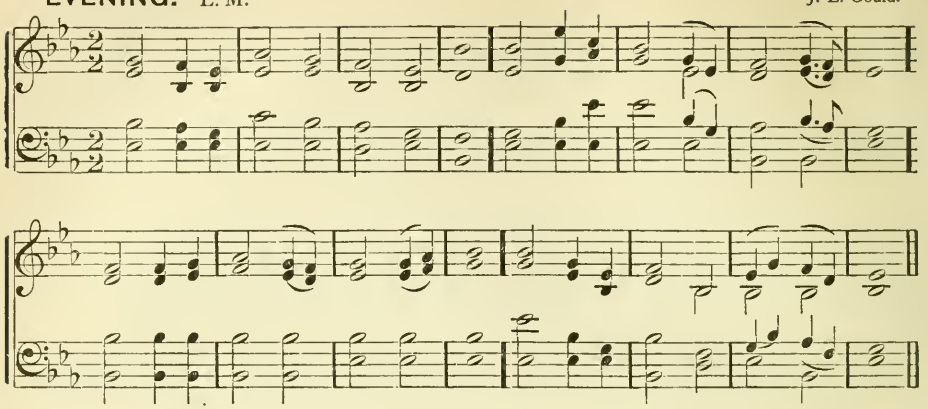
How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way!
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

Oh, stay thy tears! the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love:
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

Andrews Norton.

EVENING. L. M. J. E. Gould.



728.

The Parting here, the Greeting there.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O pure soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well!

John G. Whittier. 1872.

729.

"*Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth.*"

Come, tread once more the path with song,
The way is short, the rest is long;
The Lord had given, he calls away;
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns *he* felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,
The sojourner returns no more!

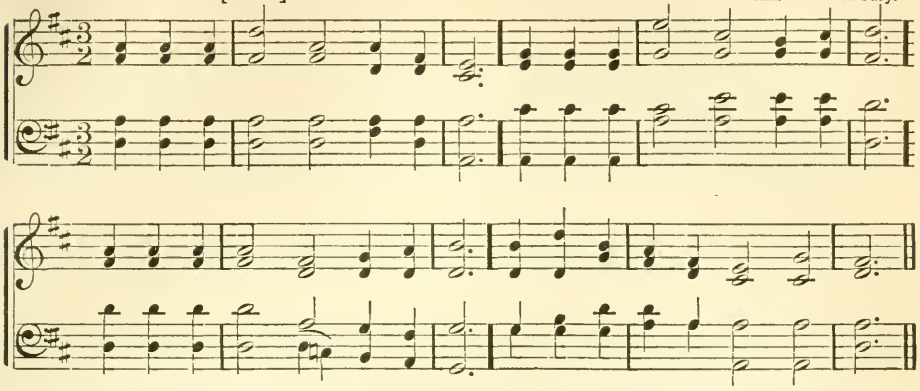
Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Then open to us, gates of peace,
And let the pilgrim's journey cease!

Now let the solemn bell begin;
It rings *his* Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The everlasting rest is won.

O thou who reignest Lord alone,
Thou wilt return and claim thine own!
Come quickly, Lord, and let us see
Thy people perfected in thee!

C. F. H. Sachse.
Tr. H. L. L. 1856.

BRADBURY. [REST.] L. M. William B. Bradbury.



730. *The Righteous blessed in Death.*

How blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

Anna L. Barbauld.

731. *Heaven.*

Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last, —
It is not sleep, it is not rest, —
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

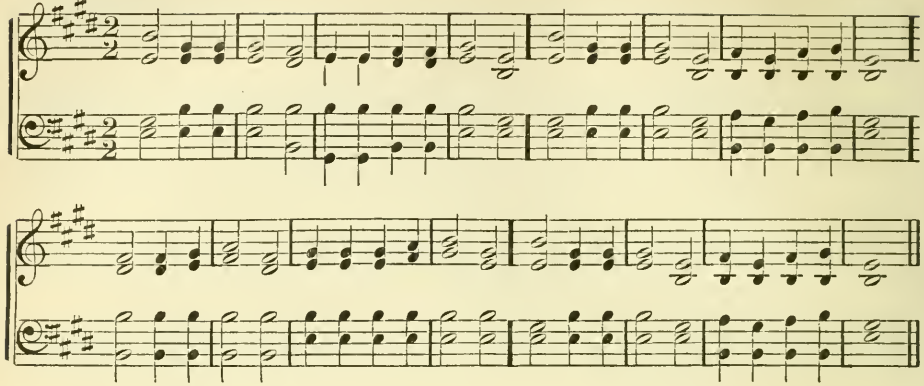
There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
Their grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

William B. O. Peabody.

HENLEY. 11. 10. Lowell Mason.



732.

Come unto me.

COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

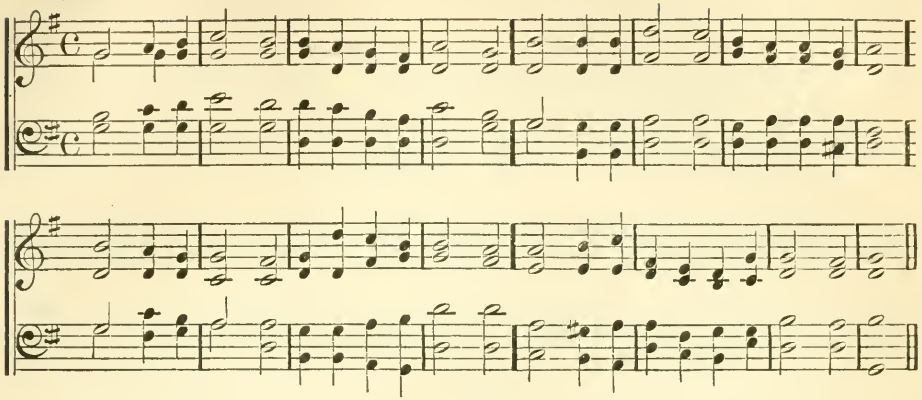
Catherine H. Waterman

733.

The Mourner.

WEEP thou, O mourner! but in lamentation
Let thy Redeemer still remembered be;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

WALLIS. 11. 10.



Change then, O mourner, grief to exultation;
Firm and confiding should thy spirit be:
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

Anon.

734.

The Might of Faith.

We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight:
We will not doubt, — if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

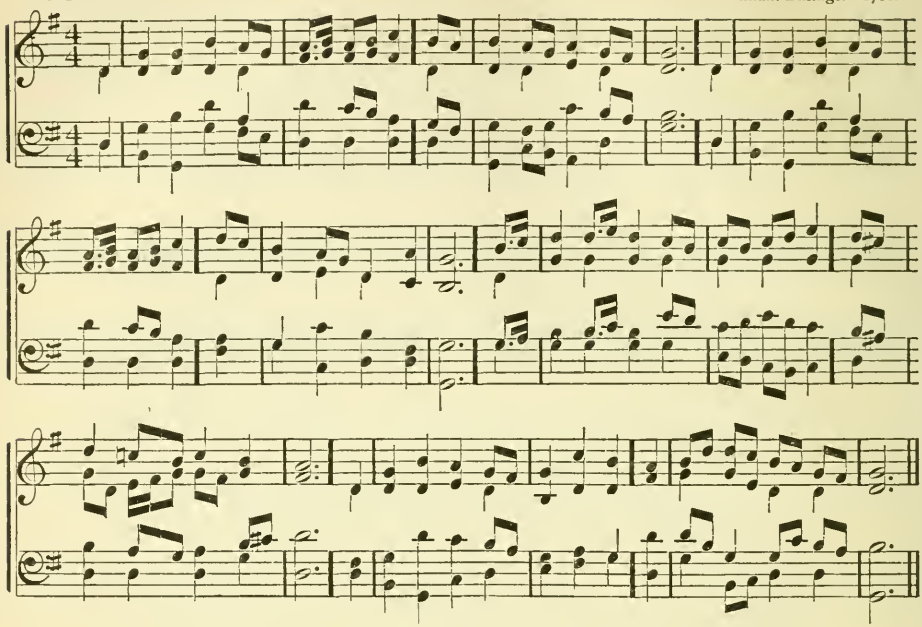
We will not faint, — if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father, when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

W. H. Hurlbut. 1867.

JORDAN. C. M. William Billings. 1781.



735. *The Promised Land.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,— [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

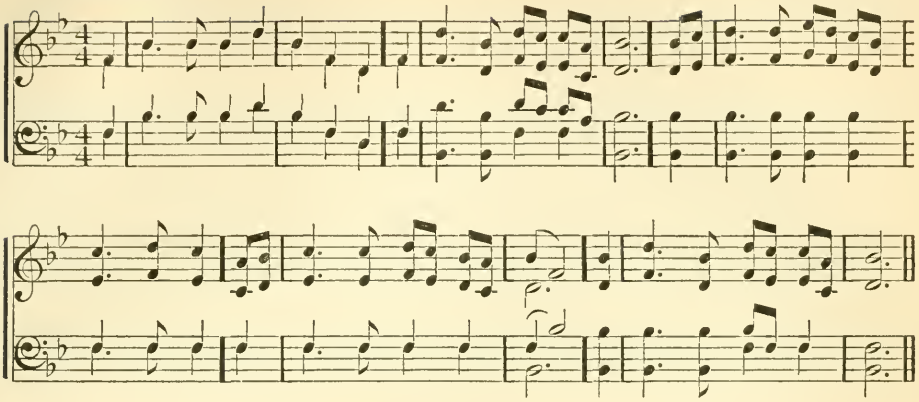
Isaac Watts. 1709.

736. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee.

O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow shall be found,
No death, no care, no toil.

PRAISE. C. M. Arr. from Burgmuller.



Oh, blessed are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
In holy converse stand;
And soon my saintly friends below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin. 9th Cent.
Tr. Anon. 1616.†

737. *At Evening Time it shall be Light.*

We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright, —
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head:
At eve it shall be light!

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

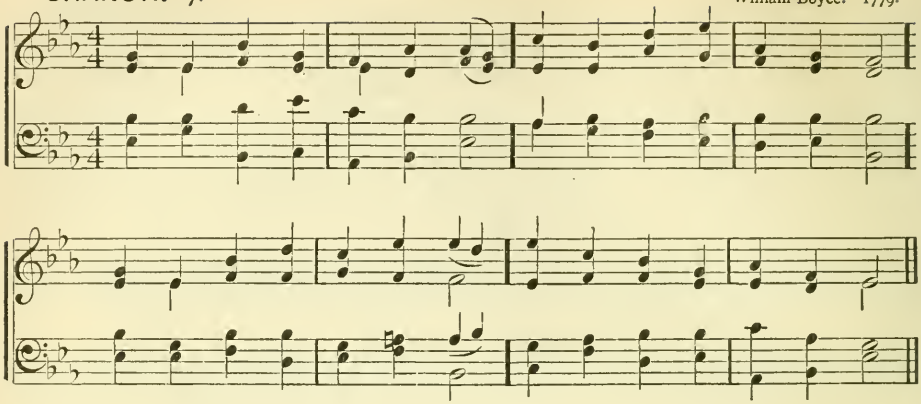
When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky, —
A pledge that storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled, —
At eve it shall be light.

Bernard Barton.

SHARON. 7.

William Boyce. 1779.



738. *Life in Death.*

BURST thy shackles! drop thy clay!
Spirit, breathe thyself away!
Singing, to thy home remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love!

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Spirits in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade.

Fear thou not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him, —
Him whose living love and power
Stills its tossing, calms its roar.

Safe and tranquil is the wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust thee to the heavenly gale,
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail!

Augustus M. Toplady.†

739. *Trust in God.*

WE would leave, O God! to thee
Every anxious care and fear:
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.

Thou dost care for us, we know, —
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.

On this faith we fain would rest:
Strengthen thou its blessed power;
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

William Gaskell.

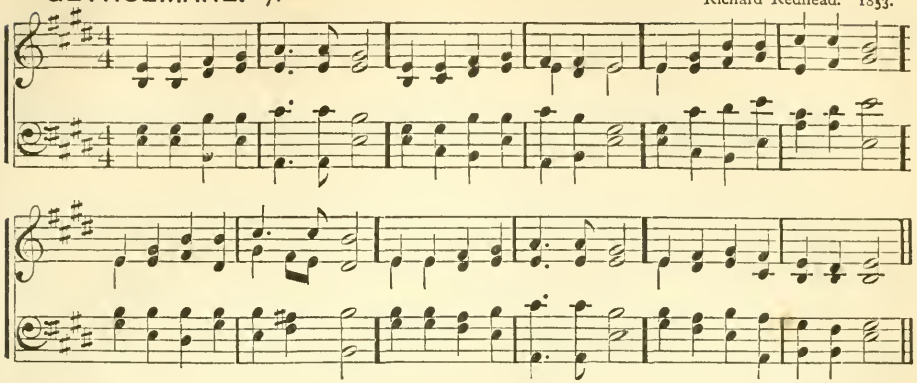
740. *Dews and Tears.*

GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours, —

Blessed dews and tears, that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven.
Let us still his praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

Sarah F. Adams.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Richard Redhead. 1853.



741. *The Abode of Saints.*

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies;
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify:
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom;
And the saints, through toil and shame
Brave confessors of thy name.

Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest!

Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem, — theirs and ours.

John Mason Neale. 1866.

742. *Funeral Hymn of a Child.*

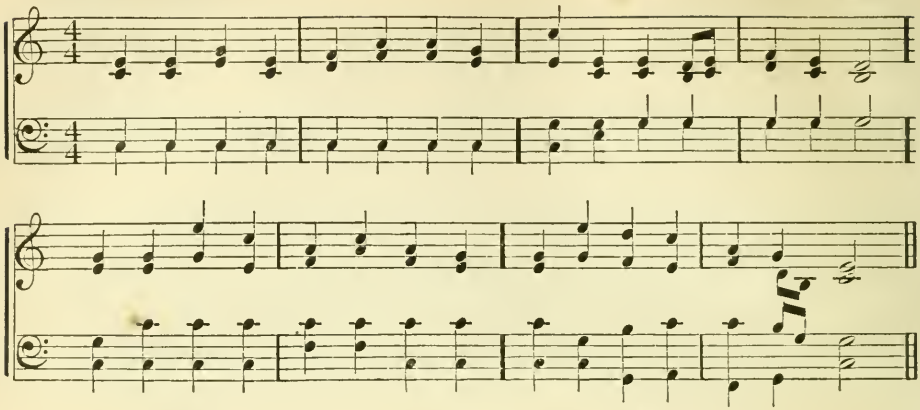
To the Father's love we trust
That which was enshrined in dust;
While we give the earth to earth,
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.
Angels wait the angel child,
Gentle, young, and undefiled.

Said not oft those pleading eyes
That they longed for purer skies?
Did not oft the falling tear
Speak of roughening billows here?
Prayed we not that she might rest
On her Heavenly Father's breast?

Give the spirit, then, to God,
And its vesture to the sod;
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
Kindled ne'er to pass away,
And a light from angel eyes
Draw us upward to the skies.

Anon.

MOUNT VERNON. 8. 7. Lowell Mason.



743. *Sunset of Life.*

Down toward the twilight drifting,
Hover now the shadows fast:
Lo! the evening clouds are rifting,
And the storm is overpast.

One by one the stars are peeping
Gently from the azure deeps;
Loving angels round are keeping
Watch and ward while nature sleeps.

Memory to the heart is calling
Happy visions that had fled;
While, like dew around me falling,
Comes the presence of the dead.

Hush! the solemn midnight tolleth;
Morn is breaking from on high;
God away the darkness rolleth,—
Light! and immortality!

Samuel D. Robbins.

744. *The Departed.*

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our song shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Samuel F. Smith.

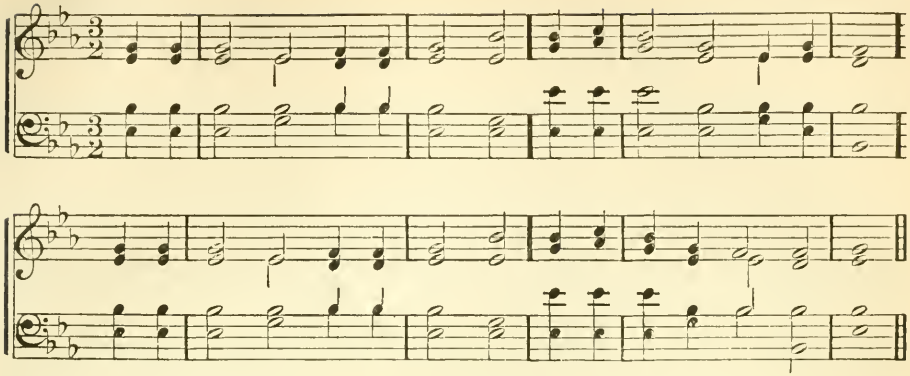
745. *Death of a Child.*

Fare thee well, thou fondly cherished,—
Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well:
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
Back with him and his to dwell.

Yet while mourning, O our lost one!
Come no visions of despair;
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith thou art not, art not, there.

Dav.d M. Moir

CHESTER. 8. 7. I. B. Woodbury. 1850.



746. *Waiting for Death.*

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, — gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace. 1852.

747. *Farewell, Brother!*

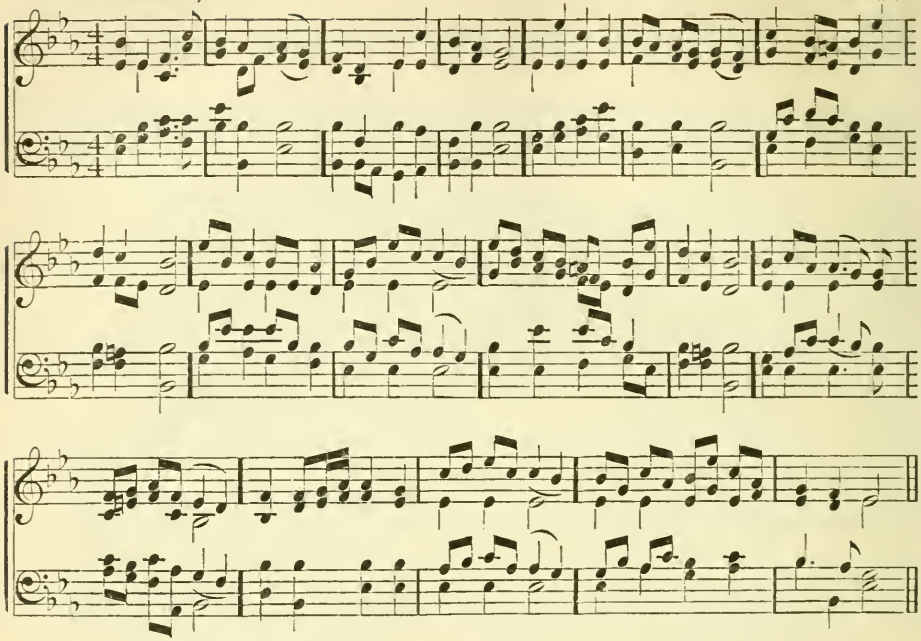
Farewell, brother! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay.
Kindred saints and angels holy
Bore thy heavenward soul away.
Sad, we gave thee to that number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
Where, above thy peaceful slumber,
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song!
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,
Come in holy trust made strong.
Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread:
"Mortals, upward! seek no longer
Those that live among the dead!"

Farewell, brother! soon we meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls:
For glad tidings float, how sweetly!
From the glorious land of souls.
Death's cold gloom — it parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone.
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder,
God's broad day comes pouring on!

Edmund H. Sears. 1837.

HOTHAM. 7. Dr. Madan.



748. *God a Refuge.*

O THOU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

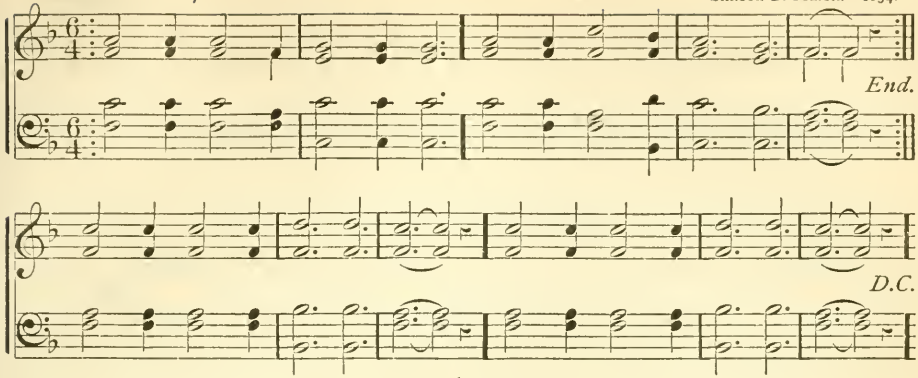
Other refuge have I none;
Helpless hangs my soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on thee I cast my care.
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
While I of thy strength receive:
Hoping against hope I stand;
Dying, and, behold! I live.

Thou, O God, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1740.†

MARTYN. 7. Simeon B. Marsh. 1834.



749. *The Christ in Heaven.*

He is gone; a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken:
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; toward their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

Arthur P. Stanley. 1862.

750. *He is risen.*

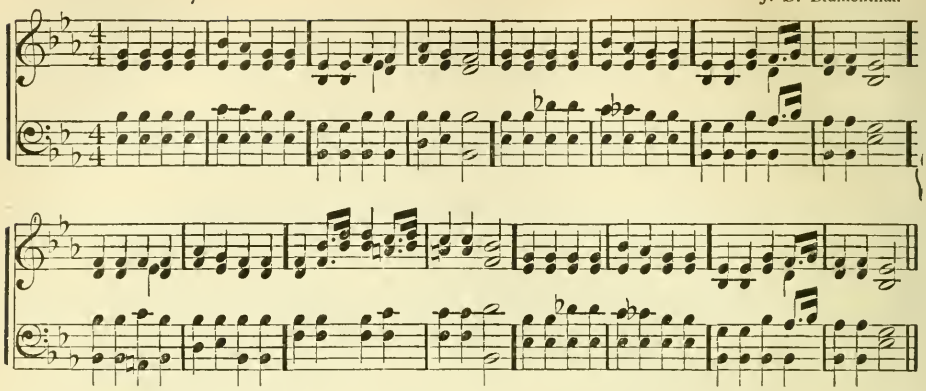
Where is he that came to save?
Where is he that lived to bless?
Lying in the silent grave,
Sorrow-stricken hearts confess.
In the grave, yet not to earth
Wholly sink heroic lives,
While the memory of their worth
In the heart of man survives.

Watching weary nights in tears,
Thinking of the words he said,
Lo! to them again appears
Image of the sacred dead.
Round the holy sepulchre
Never-dying glories shine;
Midst its hallowed silence stir
Echoes of a voice divine.

Oft in weakness, fear, and gloom,
Now, as then, despairing eyes,
Turning to the Master's tomb,
See, with joy, his spirit rise,—
Rise triumphant from its dust,
Rise again to save and bless,
Spirit of immortal trust,
Breath of truth and holiness.

Seth Curtis Beach. 1877.

GOING. 8. 7. J. D. Blumenthal.



751. "*Suffer the Little Children to come unto me.*"

THEY are going, — only going:
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets, in the spring-time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going, — only going, —
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going, ever going,
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of his presence,
Who has called them unto him.

They are going — only going —
Out of pain and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows, — no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes, — tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips, — no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.

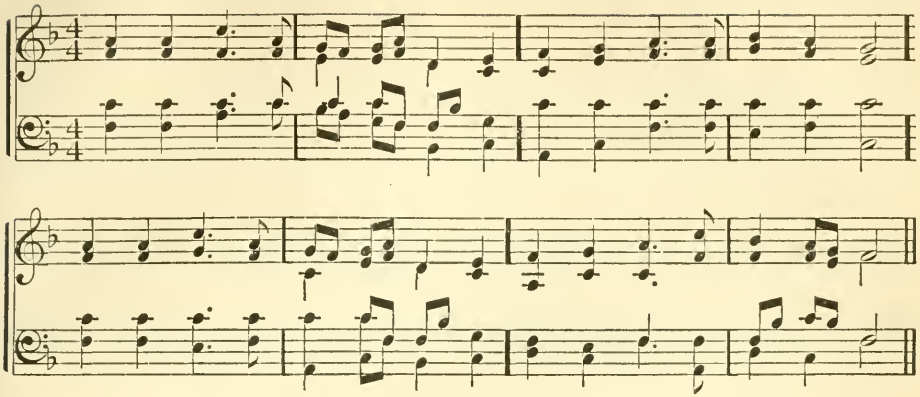
Little hearts for ever stainless;
Little hands as pure as they;
Little feet, by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way.
They are going, — ever going, —
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them, —
Suffer, and forbid them not.

Elim.

752. *Before the Throne.*

HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to thee!
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

DARTMOUTH. 8. 7. From Mozart.



Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
Confessor, evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, —
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory:
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever;
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Father and of thee.

Elim.

753. *Christ risen.*

ALLELUIA! alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise.

Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal, —
On this holy Easter morn.

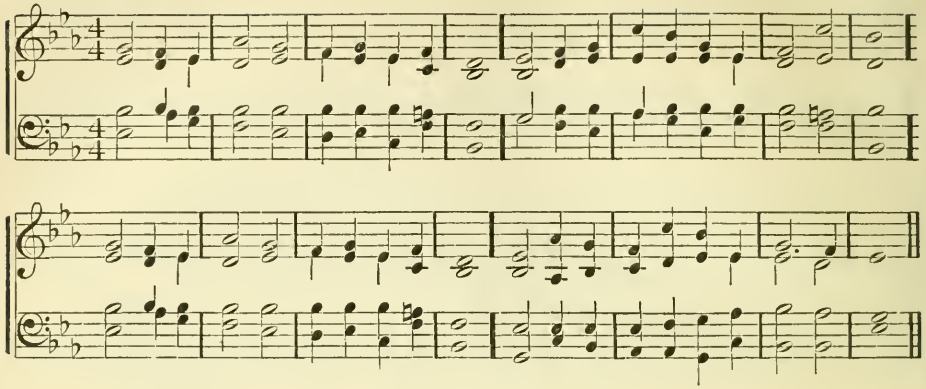
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By his mighty enterprise;
We with Christ to life eternal,
By his resurrection, rise.

Christ is risen, we are risen:
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory,
From the brightness of thy face.

Grant that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with thee.

Elim.

LIVORNO. 10. Arthur Sullivan. 1874.



754.

Humble Confession.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

E. H. Bickersteth.

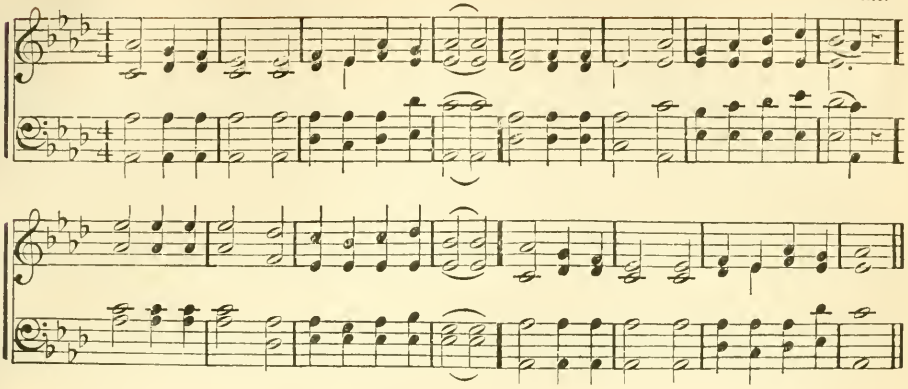
755.

The Broken Shield.

Oh, send me not away! for I would drink,
E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

WHITE. 11. 10. T. B. White.



Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me thy heavenly armor, Lord!

Book of Hymns. 1848.

756.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power:
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

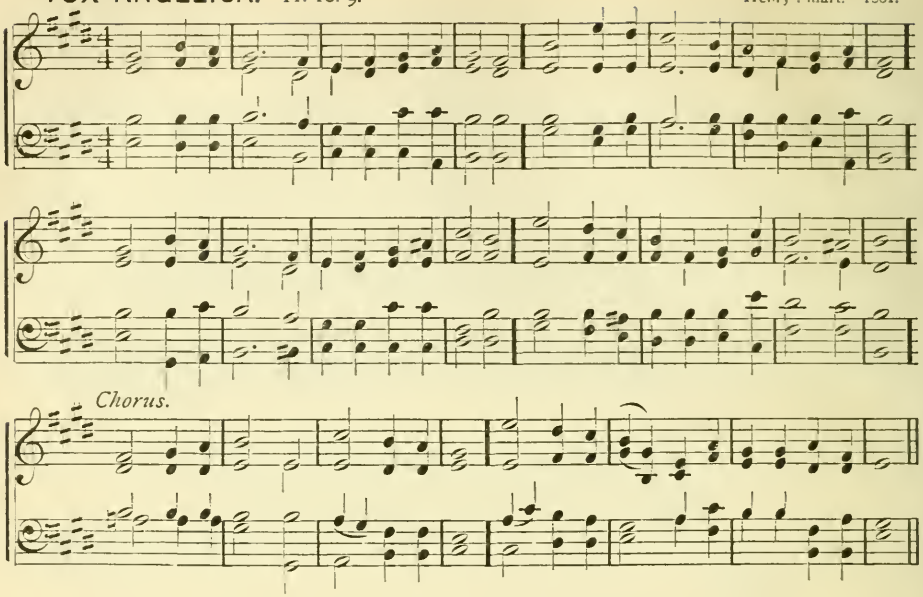
Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, — thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home, — with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave: no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery.

VOX ANGELICA. 11. 10. 9. Henry Smart. 1861.



757. *"The Pilgrims of the Night."*

HARK, hark, my soul: angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Chorus. Angels of gladness, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

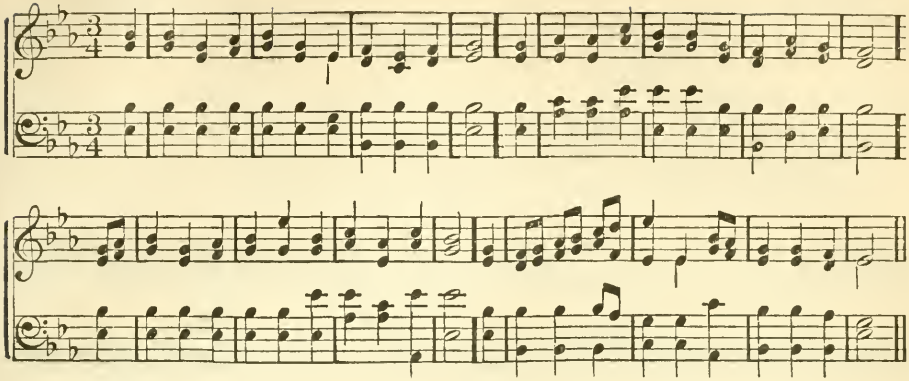
Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark:
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark. *Chorus.*

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. *Chorus.*

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love. *Chorus.*

Frederick W. Faber. 1854.

EDINBURGH. II. Modern Harp.



758.

Ministering Spirits.

How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,
That the sweetest delight of the mansions above
Is to bear to some bosom God's message of love!

Oh, the outward is gone, but in moments serene
Comes the sense of a presence, unheard and unseen:
High promptings of duty, sweet breathings of peace,
Show the soul's deep communion shall nevermore cease.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
To warn and to guard us whenever we stray:
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us ever, — these spirits of heaven.

Hymns of the Spirit.

759.

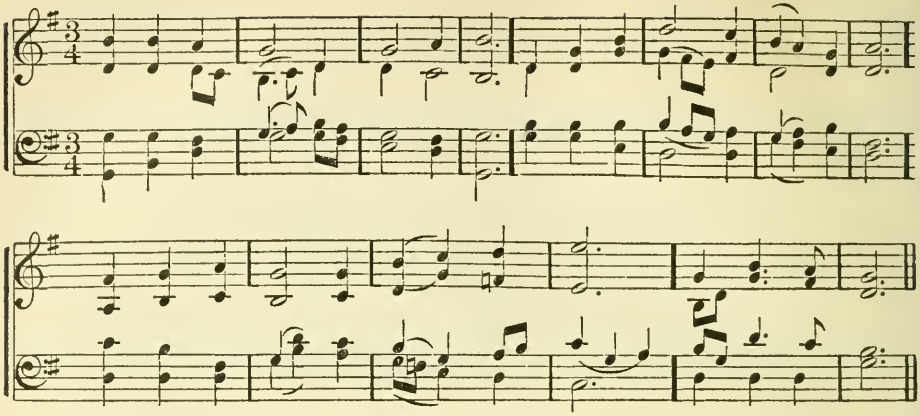
The Living Dead.

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish;
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears:
Other joys may be lost, but their names should not perish,
While time bears our feet through the valley of tears.

James T. Fields.

ELLIOTT. 8. 4. Rev. John B. Dykes. 1861.



760. *The Hour of Prayer.*

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

761. *Prayer.*

O God, my Father, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

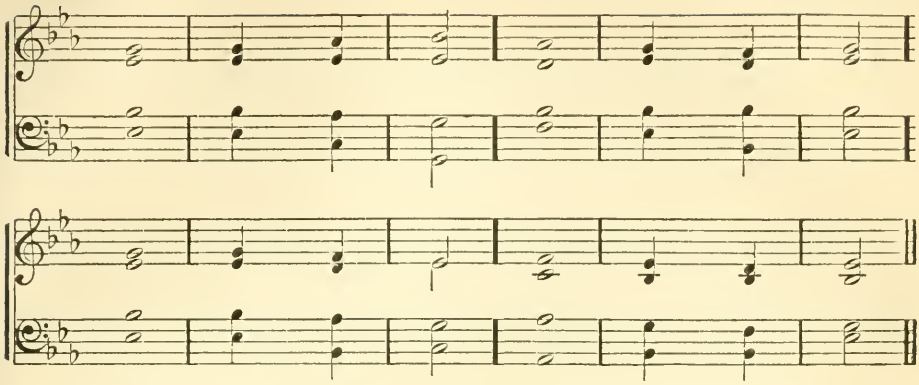
I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

John Robert Macduff. 1853.

CHANT. No. 1. A. H. D. Troyte.



762. *Thy Will be done.*

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh!
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

763. *God is Love.*

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

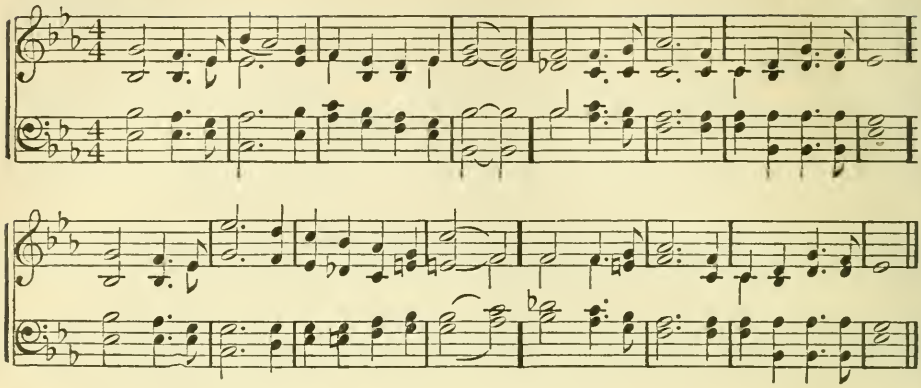
When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

Yes, God is love: a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

Anon.

BERLIN. 10. Mendelssohn.



764. *"Still with Thee."*

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The sólemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

765. *The Calm of the Soul.*

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

766. *"A little while, and ye see me."*

Oh for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song;

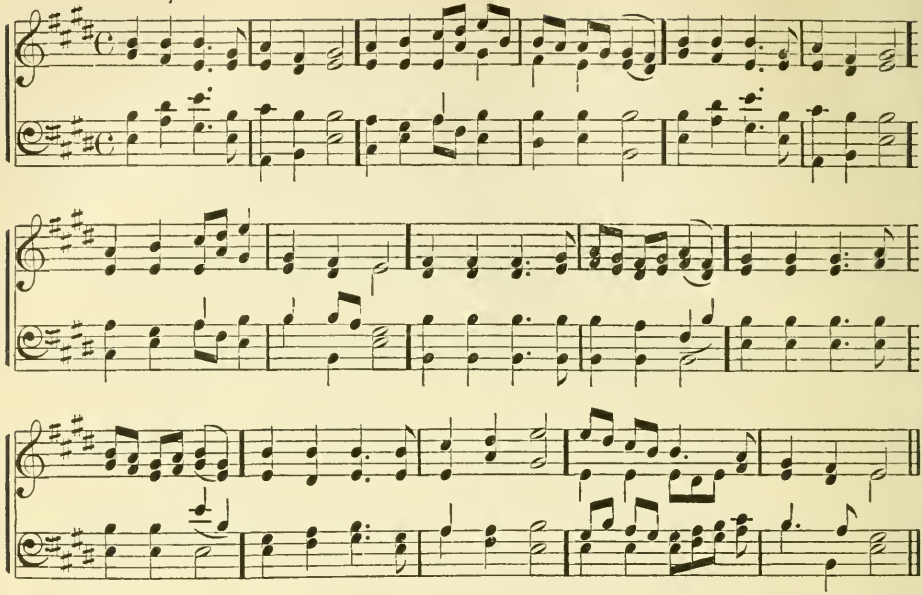
A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise;

A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, — He doth all things well.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

Jane Fox Crewdson

ONIDO. 7. Ignace Pleyel. 1757–1831.



767. *The Heavenly Love.*

Let us sing the praise of Love,
Holy Spirit, from above,
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all created things;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies,
Mindful of the sparrow's fall,
Heeding when the lowly call.

Let us sing the praise of Love
Everywhere, around, above;
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!
And when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright
Pass from darkness into light.

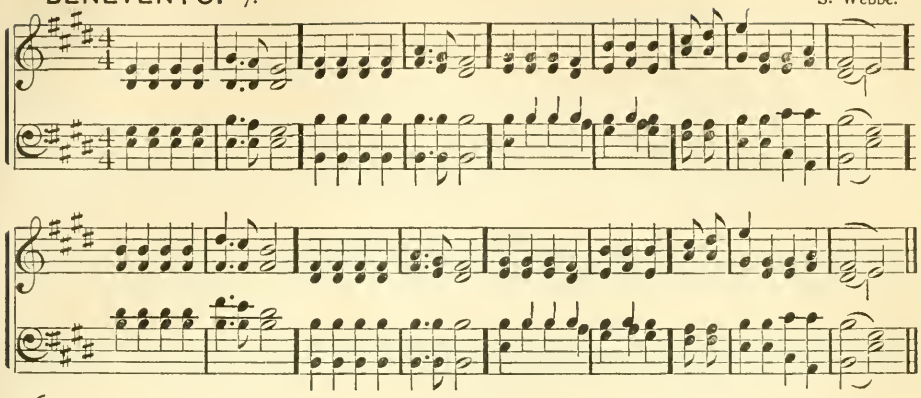
768. *"O Grave, where is thy Victory?"*

Lord, in thee I place my trust:
Thou art my defence and tower;
Death thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul it hath no power.
Thou wilt save and strengthen me,
Give me of thy peace and might:
Father, thou art unto me
Resurrection, Life, and Light.

Life of life, within me dwell;
For the peace thy presence sheds
Gives a joy no tongue can tell,
Charms the pain from dying-beds.
I am safe within thine arm;
Thanks, O Father, unto thee.
Death can hurt not, nor alarm,—
Thou hast given the victory!

Heermann.

BENEVENTO. 7. S. Webbe.



769. *New Year Hymn.*

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer!
Bless our yet untrodden way;
Lead us through the entered year.
Where the shades of death we see,
Let thy living brightness be:
Let it speed our lingering feet;
Let it shine on all we meet.

Forward, though our path be hid,
Though we pass the lurking foe,
Though the sound of war forbid,
Girt with gladness, let us go;
Bold in thy protecting care,
Strong to prove thee faithful there,
Through the desert or the sea,
On, to find our home in thee.

Open thou beneath our tread
Springs the distance could not show;
From the holy fountain-head
Let them rise where'er we go:
Rather give us eyes to see, —
Love, awake to love in thee, —
Hearts that, trusting to thy care,
Find its traces everywhere.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

770. *The New Year.*

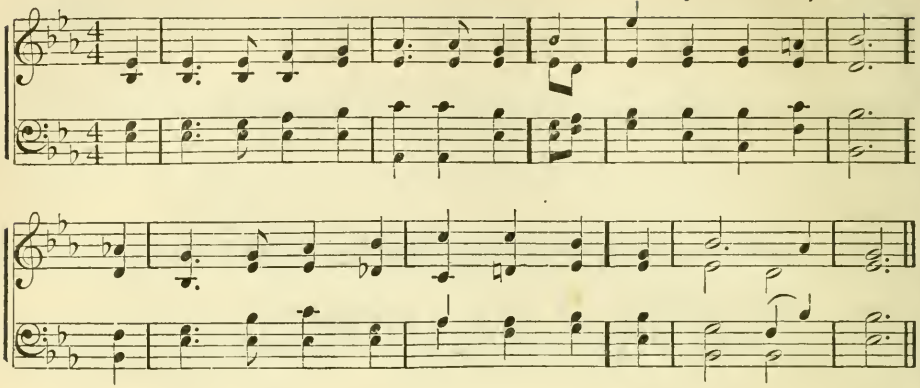
WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Waking to eternal day,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer stay;
But how little, none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with thy heavenly love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton. 1779.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.



771.

The Holy Spirit.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber. 1829.

772.

For Strength.

FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son, —

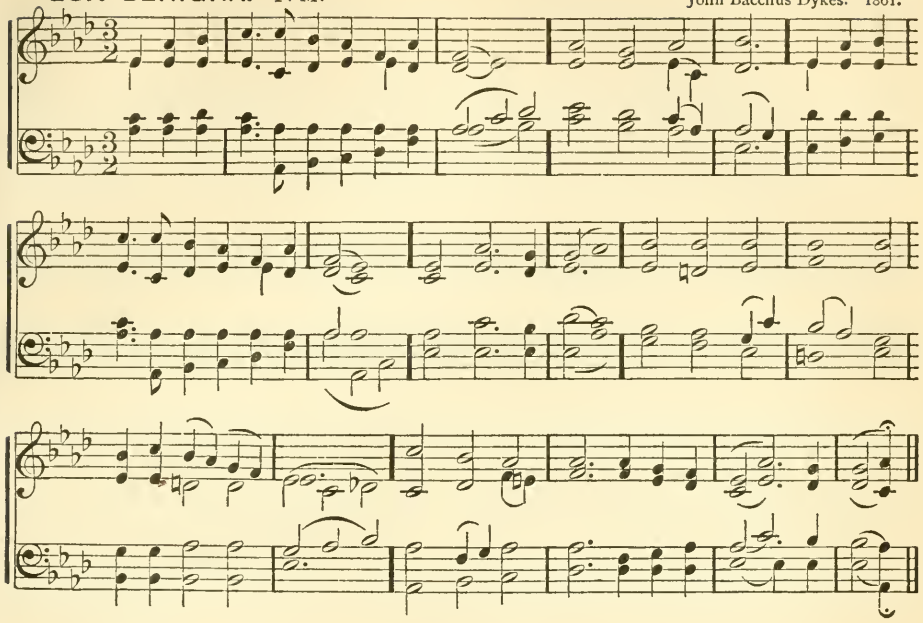
Oh, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief;
And, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow the grief!

And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done!" —

By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Our Saviour, when the stroke doth fall,
Hallow our grief!

Felicia D. Hemans.

LUX BENIGNA. P. M. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.



773. *Lead, Kindly Light.*

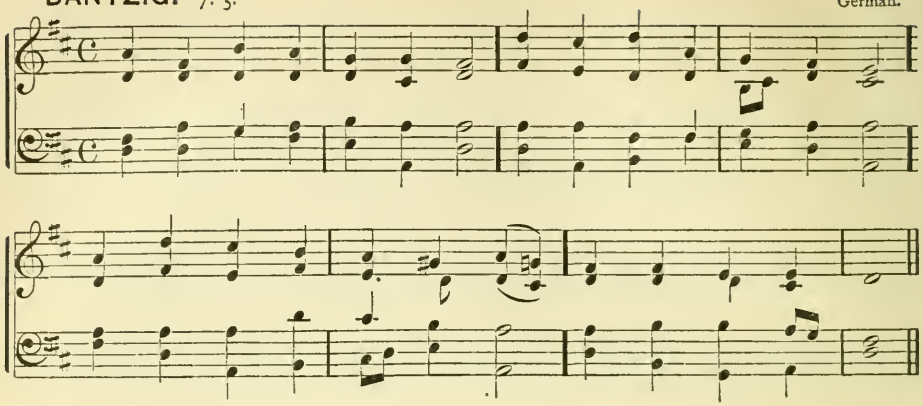
LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone.
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman. 1853.

DANTZIG. 7. 5. German.



774. *Faith, Hope, and Charity.* 1 Cor. xiii.

MIGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide,
Let thy light in us abide;
Ever walking by thy side,
Grant us heavenly love!

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth. 1865.†

775. "*At evening-time it shall be light.*" Zech. xiv. 7.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy Father, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening-time.

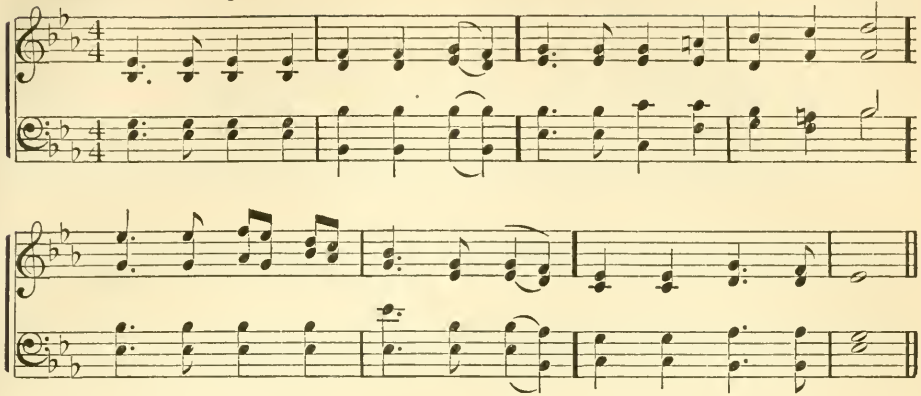
Holy Father, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

Holy Father, with us be!
Darkness is not dark with thee:
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

Church Hymns.

BILLOW. 8. 7. 5.

Lowell Mason.



776. *Unwasting Treasures.*

Tune, DANTZIG.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled, —
Peace for evermore!

When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray, —
Light for evermore!

When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life! be ours thy crown, —
Life for evermore!

John Ellerton. 1870.

777. *The Voice of the Soul.*

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching, —
What, and where, is truth?

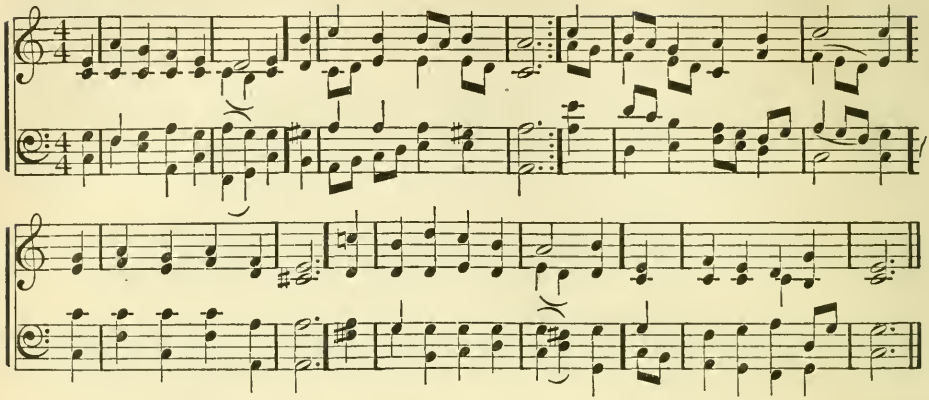
Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end:

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

John G. Whittier.

PASSION CHORALE. 7. 6. Hans Leo Hassler. 1601.



778. *O Sacred Head!*

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown, —
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish
Which once were fair as morn!

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
This love that knew no end!
Oh, make me thine for ever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding,
For ever would I rest;
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1145.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

779. *No Continuing City.*

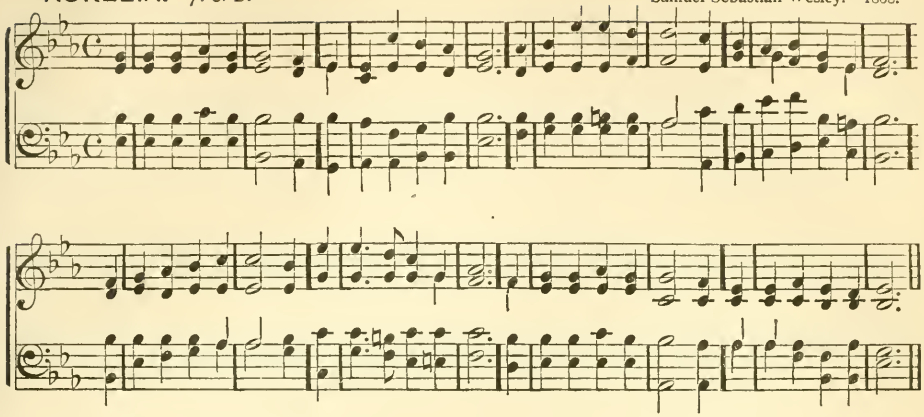
BRIEF life is here our portion, —
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadow shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our king and portion,
In fulness of his grace
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny. 1145.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851

AURELIA. 7. 6. D. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. 1868.



780. *Teach us to number our Days.*

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou!

Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth. 1866.

781. *Reunion in Heaven.*

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

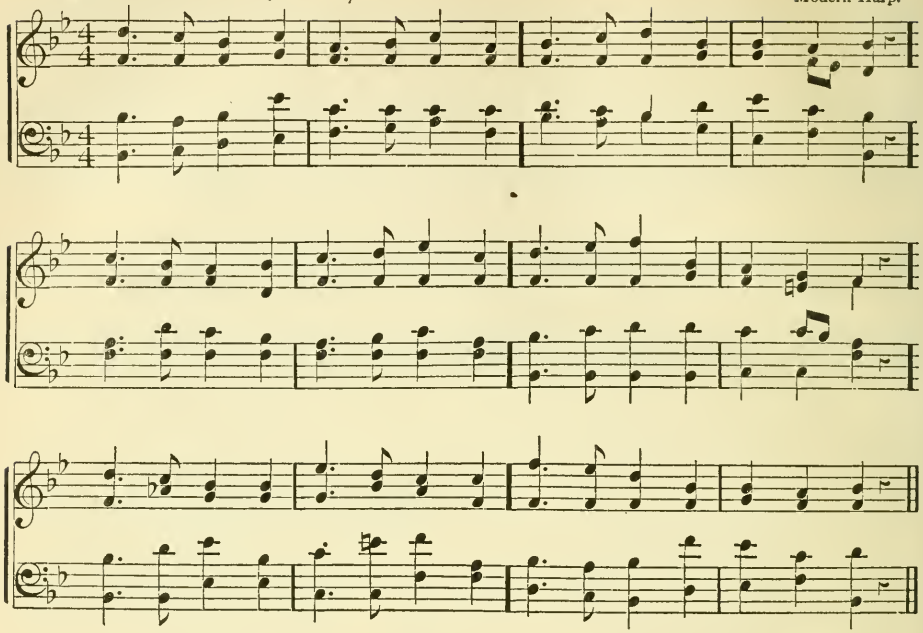
No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.
No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

782. GOD OUR PROTECTOR.

AMERICAN HYMN. 8. 7.

Modern Harp.



782. *God our Protector.*

WHO, when darkness gathered o'er us,
Foes and death on every side,
Clothed in glory walked before us,
Leading on like Israel's guide?
'Twas Jehovah! He, appearing,
Showed his banner far and wide.

When the trump of war was sounding,
'Twas the Lord who took the field:
He, his people then surrounding,
Made the strong in battle yield.
To our fathers, few in number,
He was armor, strength, and shield.

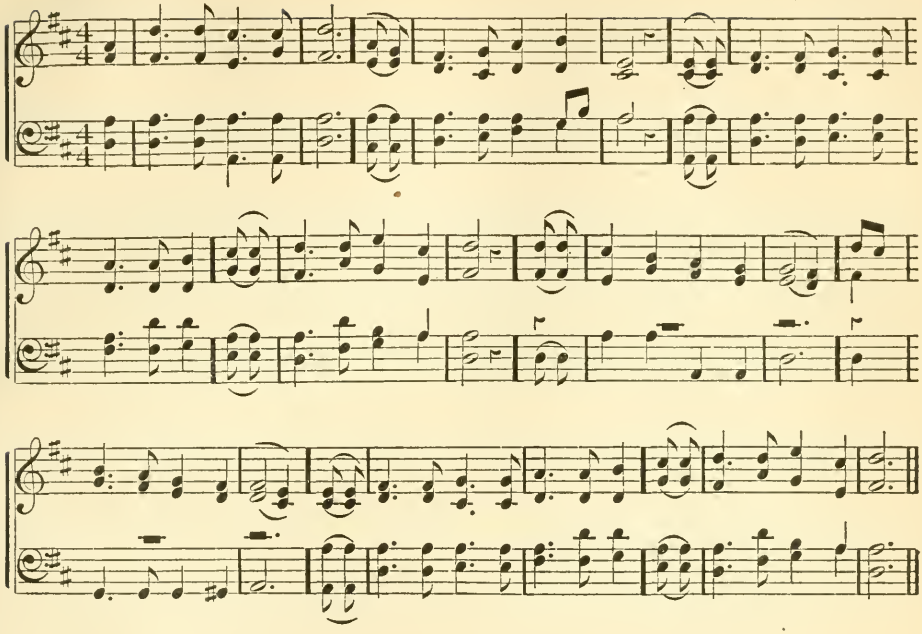
In the God of armies trusting,
'Mid their weakness, void of fear;
Soon they felt their bonds were bursting,
Saw the dawning light appear.
Clouds dissolving in the sunbeams
Showed the land of freedom near.

Hark! we hear to heaven ascending,
From the voices of the free,
Hallelujahs, sweetly blending
With the song of Liberty.
Power Almighty, we the victory
Ever will ascribe to thee.

Lo! the dove, the olive bearing,
Plants it on our country's shore,
Every breast its branch is wearing
Where the buckler shone before.
Praise the Eternal! he is reigning!
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

Hannah F. Gould.

BROWNE. S. M. Mary A. Browne.



783. *The Pilgrim Fathers.*

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame:
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; [gloom
They shook the depths of the desert's
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

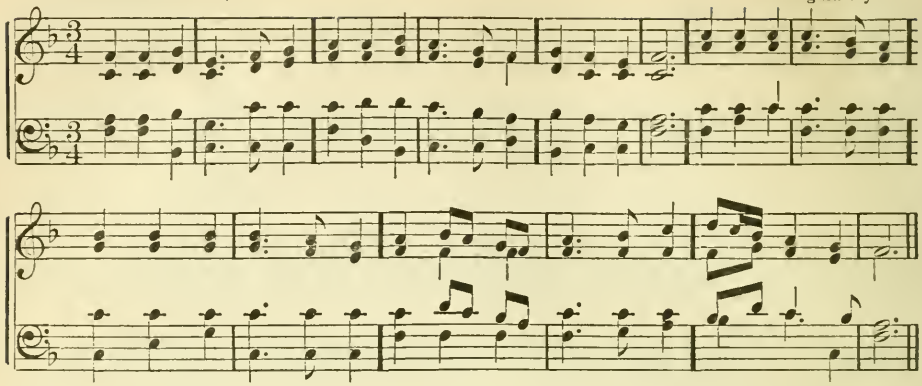
Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
To the anthem of the free. [rang
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained, what here they found:
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia D. Hemans.

AMERICA. 6. 4.

English Hymn.



784.

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

785.

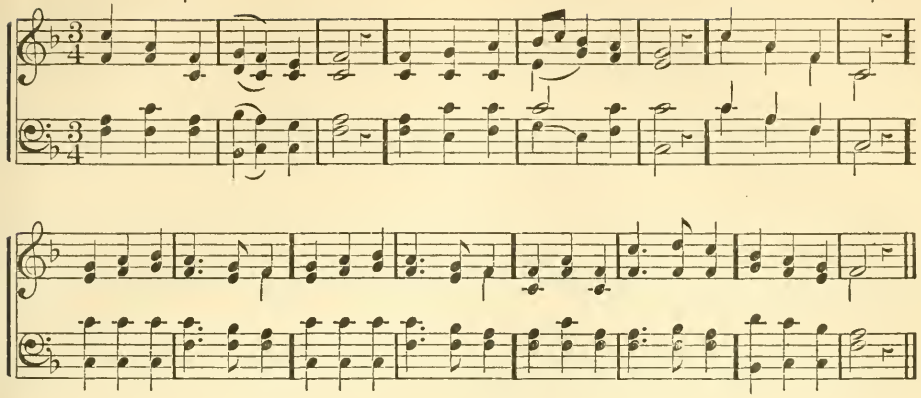
Our Country.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
On thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State.

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

ITALY. 6. 4. Felice Giardini. 1760.



786.

Our Fathers.

GONE are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills, —
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh, let thy light repose
On these our hills!

John Pierpont.

787.

"The God of Harvest praise."

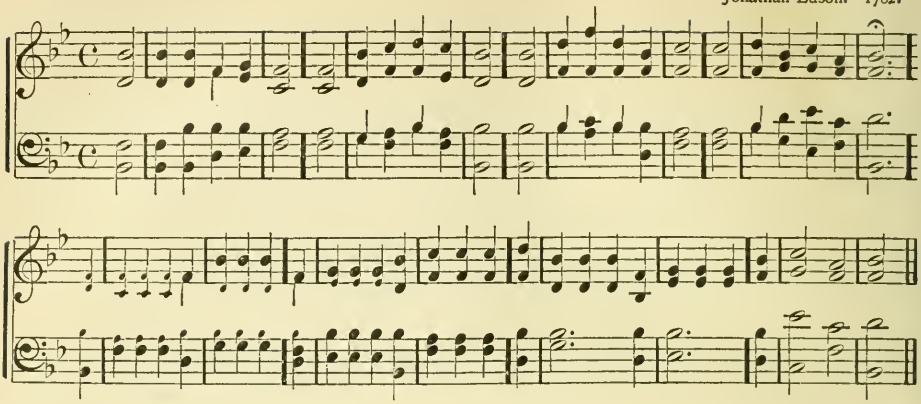
THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery.

LENOX. H. M. Jonathan Edson. 1782.



788. *Praise from all Creatures.*

Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light, begin the song.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.

He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last:
In different ways his works proclaim
His wondrous name, and speak his praise.

Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise his honors high.

Tate and Brady.

789. *God's Saving Word.*

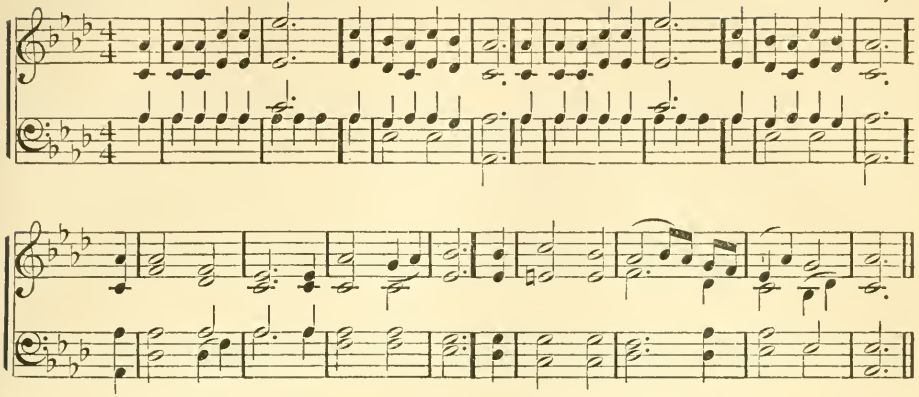
Mark the soft falling snow
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again,
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

Philip Doddridge.

SHEFFIELD. H. M. W. B. Bradbury.



790. *The Seasons.*

LORD of the worlds below,
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see a God appears:
The rolling years are full of thee.

Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills; the air is balm:
Devotion's calm our bosom fills.

Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls:
But still our souls in thee rejoice.

In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man and bird and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care, at morn and noon
And harvest moon, our lips declare.

In winter, awful thou,
With storms around thee cast:
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower, to thee, dread King,
We homage bring, and own thy power.

James Freeman.

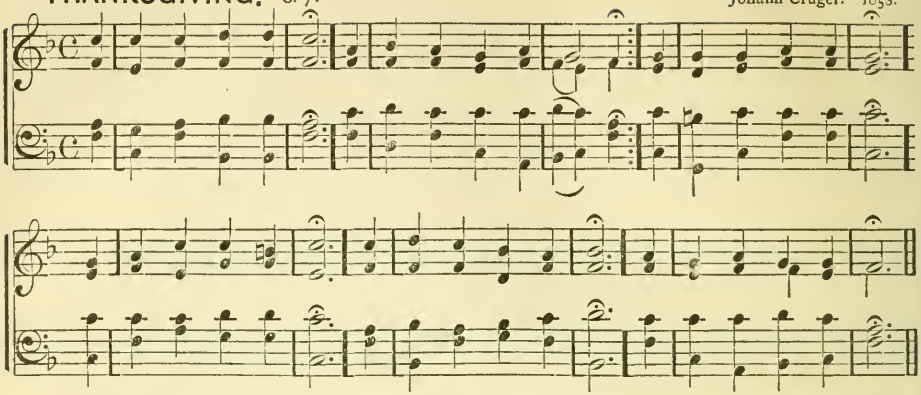
791. *"Take up the Strain."*

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

Oh, spread the joyful sound,
The Father's love proclaim;
Declare the world around
Salvation in his name;
Till all mankind take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins. 1849.

THANKSGIVING. 6. 7. Johann Cruger. 1658.



792. *Oh, sing unto God.*

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices:
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Holy One who reigns
In earth and highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart. 1644.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

793. *Our God for ever.*

LORD God, we worship thee:
In loud and happy chorus
We praise thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship thee.

Lord God, we worship thee:
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

Lord God, we worship thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still thy anger spares,
And still thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land;
Lord God, we worship thee.

Johann Frank. 1653.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

794. *Harvest Hymn.* Tune, St. George. 316.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, may we come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford. 1845.

795. *Thanksgiving.* Tune, Luther. 499.

How rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows, —
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign,
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

Andrew Kippis.

796. *Praise for Nature's Gifts.* 7.

Praise, oh, praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing!
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

Praise him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner-floor:
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Sir Henry Williams Baker. 1861.

797. *Thanksgiving.* 7.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —

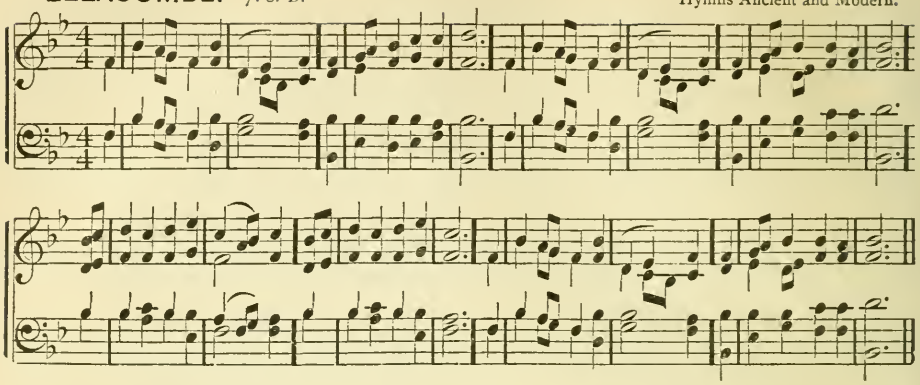
These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yes, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld.

ELLACOMBE. 7. 6. D.

St. Gall.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.



798. *"Go forward, Christian Soldier."*

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till God himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Laurence Tuttiett. 1854.

799. *One Fold and One Shepherd.*

Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold.
Now Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.

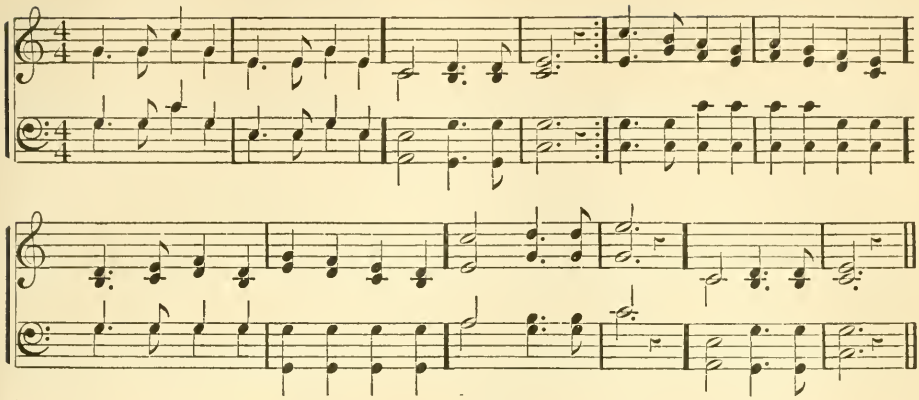
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation,
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick. 1863.?

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT. P. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



800.

God speed the Right.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

Be that prayer again repeated, —
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
God speed the right.

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding, —
God speed the right.

Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it:
God speed the right.

William E. Hickson.

801.

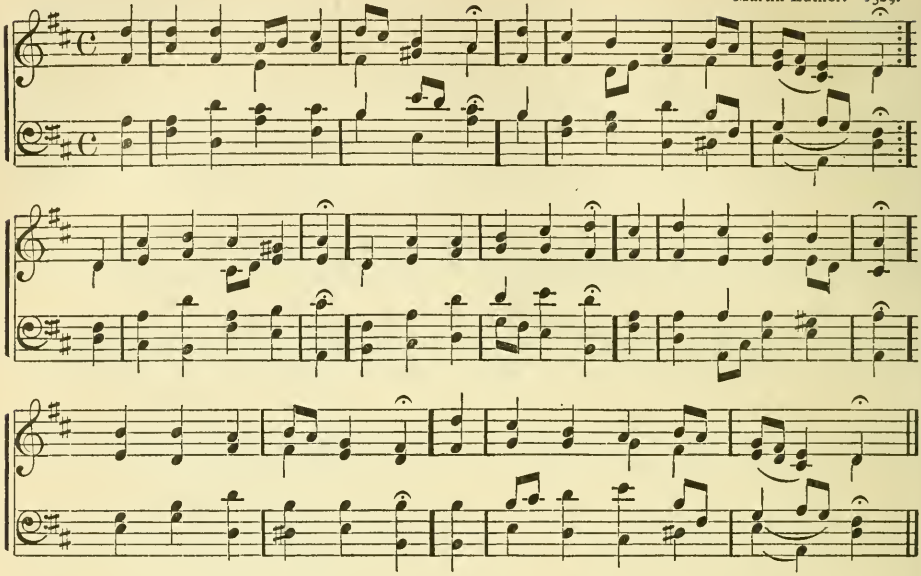
Temperance Hymn. Tune, WEBB. 290.

Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant sin:
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmèd cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is, "On!"

Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be thou our strength divine:
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness;
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

E. H. Chapin.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD. P. M. Martin Luther. 1529.



802. *"Praise Him, all ye People."*

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation!
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shewn;
Let all his saints adore him.

When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh, trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining!
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"Oh, praise our God alway!"
Let all his saints adore him.

Sir Henry Williams Baker. 1861.

803. *Luther's Psalm.* Ps. xlvi.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

God's word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

Tr. Frederic H. Hedge.

804. *The Day of Freedom.* L. M.

O Thou whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!—

When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

Sweet peace be here, and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of thy love shall hear.

John G. Whittier.

805. *The Altar and the School.* L. M.

When, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared:
On that, the gifts of faith were laid;
In this, their precious hopes were reared.

The altar and the schools still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For thou, who wast our fathers' friend,
Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

W. P. Lunt.

806. *For our Country.* C. M.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

Oh, guard our shores from every ill,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness!

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend:
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

807. *Remembrance of our Fathers.* L. M.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears,—in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

James Flint.

808. *The True Fast.* S. M.

"Is this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God;
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

"No: is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?

"To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

"Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light:
Before you, righteousness shall shine;
Behind, my glory bright."

James Drummond.

809. "*Strong Drink hath slain its Thousands.*"

Mourn for the thousands slain, —
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.

Mourn for the ruined soul, —
For reason's life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty.

Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Anon.

810. *For a Temperance Meeting.* L. M.

Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

Hymns of the Spirit.

811. *Baptism of a Child.* S. M.

To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring;
Giving to thee what thou hast given, —
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

Oh, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean!

James F. Clarke.

812. *Baptism of Children.* S. M.

To him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come, —
To him who took them to his breast
We bring these children home.

To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now!

James F. Clarke.

813. *Early Religion.* C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

O Thou who giv'st us life and breath!
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Bp. Reginald Heber.

814. *Dedication of Children.* C. M.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

815. *The Good Shepherd.* 8. 7.

Father, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share, —

Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, — thy word believing, —
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way:

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

816. *The Sunday School.* L. M.

O Thou who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain!
Shed thou thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways;
But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to thee.

Grant thou our hands the seed to sow
Which to eternal life shall grow;
Without thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

Anon.

817. *The Teachers.*

Mighty One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind, —

Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right;
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

William C. Bryant.

818. *Hymn for Sunday School.* 7. 6.

To thee, O God, we offer
Our joyful songs of praise,
To thee the bounteous Giver,
And Guardian of our days!
Again we meet to thank thee,
To raise our evening prayer:
Our hearts are filled with gladness
For thy most tender care.

Oh, give these teachers courage,
To boldly face all sin!
Help them to spread thy gospel,
Till all are gathered in.
That faith we cherish deeply,
May we with zeal impart!
Oh, plant its living power
In every beating heart!

Guard thou the young, we pray thee,
From sin and error's ways;
Show them the path of duty,
And guide them all their days.
May youth and age so serve thee,
Thou God of watchful love,
That all, when life is ended,
Shall dwell with thee above.

William H. Baldwin.

819. *Ordination.* C. M.

O Father of the living Christ,
Fount of the living Word,
Pour on the shepherd and the flock
The Spirit of the Lord!

Amid this mingled mystery
Of good and ill at strife,
Help them, O God, in him to find
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

That way together may they tread,
That truth with joy receive,
That life of heaven, on earth begun,
Through cloud and sunshine live.

Not chained to creeds, or cramped by forms,
With eyes that hail the light,
In holy freedom keep their souls,
Loyal to truth and right.

One may they be in faith and hope,
As one in works of love,
Till all be one in Christ and thee
In the Great Church above.

William Newell.

820. *Ordination.* C. M.

O God, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.
A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!
O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong!

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!
And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless, and they shall be blest.

Samuel Longfellow.

821. *Dedication of a Church.* L. M.

O FATHER, take the new-built shrine;
The house our hands have reared is thine:
Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father's house our home.

Blest with thy spirit while we stay,
May we thy spirit bear away,
That every heart a shrine may be,
And every home a home for thee.

Edward Everett Hale. 1858.

822. *Dedication of a Church.* 7.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

James Montgomery. 1825.

823. *Dedication Hymn.* C. M.

O FATHER, whose immortal word
For ever lasts the same!
Thy grace within these walls afford,
Here builded to thy name.

Here may thy saints new progress make,
Thy loitering ones be sped;
And here thy mourners comfort take,
And here thy poor be fed.

May God, our God, his Spirit send!
The Word is else unblest;
And fill this place from end to end,
O Ark of strength and rest!

N. L. Frothingham.

824. *Dedication.* C. M.

O THOU whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray!

May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies!

William C. Bryant.

825. *The House our Fathers built to God.* C. M.

WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

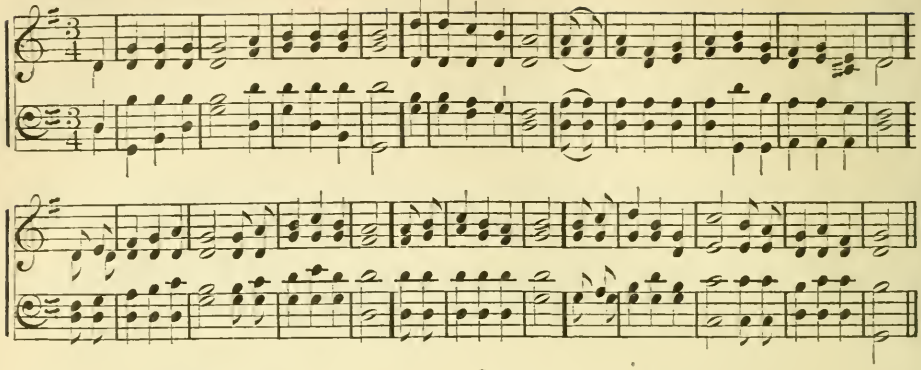
And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
To find the narrow way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

COME, LET US ANEW. 11. 5.



826.

Come, let us anew.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do!"
Oh that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Charles Wesley. 1750.

827.

A New Year. 6.

JOY! joy! a year is born, —
A year to man is given
For hope and peace and love,
For faith and truth and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil and pain and prayer
Lead to our higher life.

Behold! the fields are white;
No longer idly stand:
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given;
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

Hymns of the Spirit.

828.

For a Blessing on the New Year.

BLESS, O Lord, this opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

John Newton.

829. *The New Year.* Tune, WHITE. 272.

HOUSE of our God, with hymns of gladness ring,
While all our lips and hearts his praises sing!
The opening year his mercies shall proclaim,
And all its days shall celebrate his name.

Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of his unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of his goodness, which no ending knows.

O Earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Stored by his hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

O Church, his chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on his hands, and precious in his sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace,
Which sheds on thee the brightness of his face.

Burst into praise, my soul! and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore:
He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear;
Strong in his strength, begin the new-born year.

Church Hymns.

830. *The Changing Year.* Tune, MELTON. 268.

GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness: all are thine.

Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How great thy goodness! how remiss our praise!
The things we ought, how oft we've left undone,
And grieved thy spirit, high and holy One!

Oh, lend thine ear, we lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

Emily Taylor.

831. *A New Year.* C. M.

Our Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move:
Thou knowest what for each is best;
And thou art perfect love.

William Gaskell.

832. *The Opening or Closing Year.* L. M.

The year is gone beyond recall:
'Tis gone, with all its hopes and fears,—
With all its joys o'er those new-born,
With all its troubled mourner's tears.

We thank thee, Lord, for countless gifts:
Thy church's lamp still lights our land;
Oh, grant us grace this trust to keep,
And in the ancient faith to stand!

Still let thy goodness, Lord, be shown;
The coming year in mercy bless;
Guard thou our land from pestilence;
And give us peace and plenteousness.

Forgive this nation's many sins;
Destroy the strength that sin has gained;
And give us grace with sin to strive;
And give us crowns through strife attained.

We hate the sins that stain the past,
We would henceforth from them be free:
Oh, grant us peaceful years, O Lord,
And we will spend them all to thee!

Church Hymns.

833. *Close of the Year.* C. M.

O God, to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.

Of every breath and every power
Thou wast the gracious Source;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above,
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

William Gaskell.

834. *For the Opening or Closing Year.* L. M.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Philip Doddridge.

835. *Seed-time and Harvest shall not cease.* C. M.

Fountain of life, and God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hides the grain,
Thy goodness marks its secret birth,
And sends the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, is
Its mild, refreshing showers; [thine,
Thou giv'st the ripening suns to shine,
And summer's golden hours.

Thy quickening life, for ever near,
Matures the swelling grain;
The bounteous harvest crowns the year,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway:
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Alice Flowerdew. 1811.

836.

Autumn. Tune, WEBB. 290.

THE year is swiftly waning:
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

Oh, pour thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee!
Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned:
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face.

Church Hymns.

837.

Autumn. Tune, SEASONS. 143.

O LORD of seasons, unto thee
Our hymn with grateful hearts we raise,
For all thy gifts so rich and free,
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

By thy dear love, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

And Autumn brings her riches now,
Of ripening grain and bursting shell;
And golden sheaf and laden bough
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

Beneath blue skies, the fragrant breeze
O'er rustling, fallen leaves doth blow;
And purple, gold, and scarlet trees
The fulness of thy beauty show.

Samuel Longfellow.

838.

Winter. Tune, SEASONS. 143.

'TIS winter now: the gleaming snow
Has left the heavens all cold and clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

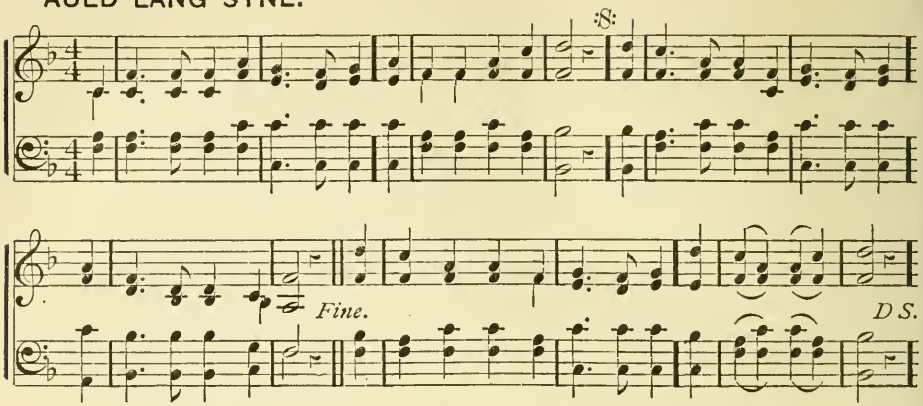
And yet God's love is not withdrawn:
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us thro' life's wintry days!

Samuel Longfellow.

AULD LANG SYNE.



839. *Auld Lang Syne.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And songs of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-night,
For auld lang syne,
To sing the songs our fathers sang
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends and hopes and happy dreams
Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

But when we cross the sea of life,
And reach the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
Transcending those of yore:
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

Anon.

840. *Auld Lang Syne.*

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all, —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore, —
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

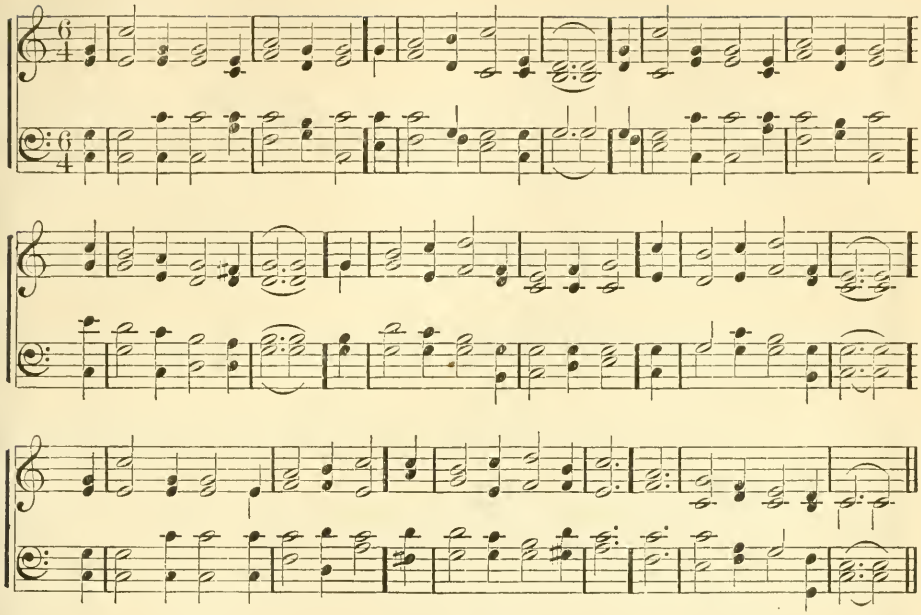
'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

John W. Chadwick.

KOLLOCK. C. M.

Lowell Mason.



841. *Brotherly Love.*

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

842. *The Future World.*

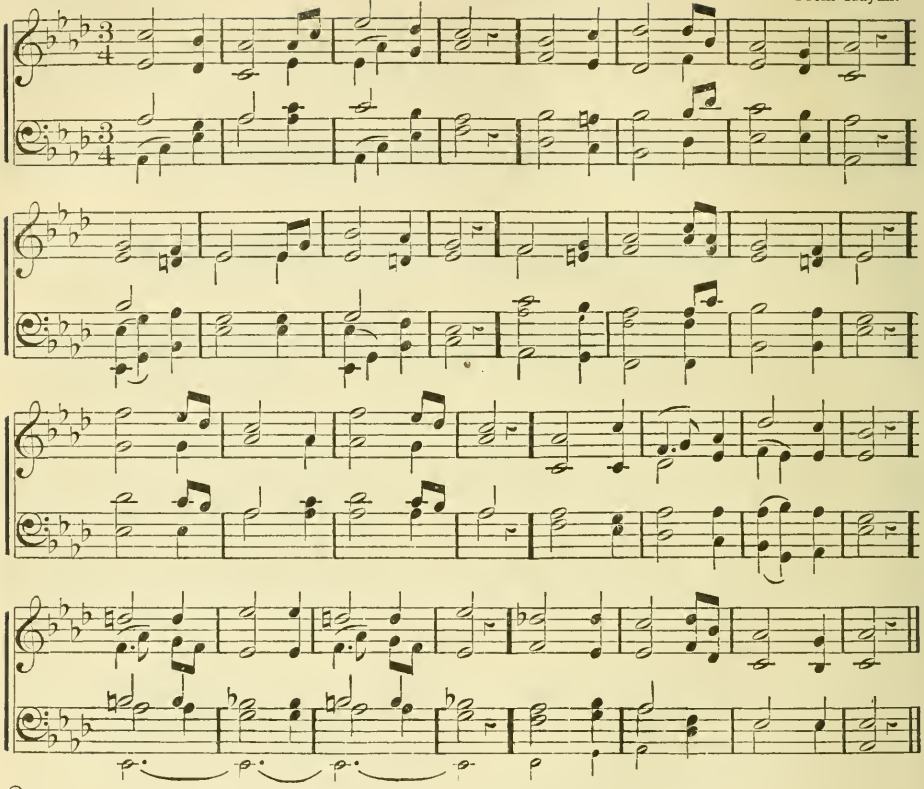
THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.
I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel and see and know
That those I love are near.
Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

John Taylor.

PATMOS.

From Haydn.



843. *Heaven.*

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery.

844. *The Martyrs' Ashes.* Tune, CARY. 661.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one prevailing name.

Martin Luther. 1483–1546.

845. *Earth's Nameless Martyrs.* Tune, HURSLEY.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death.

What though no stone the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,
May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by their lives be taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?

Felicia D. Hemans.

846. *The God of the Living.* Tune, HURSLEY. 491.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life:
Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

John Ellerton. 1867.

847. *Our Soldiers' Graves.* Tune, BOYLSTON. 667.

STREW all their graves with flowers,
They for their country died,
And freely gave their lives for ours,
Their country's hope and pride.

Bring flowers to deck each sod,
Where rests their sacred dust;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
Their everlasting trust.

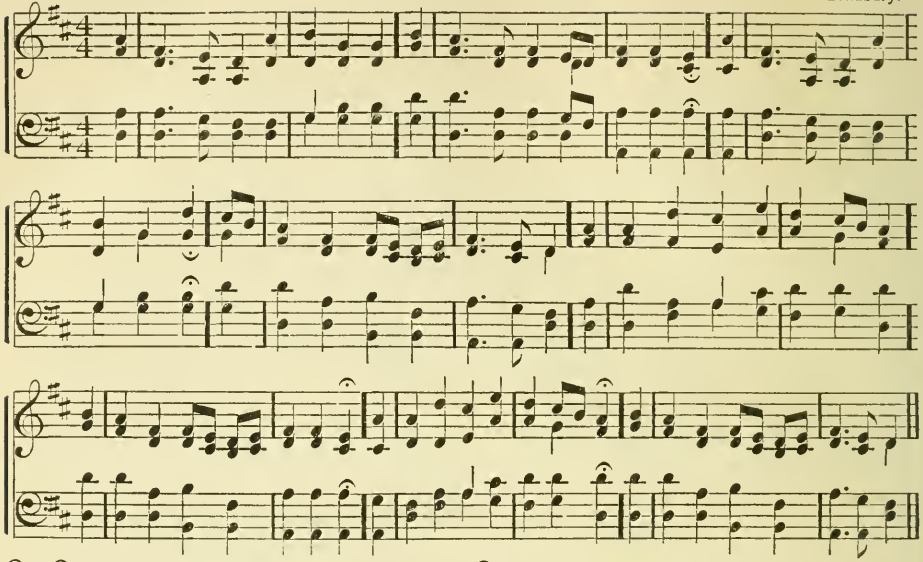
Fearless in Freedom's cause,
They suffered, toiled, and bled;
And died, obedient to her laws,
By truth and conscience led.

Oft as the year returns,
She o'er their graves shall weep;
And wreathe with flowers their funeral urns,
Their memory dear to keep.

Bring flowers of early spring
To deck each soldier's grave,
And summer's fragrant roses bring, —
They died our land to save.

Jones Very.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. William B. Bradbury.



848. *He leadeth me.*

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

J. H. Gilmore. 1859.

849. *At Home with God everywhere.*

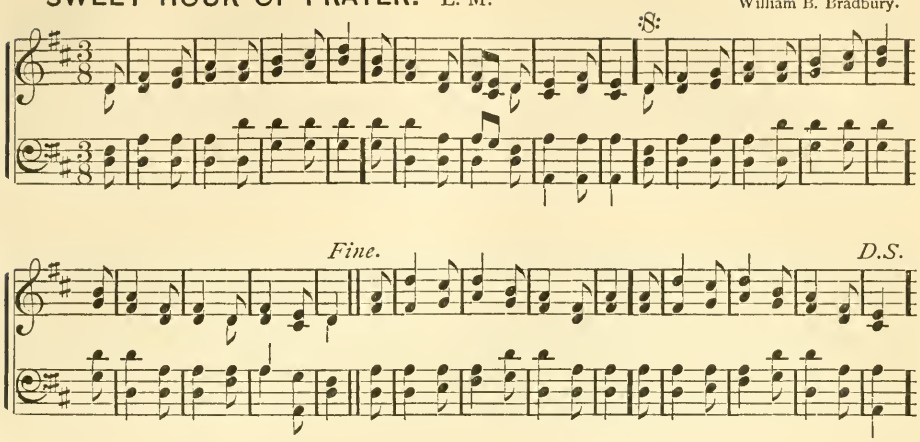
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime.
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion. 1702.
Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



850.

Prayer.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford. 1846.

851.

God in the Soul. Tune, VARINA. 502.

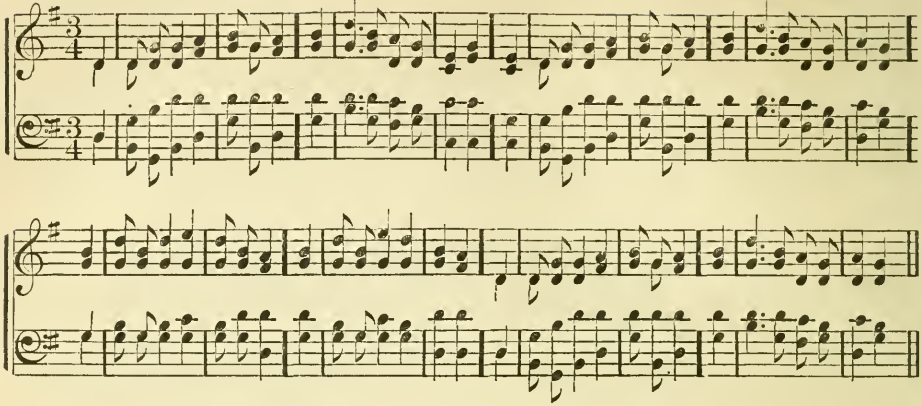
BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest!
Oh, come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest!

Josiah Conder.

SHINING SHORE. 8. 7. George F. Root. 1856.



852. *The Shining Shore.*

My days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly, —
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning:
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever:
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

David Nelson. 1835.

853. *Feed my Lambs.*

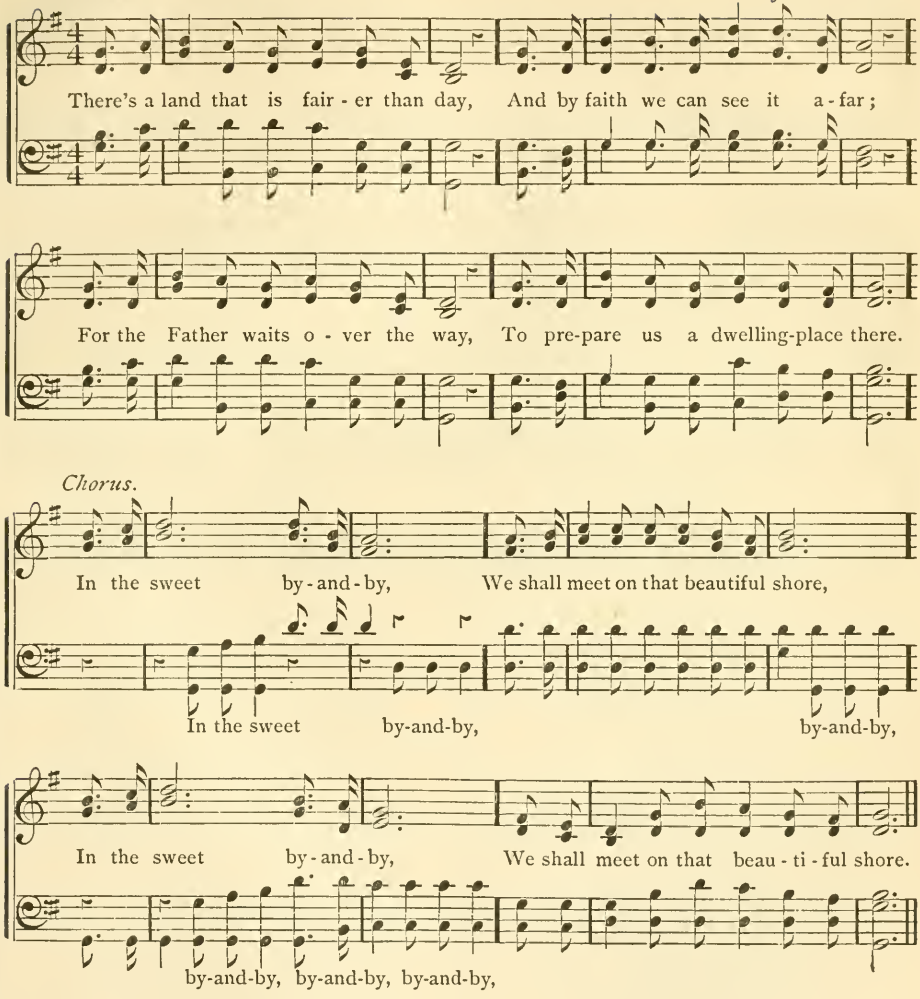
Ho! ye that rest beneath the Rock
On pastures greenly growing,
Or roam at will, Christ's favored flock,
By waters gently flowing:
Hear ye, upon the desert air,
A voice of woe come crying,
While, cold upon the barren moor,
Christ's little lambs are dying.

"Go, feed my lambs!" the Shepherd's call
Comes down from realms of glory, —
"Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
From moor and mountain hoary!"
Fast falls the night, the bleak winds blow
Across the desert dreary:
Great Shepherd, at thy call we'll go,
And bring the wanderers weary.

Edmund H. Sears.

SWEET BY-AND-BY. P. M.

Jos. P. Webster.



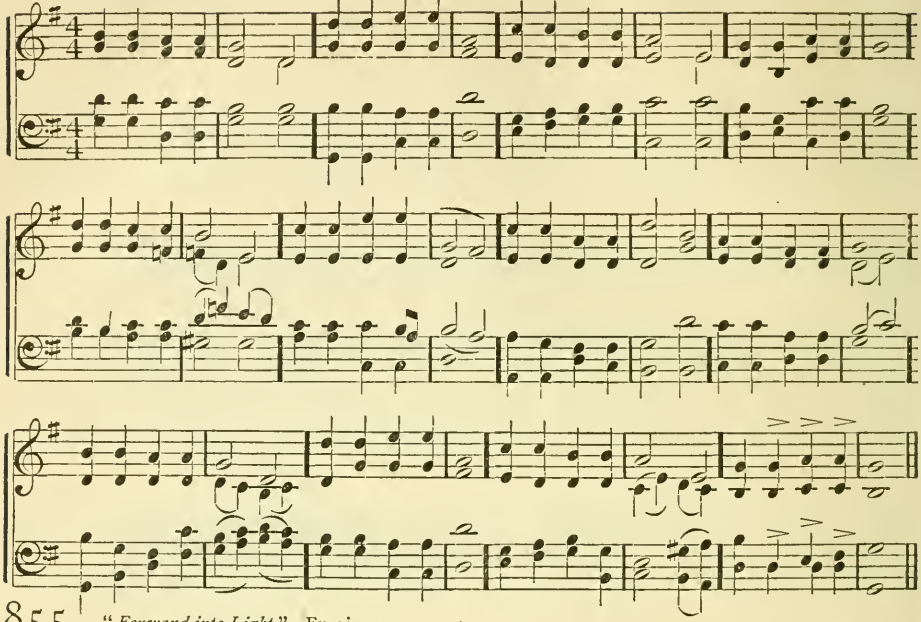
We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

855. FORWARD INTO LIGHT.

ST. ALBAN. 6. 5. From Francis Joseph Haydn.



855. "*Forward into Light.*" Ex. xiv. 15.

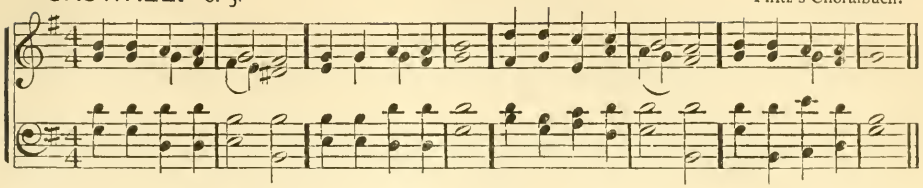
FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head:
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared.
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth:
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford. 1865.

CASWALL. 6. 5. Filitz's Choralbuch.



856. *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle
See his banners go. Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto God our King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. Onward, &c.

Sabine Baring Gould. 1865.

857. "*Truly the Light is sweet.*" Eccles. xi. 7.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

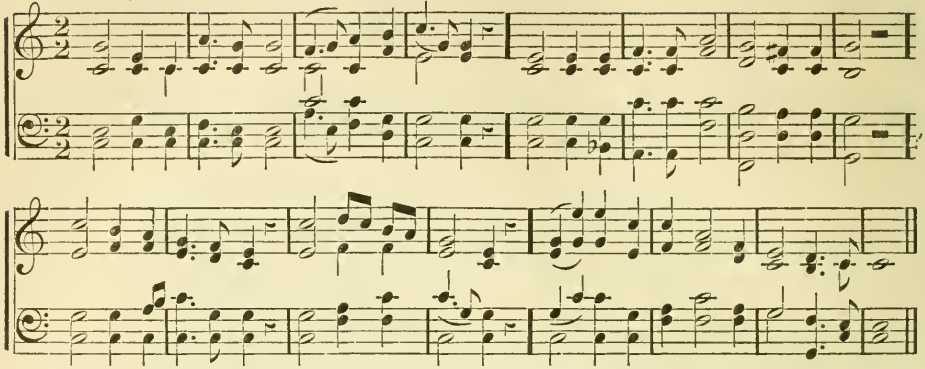
Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light;
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

Church Hymns.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11. 10.

Samuel Webbe. 1800.



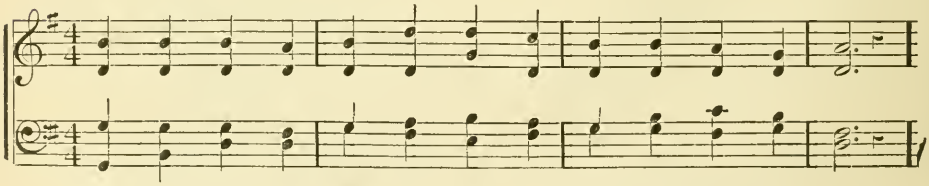
858. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

Thomas Moore.

STEPHANOS.

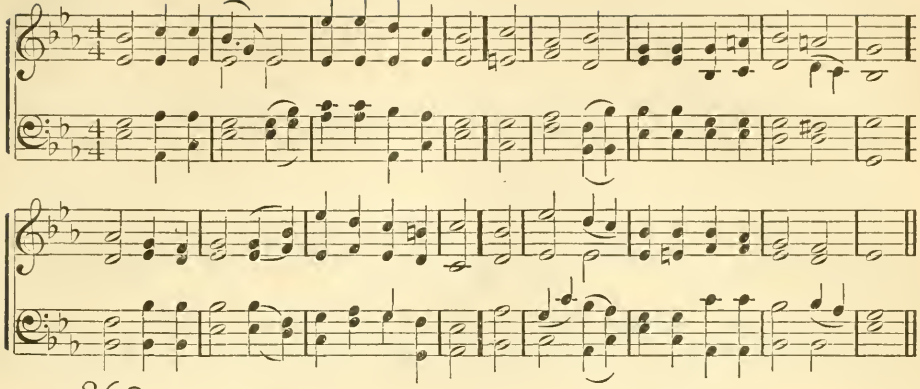


859. Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming be at rest!"

Hath he marks to lead me to him, if he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, and in his side."

Hath he diadem as monarch that his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety, but of thorns."

RUSSIA. 10. Alexis Theodore Lwoff. 1833.

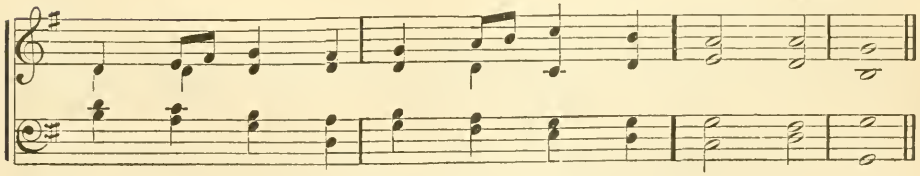


860. We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray;
We praise thee with the glowing light of day:
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
For ever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
"Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are!"
Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well:
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour;
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power!

Johann Franck.
William H. Monk. 1861.



If I find him, if I follow, what his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear."

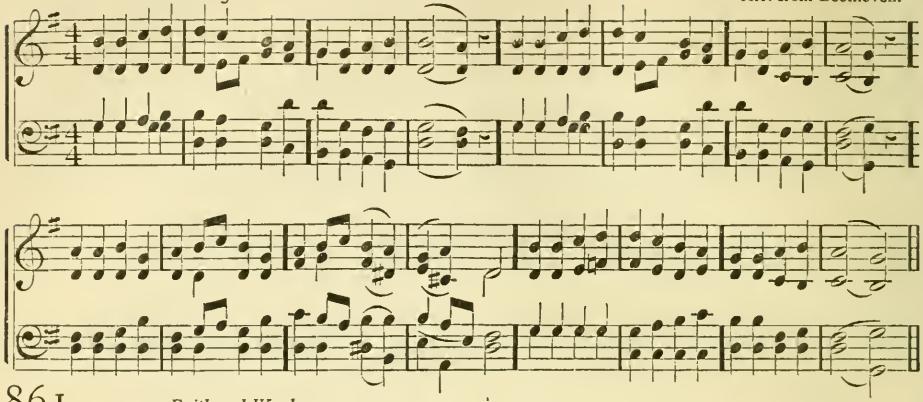
If I still hold closely to him, what hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven pass away."

Stephen, the Sabaite.
Tr. John Mason Neale

JOY. P. M. S. 5.

Arr. from Beethoven.



861.

Faith and Work.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

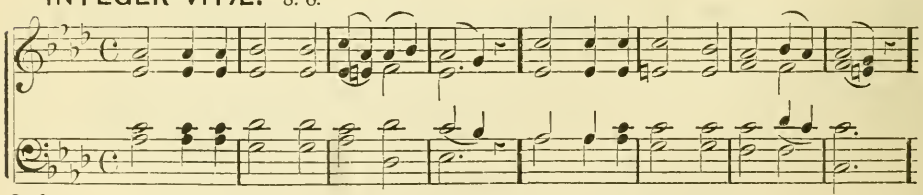
Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.

Labor! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
Life hath but begun.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear, —
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

Bailey.

INTEGER VITÆ. S. 6.



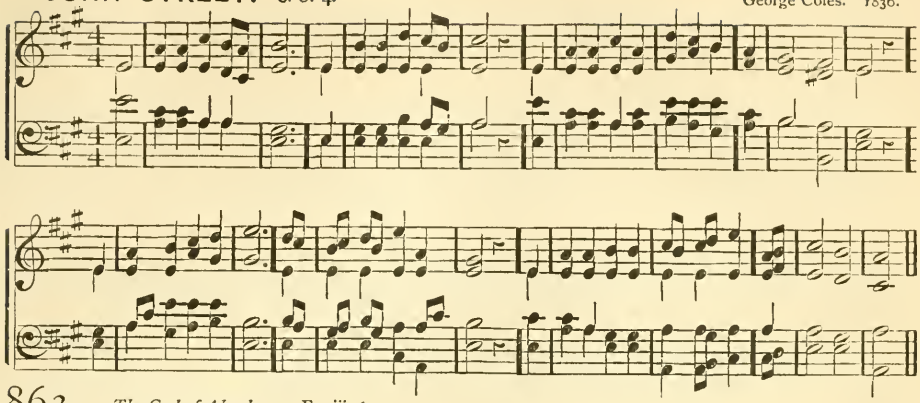
862.

I cling to Thee.

O holy Father! Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee!

JOHN STREET. 6. 8. 4. George Coles. 1836.



863. *The God of Abraham.* Ex. iii. 6.

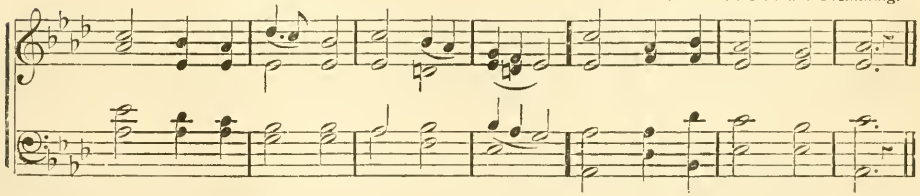
THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confest:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers. 1770.

Frederic Ferdinand Flemming.

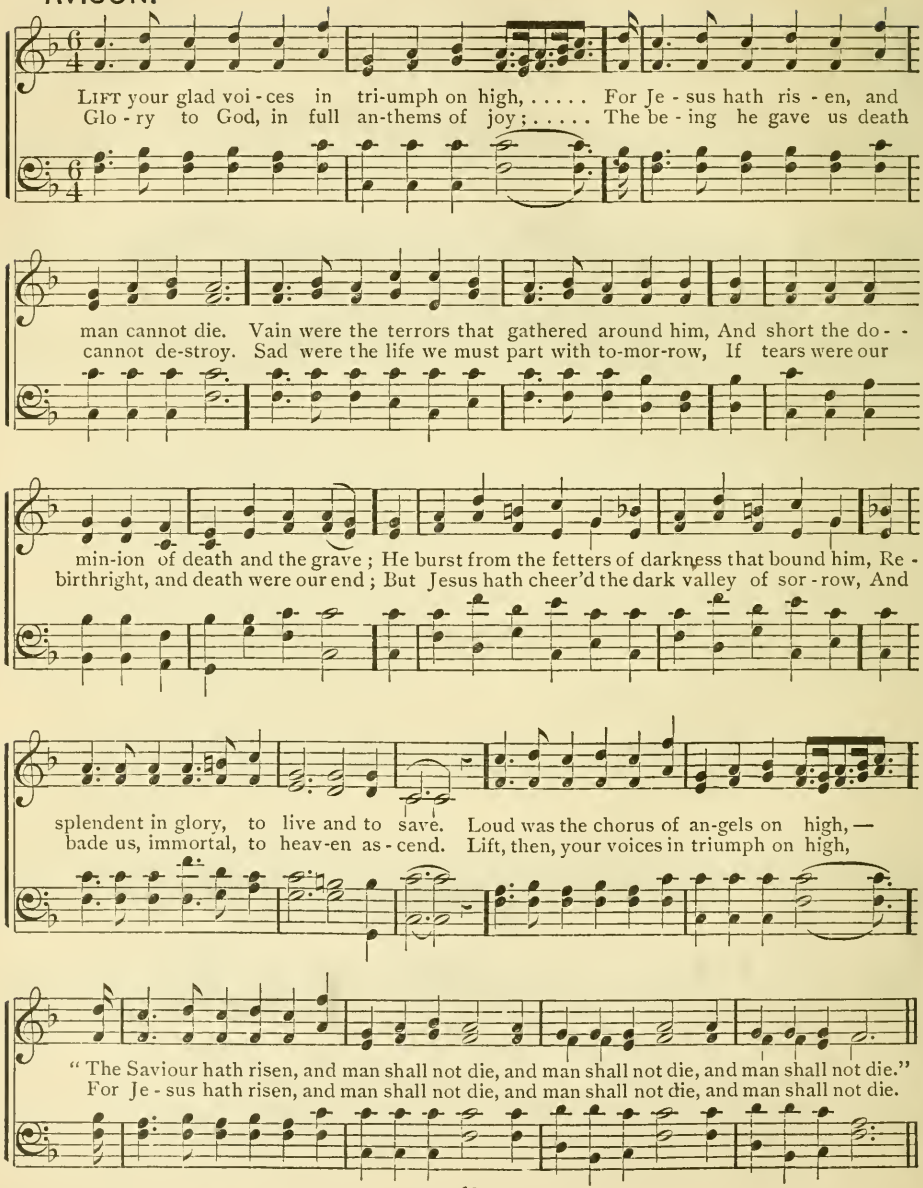


If e'er I seem to tread alone
Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown;
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me."

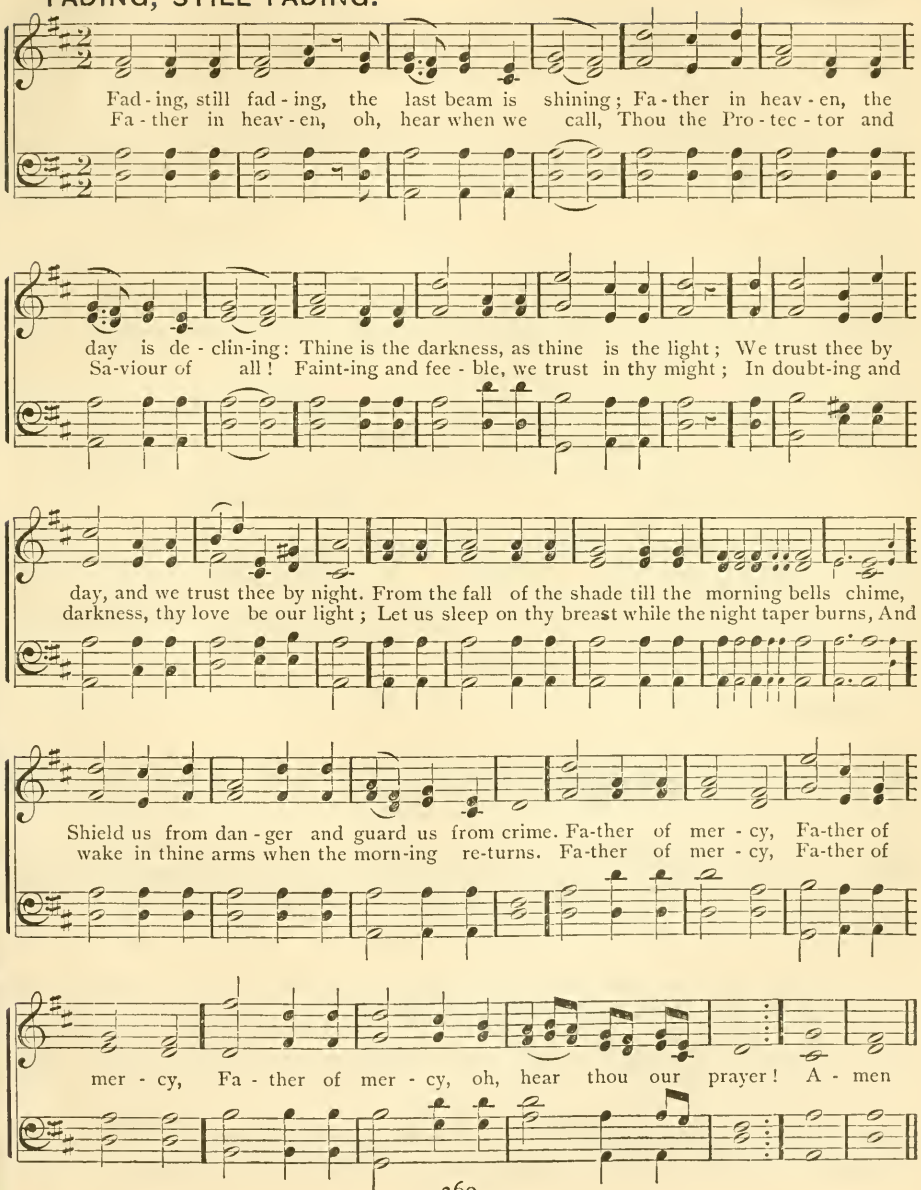
If faith and hope are often tried,
I'll ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

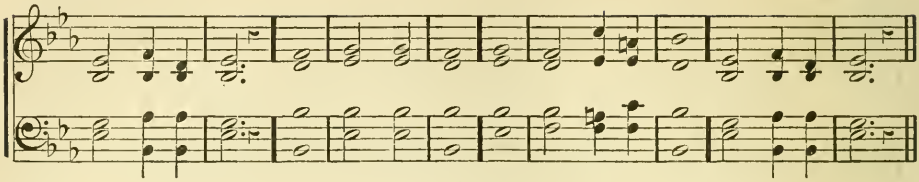
AVISON.


Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, ... For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; . . . . . The be - ing he gave us death
man cannot die. Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the do - -
cannot de-stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-row, If tears were our
min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Re -
birthright, and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sor - row, And
splendent in glory, to live and to save. Loud was the chorus of an-gels on high, —
bade us, immortal, to heav-en as - cend. Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die."
For Je - sus hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die.

FADING, STILL FADING.



CHANT. No. 2. Lowell Mason.



866.

"Thy Will be done."

THY will be done. In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done. If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine, | —
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done. Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort, one,
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore, |
Thy will be done!

Sir John Bowring.

867.

Teach us to pray.

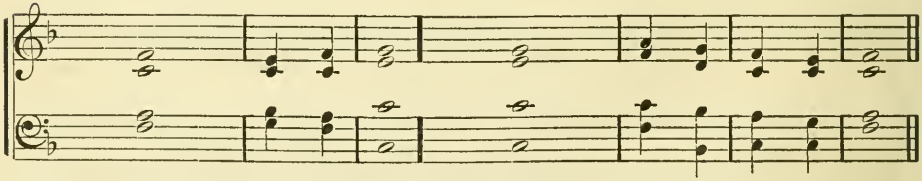
TEACH us to pray!
O Father, we look | up to | thee,
And this our one request shall be, |
Teach us to pray!

Teach us to pray!
A form of words will | not suf- | fice, —
The heart must bring its sacrifice: |
Teach us to pray!

Teach us to pray!
To whom shall we thy | children | turn?
Teach thou the lesson we would learn, |
Teach us to pray!

Anon.

CHANT. No. 3.



868.

The Lord's Prayer.

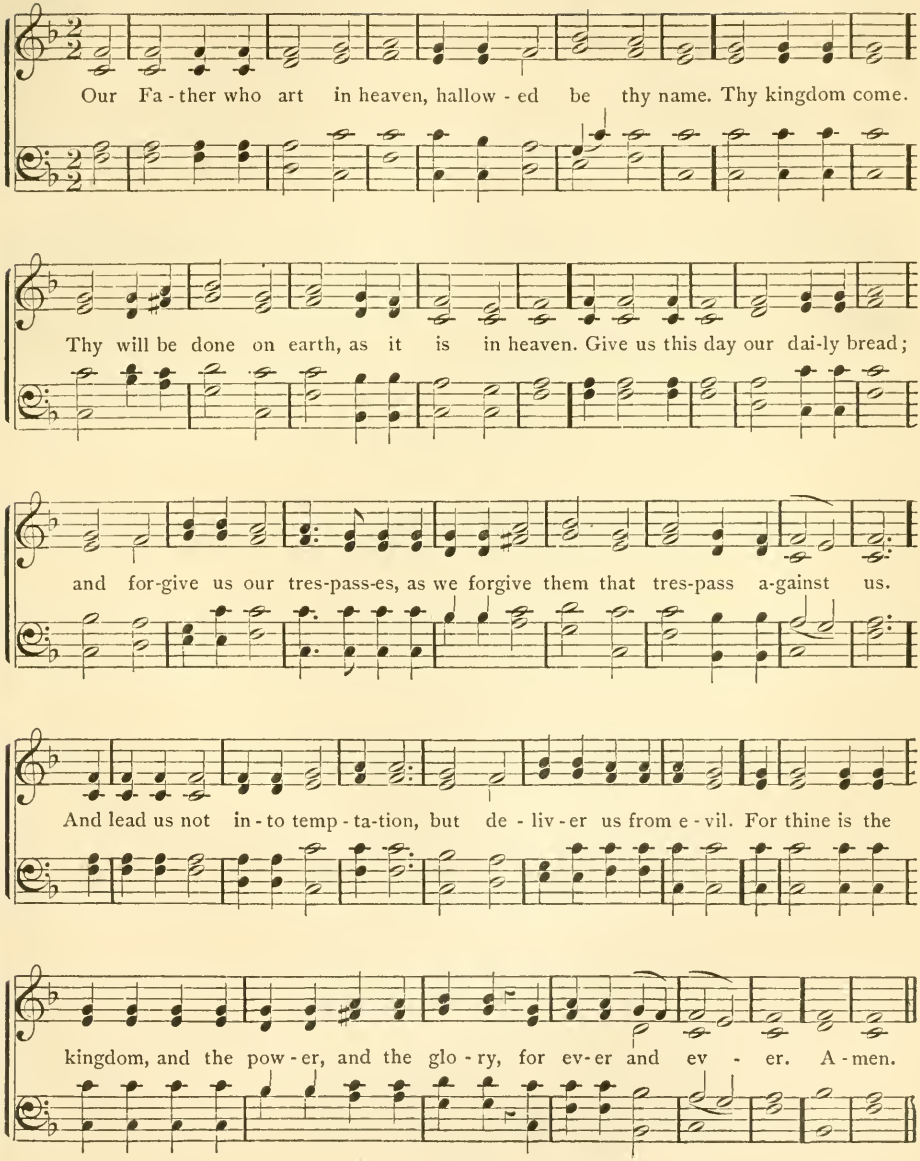
OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread. ‖ And forgive us our debts as | we for- | give our | debtors.

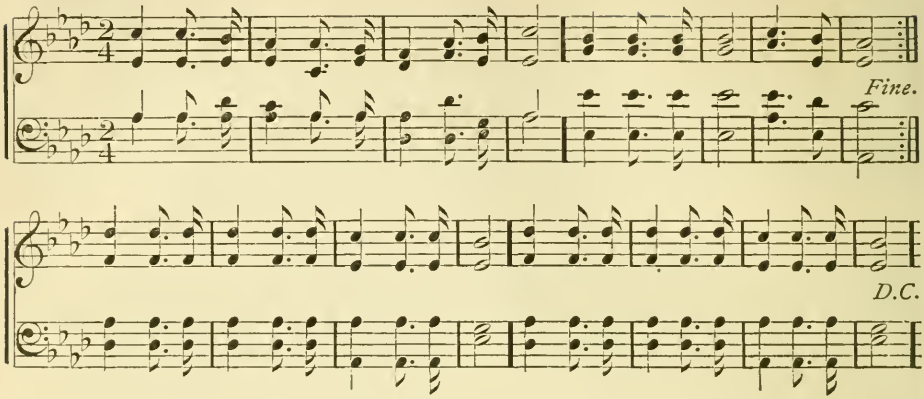
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: ‖ For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for | ever and | ever. A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Lowell Mason.



HOMEWARD BOUND. 10. 4. Arr. from Revival Melodies.



870. *Homeward Bound.*

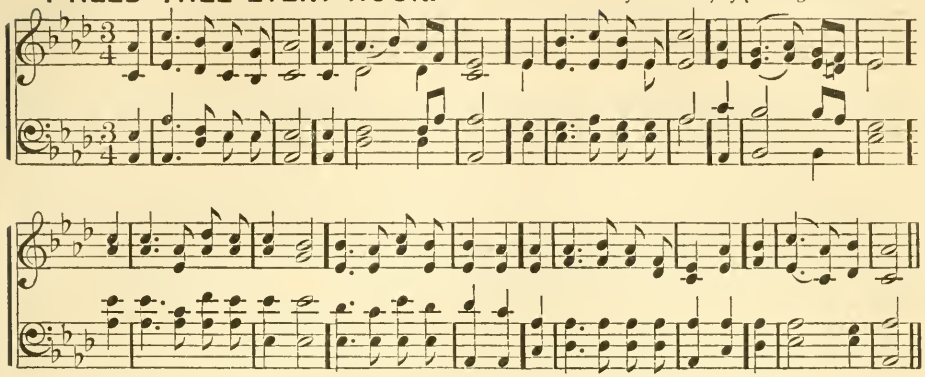
OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride:
We're homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed:
We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars:
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores:
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail:
We're homeward bound!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide:
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide:
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore:
We're home at last.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

R. Lowry.
Royal Diadem, by per. Biglow & Main.



871.

I need Thee every Hour.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need thee, — oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Father!
I come to thee!

I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. *Refrain.*

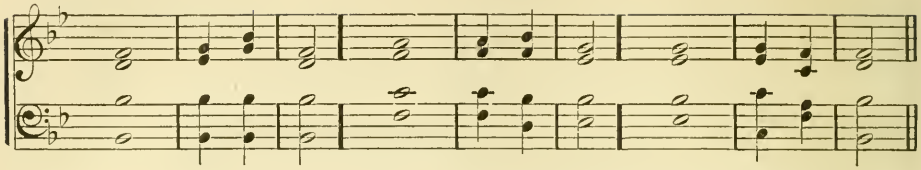
I need thee every hour
In joy or pain:
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Refrain.*

I need thee every hour.
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Refrain.*

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One:
Oh, make me thine indeed
Like thy dear Son. *Refrain.*

Mrs. A. S. Hawkes.

CHANT. No. 4.



872. *Hear our Prayer.*

HEAR, Father, hear our prayer!
Thou who art pity where | sorrow-pre- | vaileth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble and | hope to-de- | spair,
Hear, Father, | hear our | prayer!

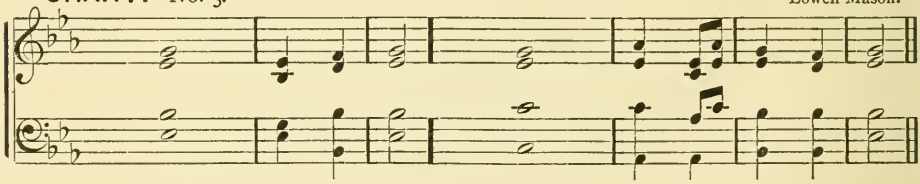
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!
Wandering alone in the | land-of the | stranger,
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger;
Guard thou their path, guide their | feet-from the | snare:
Hear, Father, | hear our | prayer!

Hear thou the poor that cry!
Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten-their | sorrow, [morrow;
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the
They are thy children, their | trust-is on | high:
Hear thou the | poor that | cry!

Dry thou the mourner's tear!
Heal thou the wounds of time- | hallowed- af- | fection;
Grant to the widow and orphan protection;
Be in their trouble a | friend-ever | near:
Dry thou the | mourner's | tear!

Hear! Father, hear our prayer:
Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps-at- | tended;
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended;
When at thy summons for | death-we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer.

CHANT. No. 5. Lowell Mason.



873. *"Out of the Depths I cry."*

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O | Father, | hear it, [meekness;
Borne on the trembling wings of awe and
For- | give its | weakness!

We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:
We hear thy voice; it counsels | and it | courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kind-
For- | gives our | blindness. [ness

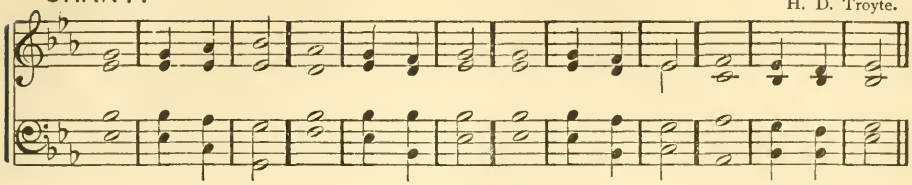
Father and Saviour, plant within each bosom
The | seeds of | holiness; || and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring e- | ternal.

Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs | are the | wardens;
Where every flower, escaping through death's portal,
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

Sir John Bowring.

CHANT.

H. D. Troyte.



874. *The Angels of Grief.*

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, —
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

John G. Whittier.

875. *Still will we trust.*

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

Our eyes see dimly, till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain:
Through him alone who hath our way appointed
We find our peace again.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh.

876. *Through Peace to Light.*

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright, —
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed, —
Through peace to light.

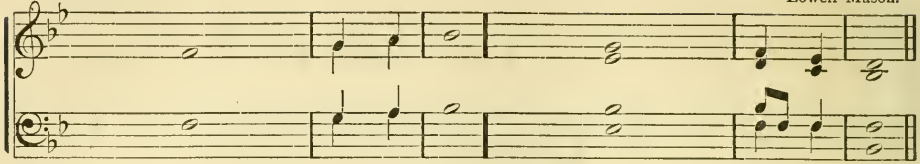
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide Anne Procter. 1862.

CHANT. No. 6. Lowell Mason.

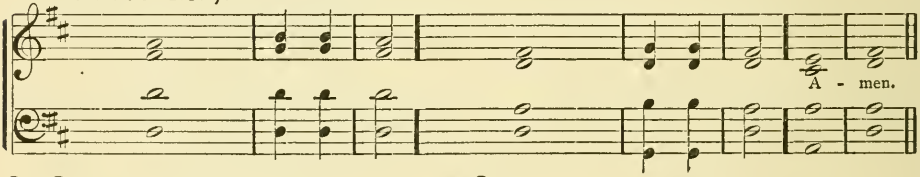


877.

I will lift up mine Eyes.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh-my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven - and | earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will - not | slumber.
Behold! he that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber - nor | sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right - | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon - by | night;
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve - thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A - | men.

CHANT. No. 7.



878.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want:
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still - | waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the right paths for his | name's - | sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me; thou anointest my head; my | cup runneth | over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. A- | men.

879.

Beatitudes.

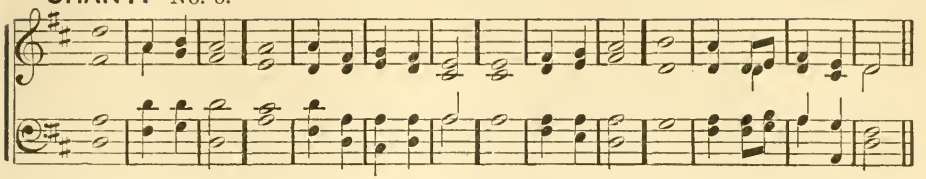
BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit:
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.
Blessed are | they that | mourn:
For they | shall be | comforted.

Blessed | are the | meek:
For they shall in - | herit the | earth.
Blessed are they who do | thirst for | righteousness:
For they | shall be | filled.

Blessed | are the | merciful:
For they shall ob - | tain - | mercy.
Blessed are the | pure in | heart:
For they shall | see - | God.

Blessed | are the | peacemakers:
For they shall be called | children of | God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for | righteous - | ness:
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.

CHANT. No. 8.



880.

"Oh, sing unto the Lord."

Oh, sing unto the Lord a | new - | song!
For he hath | done - | marvel - lous | things.
With his own right hand, and with his | ho - ly | arm,
Hath he | gotten - the | vic - to | ry.

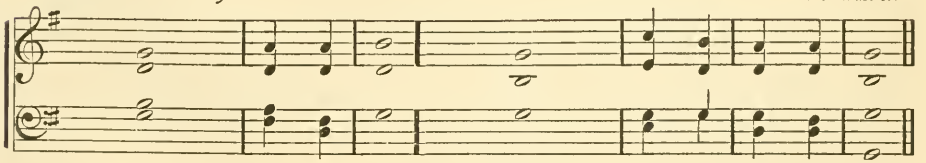
The Lord hath declared | his - sal | vation;
His righteousness hath he openly | showed - in the | sight of - the | nations.
He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house - of | Israel;
And all the ends of the earth have seen the sal | va - tion | of - our | God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. | all - ye | lands;
Sing, re | joice, - | and - give | thanks.
Praise the Lord up | on - the | harp;
Sing with the | harp - a | song of - thanks | giving.

Let the sea roar, and the | fulness - there | of;
The world, and | they - that | dwell - there | in.
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be | fore-the | Lord.
For he | cometh - to | judge - the | earth;
With righteousness shall he | judge - the | world,
And the | peo - ple | with - | equity.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis - i | ble.
The | on - ly | wise - | God,
Be honor | and - | glory,
For | ever - and | ever. A | men.

CHANT. No. 9. Dr. Turner.

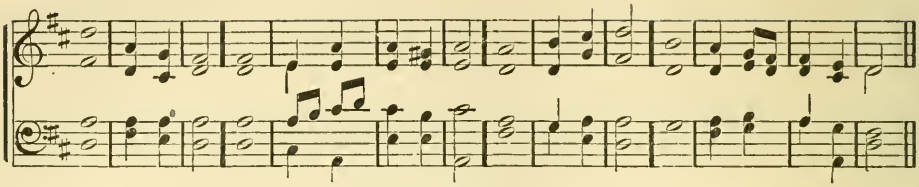


881.

"God be merciful."

God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; ‖ And cause his | face to | shine upon | us.
That thy way may be | known up - on | earth, ‖ Thy saving | health a - | mong all | nations.
Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ Let | all the | people | praise thee.
Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: ‖ For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
Let the people praise | thee, O | God; ‖ Let | all the | people | praise thee.
Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; ‖ And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
God | shall - | bless us; ‖ And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear - | him.

CHANT. No. 10.



882. *Oh, come let us sing.* Ps. xcv.

Oh, come, let us sing un | to - the | Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength - of | our - sal | vation!
Let us come before his presence | with - thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad - in | him - with | psalms.

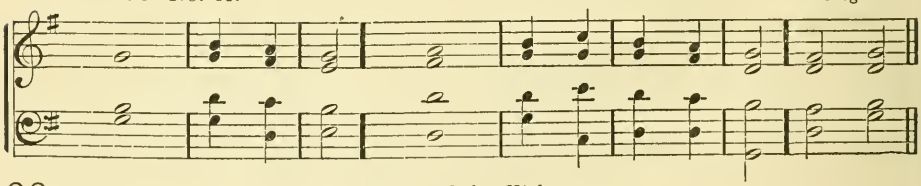
For the Lord is a | great - | God,
And a great | King - a | bove - all | gods.
In his hand are all the corners | of - the | earth,
And the strength of the | hills - is | his - | also.

The sea is his, and | he - | made it;
And his hands | formed - the | dry - | land.
Oh, come, let us worship | and - fall | down,
And kneel be | fore - the | Lord - our | Maker!

For he is the | Lord - our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture | and - the | sheep - of his | hand.
Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty - of | holiness!
Let the whole earth | stand - in | awe - of | him.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis - i | ble,
The | on-ly | wise - | God,
Be | honor - and | glory,
For ever and | ev-er. | A - | men.

CHANT. No. 11. Gregorian.



883. *Glory be to God on High.*

Glory be to | God - on | high,
And on earth | peace, - good | will - to | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we | glori - fy | thee,
We give thanks to | thee - for | thy - great | glory. Amen.

884. Glory be to the Father, | God - most | high;
Who is, and was, and shall be, world | with-out | end. - A | men.

885. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the | only - wise | God,
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